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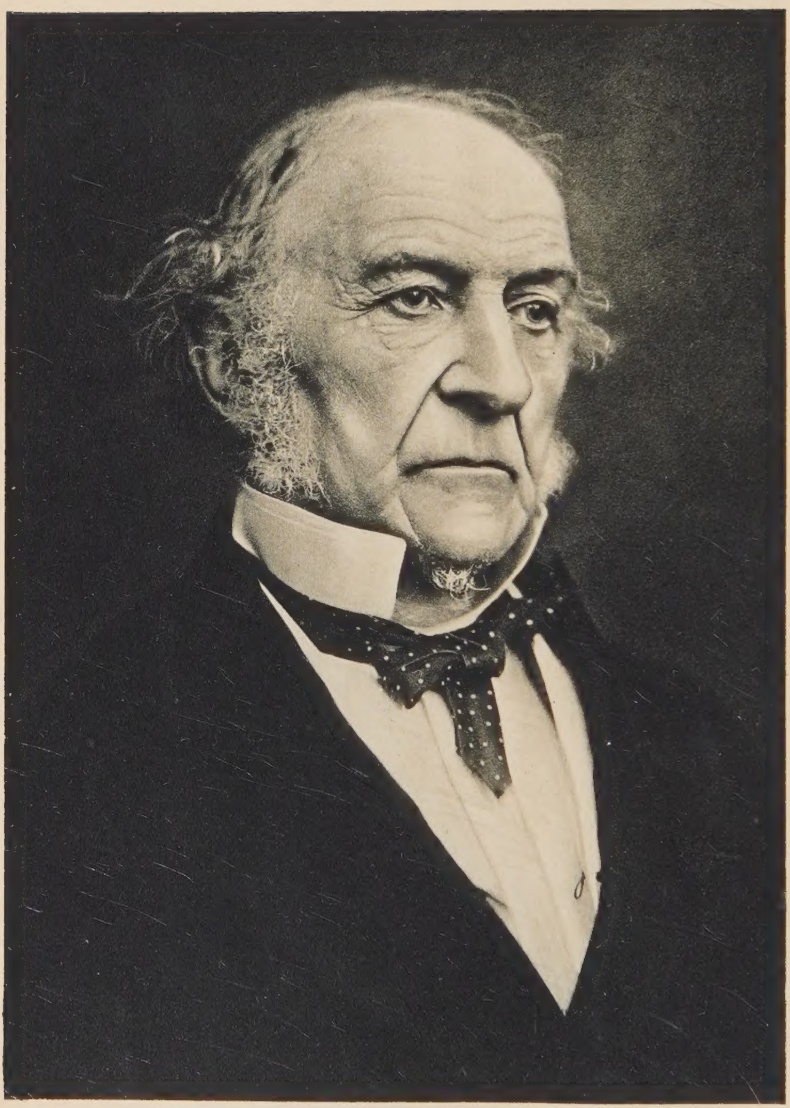

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John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc,

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ťh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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G

GAYARRÉ, Charles Etiénne Arthur, an American historian; born at New Orleans, La., January 9, 1805; died there February 11, 1895. He was educated at the University of New Orleans, studied law at Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. In 1830 he was appointed Deputy Attorney-General of Louisiana, and in 1833 presiding Judge of the City Court of New Orleans. In 1835 he was chosen to the United States Senate, but impaired health prevented him from taking his seat. He went to Europe, where he remained for about eight years. Returning to New Orleans he was elected to the Legislature in 1844, and again in 1846. He was appointed Secretary of State of Louisiana, and held the office for seven years, after which he retired from public service. His writings relate mainly to the history of Louisiana. They are *Essai Historique sur la Louisiane* (1830); *Histoire de la Louisiane* (1848); *Louisiana, its Colonial History and Romance* (1851); *Louisiana, its History as a French Colony* (1852); *History of the Spanish Domination in Louisiana* (1854). He has also written *Philip II. of Spain,* a biographical sketch (1866); *Fernando de Lemos,* a novel (1872), and a continuation of it, *Albert Dubayet* (1882), and two

comedies, *Doctor Bluff* and *The School for Politics* which appeared in 1854. Gayarré's histories are reliable, and written in readable narrative style.

ORIGIN OF THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

If every man's life were closely analyzed, accident — or what seems to be so to human apprehension, and whatever usually goes by that name, whatever it may really be — would be discovered to act a more conspicuous part, and to possess a more controlling influence than preconception, and that volition which proceeds from long-meditated design. My writing the history of Louisiana from the expedition of De Soto in 1539 to the final and complete establishment of the Spanish government in 1769, after a spirited resistance from the French colonists, was owing to an accidental circumstance, which in the shape of disease, drove me from a seat I had lately obtained in the Senate of the United States; but which, to my intense regret, I had not the good fortune to occupy. Travelling for health, not from free agency, but a slave to compulsion, I dwelt several years in France. In the peculiar state in which my mind then was, if its attention had not been forcibly diverted from what it brooded over, the anguish under which it sickened, from many causes, would soon not have been endurable. I sought for a remedy; I looked into musty archives; I gathered materials; and subsequently became a historian — or rather a mere pretender to that name.— *Preface to First Series of Colonial History and Romance.*

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The success of my *Romance of the History of Louisiana* from the discovery of that country by De Soto, to the surrender by Crozat of the charter which he had obtained from Louis XIV. in relation to that French colony, has been such that I deem it my duty to resume my pen and to present the following work to the kind and friendly regard of my patrons. When I wrote the precedent

one, I said, in the words of Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* while I mentally addressed the public:

> "Right I note, most mighty souveraine,
> That all this famous antique history
> Of some th' aboundance of an idle braine,
> Will judgèd be, and painted forgery,
> Rather than matter of just memory."

Nor was I mistaken: for I was informed that many had taken for the invention of the brain what was historical truth set in a gilded frame, when — to use the expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds — I had taken but insignificant liberties with facts, to interest my readers, and make my narration more delightful — in imitation of the painter who, though his work is called *history-painting,* gives in reality a poetical representation of the facts. The reader will easily perceive that in the present production I have been more sparing of embellishments, although "I well noted, with that worthy gentleman, Sir Philip Sydney," as Raleigh says in his *History of the World,* that "historians do borrow of poets not only much of their ornament, but somewhat of their substance."

Such is not the case on this occasion; and I can safely declare that the *substance* of this work — embracing the period from 1717 to 1743, when Bienville, who with Iberville, had been the founder of the colony, left it forever — rests on such foundations as would be received in a court of justice; and that what I have borrowed of the poet for the benefit of the historian, is hardly equivalent to the delicately wrought drapery which even the sculptor would deem necessary as a graceful appendage to the nakedness of the statue of Truth.— *Preface to Second Series of Colonial History and Romance.*

CLOSE OF THE HISTORICAL LECTURES.

This is the third and last series of the Historical Lectures on Louisiana, embracing a period which extends from the discovery to 1769, when it was virtually trans-

ferred by the French to the Spaniards, in virtue of the Fontainebleau treaty signed in November, 1762. . . . I looked upon the first four Lectures as *nugæ seria,* to which I attached no more importance than a child does to the soap-bubbles which he puffs through the tube of the tiny reed, picked up by him for the amusement of the passing hour. But struck with the interest which I had excited, I examined, with more sober thoughts, the flowery field in which I had sported almost with the buoyancy of a schoolboy. Checking the freaks of my imagination — that boon companion with whom I had been gamboling — I took to the plough, broke the ground, and turned myself to a more serious and useful occupation. . . .

Should the continuation of life and the enjoyment of leisure permit me to gratify my wishes, I purpose to write the history of the Spanish domination in Louisiana, from 1769 to 1803, when was effected the almost simultaneous cession of that province, by Spain to France and by France to the United States of America. Embracing an entirely distinct period of history, it will be a different work from the preceding, as much, perhaps, in point of style, and the other elements of compositions, as with regard to the characteristic features of the new lords of the land.— *Preface to Louisiana as a French Colony.*

THE ABORIGINES OF LOUISIANA.

Three centuries have hardly elapsed since that immense territory which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of Canada, and which was subsequently known under the name of Louisiana, was slumbering in its cradle of wilderness, unknown to any of the white race to which we belong. Man was there, however — but man in his primitive state, claiming, as it were, in appearance at least, a different origin from ours; or being at best a variety of our species. There was the hereditary domain of the Red Man, living in scattered tribes over that magnificent country. These tribes earned their precarious subsistence chiefly by pursuing the inhabitants of the earth and of the water. They sheltered themselves

in miserable huts, spoke different languages; observed contradictory customs; and waged fierce war upon each other. Whence they came, none knew; none knows, with absolute certainty, to the present day; and the faint glimmerings of vague tradition have afforded little or no light to penetrate into the darkness of their mysterious origin.— *Colonial History and Romance.*

DEATH OF DE SOTO.

It would be too long to follow De Soto in his peregrinations during two years, through part of Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. At last he stands on the banks of the Mississippi, near the spot where now flourishes the Egyptian-named city of Memphis. He crosses the mighty river, and onward he goes, up to the White River, while roaming over the territory of the Arkansas. Meeting with alternate hospitality and hostility on the part of the Indians, he arrives at the mouth of the Red River, within the present limits of the State of Louisiana. There he was fated to close his adventurous career.

Three years of intense bodily fatigue and mental excitement had undermined the hero's constitution. Alas! well might the spirit droop within him! He had landed on the shore of the North American continent with high hopes, dreaming of conquest over wealthy nations and magnificent cities. What had he met? Interminable forests, endless lagoons, inextricable marshes, sharp and continuous conflicts with men little superior, in his estimation, to the brutish creation. He who in Spain was cheered by beauty's glance, by the songs of the minstrel, when he sped to the contest with adversaries worthy of his prowess — with the noble and chivalric Moors; he who had revelled in the halls of the imperial Incas of Peru, and who had there amassed princely wealth; he the flower of knightly courts, had been roaming like a vagrant over an immense territory, where he had discovered none but half-naked savages, dwelling in miserable huts, ignobly repulsive when compared with Castilla's stately domes, with Granada's fantastic palaces, and with

Peru's imperial dwellings, massive with gold! His wealth was gone; two-thirds of his brave companions were dead. What account of them would he render to their noble families? He, the bankrupt in fame and in fortune, how would he withstand the gibes of envy? Thought — that scourge of life, that inward consumer of man — racks his brain; his heart is seared with deep anguish; a slow fever wastes his powerful frame; and he sinks at last on the couch of sickness, never to rise again.

The Spaniards cluster round him, and alternately look with despair at the dying chieftain, and at the ominous hue of the bloody river, known at this day as the Red River. But not he the man to allow the wild havoc within the soul to betray itself in the outward mien; not he, in common with the vulgar herd, the man to utter one word of wail! With smiling lips and serene brow he cheers his companions, and summons them, one by one, to swear allegiance in his hands to Muscoso de Alvarado, whom he designates as his successor. "Union and perseverance, my friend," he says. "So long as breath animates your bodies, do not falter in the enterprise you have undertaken. Spain expects a richer harvest of glory, and more ample domains, from her children!" These are his last words, and then he dies. Blest be the soul of the noble knight and of the true Christian! Rest his mortal remains in peace within that oaken trunk scooped by his companions, and by them sunk many fathoms deep in the bed of the Mississippi! — *Colonial History and Romance.*

THE DEATH-BED OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

The King, with the complication of diseases under which he was sinking, became so weak that his physicians were much alarmed. It was a tertian fever, and although it was with much difficulty stopped for some time, it returned with more violence, with daily attacks, and within shortening intervals. At the end of a week a malignant tumor manifested itself in his right knee, increased prodigiously, and produced the most intense pain. As the last resort, when all other modes of relief had been ex-

hausted, the physicians resolved to open the tumor; and as it was feared that the patient, from his debility, would not be able to bear the operation, the physicians, with much precaution, communicated to him their apprehensions. He received this information with great fortitude, and prepared himself by a general confession for what might happen. He caused some relics to be brought to him, and after having adored and kissed them with much devotion, he put his body at the disposal of his medical attendants. The operation was performed by the skilful surgeon, Juan de Vergara. It was a very painful one, and all who were present were amazed at the patience and courage exhibited by Philip.

His condition, however, did not improve. The hand of God was upon him who had caused so many tears to be shed during his long life, and no human skill could avail when divine justice seemed bent to enforce its decree of retribution. Above the gash which the operator's knife had made, two large sores appeared, and from their hideous and ghastly lips there issued such a quantity of matter as hardly seems credible. To the consuming heat of fever, to the burning thirst of dropsy, were added the corroding itch of ulcers, and the infection of the inexhaustible streams of putrid matter which gushed from his flesh. The stench around the powerful sovereign of Spain and the Indies was such as to be insupportable to the bystanders. Immersed in this filth, the body of the patient was so sore that it could be turned neither to the right nor to the left, and it was impossible to change his clothes or his bedding.

So sensitive had he become that the slightest touch produced the most intolerable agony; and the haughty ruler of millions of men remained helplessly stretched in a sty, and in a more pitiable condition than that of the most ragged beggar in his vast dominions. But his fortitude was greater than his sufferings. Not a word of complaint was heard to escape from his lips; and the soul remained unsubdued by these terrible infirmities of the flesh. He had been thirty-five days embedded in this sink of corruption when, in consequence of it, his whole back became but one sore from his neck downward. . . .

It seemed scarcely possible to increase the afflictions of Philip, when a chicken broth sweetened with sugar, which was administered to him, gave rise to other accidents, which added to the fetidness of his apartment, and which are represented, besides, as being of an extraordinary and horrible character. He became sleepless, with occasional short fits of lethargy; and, as it were to complete this spectacle of human misery and degradation, the ulcers teemed with a prodigious quantity of worms, which reproduced themselves with such prolific abundance that they defied all attempts to remove their indestructable swarms. In this condition he remained fifty-three days, without taking anything which could satisfactorily explain the prolongation of his existence. . . .

In the midst of these excruciating sufferings, his whole body being but one leprous sore, his emaciation being such that his bones threatened to pierce through his skin, Philip maintained unimpaired the serenity of mind and the wonderful fortitude which he had hitherto displayed. To religion alone — or what to him was religion — he looked for consolation. The walls of the small apartment in which he lay were covered with crucifixes, relics, and images of saints. From time to time he would call for one of them and apply it to his burning lips, or to one of his sores, with the utmost fervor and faith. In those days of trial he made many pious donations, and appropriated large sums to the dotation of establishments for the relief of widows and orphans, and to the foundation of hospitals and sanctuaries.

It is strange that in the condition in which we have represented him to be, he could turn his attention to temporal affairs, and had sufficient strength of mind to dictate to his minister and confidential secretary, Cristoval de Mora, some of his views and intentions for the conduct of the government: or, rather, it was not strange; for it was the ruling passion strong in death. In old age, and amidst such torments as appalled the world, Philip displayed the same tenacity of purpose and love of power which had characterized him when flushed with the aspirations of youth and health, and subsequently when

glorying in the strength and experience of manhood. . . .

On the 11th of September, two days before his death, he called the Hereditary Prince his son, and the Infanta his daughter, to his bedside. He took leave of them in the most affectionate manner; and, with a voice scarcely audible from exhaustion, he exhorted them to persevere in the true faith, and to conduct themselves with prudence in the government of those States which he would leave to them. He handed to his successor the celebrated testamentary instructions bequeathed by St. Louis of France to the heir of his crown, and requested the priest to read them to the Prince and Princess, to whom he afterward extended his fleshless and ulcered hand to be kissed, giving them his blessing, and dismissing them melting into tears.

On the next day the physicians gave Cristoval de Mora the disagreeable mission of informing Philip that his last hour was rapidly approaching. The dying man received the information with his usual impassiveness. He devoutly listened to the exhortations of the Archbishop of Toledo, made his profession of faith, and ordered that the Passion of Christ, from the Gospel of John, should be read to him. Shortly after he was seized with such a fit that he was thought to be dead, and a covering was thrown over his face. But he was not long before coming again to his senses, and, opening his eyes, he took the crucifix, kissed it repeatedly, listened to the prayers for the souls of the departed, which the Prior of the monastery was reading to him, and with a slight quivering passed away, at five o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, 1598. Philip had lived seventy-one years, three months, and twenty-two days; and reigned forty-two years. — *Philip II. of Spain.*

GEIBEL, EMANUEL, a German poet; born at Lübeck, October 17, 1815; died there, April 6, 1884. Having completed his studies in the University of Bonn, he spent two years in Berlin. In 1838 he went to Athens as tutor in the Russian Ambassador's family. Here he continued his studies, and traveled in Greece with Curtius. On his return to Lübeck he published in 1840 a volume of poems, and with Curtius a volume of translations from the Greek poets, entitled *Classische Studien.* His poem *Zeitstimme* appeared in 1841, and *Spanische Volkslieder und Romanzen* in 1843; *King Roderick,* a drama (1844); *King Sigurd's Betrothal* and *Zwölf Sonette für Schleswig-Holstein* (1846); *The Songs of Junius* (1848); *The Death of Siegfried* (1851); the *Spanisches Liederbuch,* translated in conjunction with Paul Heyse (1852); *Neue Gedichte* (1856); *Brunhilde,* a tragedy (1857); *Gedichte und Gedenkblätter* (1864); *Sophonisbe* (1868); *Heroldsrufe* (1871); *Spätherbstblätter* (1877). After the publication of his first volume of poems the King of Prussia granted him a yearly pension of three hundred thalers. In 1852, at the invitation of King Maximilian II., he went as an honorary professor in the faculty of Philosophy to Munich. After the death of the King he was obliged, in 1868, to resign his position and return to Lübeck.

TO GEORGE HERWEGH.

Thy song resounded in my ear,
  So sharp and clear, with thrilling ring,
As if from out his sepulchre
  Had stepped an ancient poet king.
And yet I hurl my glove at thee,

In mail be clad, in steel be shod,
Come on into the lists with me!
War to the knife's point, war with thee
Thou poet by the Grace of God. . . .

Or, why this clashing of the steel,
These battles which thy song demands,
This glow in which thy passions reel
And burn like flaming firebrands?
No! thus no German arm is nerved;
We too may fight for what is new,
Round freedom's banner we have served,
In serried ranks, but e'er preserved
Our ancient loyalty so true.

Put up thy sword, then, in its sheath,
As Peter once when he had sinned;
For murder wears not freedom's wreath,
As Paris in thy ear hath dinned
Through mind alone she beareth fruit,
And he who would with stains of blood
Her vesture pure and bright pollute,
And though he struck an angel's lute,
Fights for the world, not for his God.

—*Translation of* BASKERVILLE.

AS IT OFTEN HAPPENS.

"He loves thee not," thus spoke they to the maid,
"He sports with thee"— she bowed her head in grief,
And o'er her cheek the pearly tear-drops strayed
Like dew from roses; why this rash belief?
And when he found that doubt assailed the maid,
His froward heart its sadness would not own,
He drank, and laughed aloud, and sang and played,
To weep throughout the night alone.

What though an angel whispered in her ear,
"Stretch out thy hand, he's faithful still to thee,"
What though, amid his woes, a voice he hear,
"She loves thee still, thy own sweet love is she.

Speak one kind word, hear one kind word replied;
So is the spell that separates ye broken."
They came, they met.— Alas! O pride! O pride!
That one short word remained unspoken.

And so they parted. In the minster's aisle.
Thus fades away the altar lamp's red light,
It first grows dim, then flickers forth awhile,
Once more 'tis clear, then all is dark, dark night.
So died their love, lamented first with tears,
With longing sighed for back, and then — forgot,
Until the past but as a dream appears,
A dream of love, where love was not.

Yet oft by moonlight from their couch they rose,
Moist with the tears that mourned their wretched lot.
Still on their cheeks the burning drops repose;
They had been dreaming both — I know not what,
They thought then of the blissful times long past,
And of their doubts, their broken, plighted troth,
The gulf between them now, so deep, so vast,
O God forgive, forgive them both!

— *Translation of* BASKERVILLE.

GEIJER, ERIC GUSTAF, a Swedish historian and poet; born at Ransater, Wermland, January 12, 1783; died at Stockholm, April 23, 1847. He was educated in the University of Upsala, and in his twenty-first year obtained the chief prize of the Swedish Academy for composition. In 1810 he was appointed Lecturer on History in the University of Upsala, and in 1817 Professor of History. He was one of the founders of the Gothic Society, organized for the cultivation of a national spirit and literature. In the *Iduna,* the organ of their Society, Geijer pub-

lished his best poems, *The Viking; The Last Scald; The Last Champion;* and *The Charcoal Boy.* His lectures were largely attended, but a suspicion of his orthodoxy led to an examination, which acquitted him. He was afterward offered a bishopric, which he declined. In 1828 he was elected a member of the Diet, for the University of Upsala, and was re-elected in 1840. His *Svea Rikes Hefder* (Annals of Sweden, 1825) is the introductory volume of an uncompleted work. His great work, *Svenska Folkets Historia* (History of the Swedish People, 1832–36), brings the history down to the death of Queen Christina. Among his minor works are a *Sketch of the State of Sweden from Charles XII. to Gustavus III.* (1839), and a *Life of Charles XIV.* and *John or Bernadotte* (1844).

ABDICATION AND DEATH OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

June 16, 1560, Gustavus came to Stockholm, and informed the Estates by message, that he would meet them at the palace on the 25th of the month. On the appointed day he took his station in the hall of assemblage, accompanied by all his sons, King Eric, Duke John, Duke Magnus, and Duke Charles; the last, who was still a child standing at his father's knee, the others on his left hand, each according to his age. The king having saluted the Estates, they listened for the last time to the accents of that eloquence so well liked by the people, that when in the Diets he deputed one of his officers to make a proposal, they were wont to cry that they would have himself to speak. "They well understood," he said, "and those of them who were fallen in years had seen it too, beneath what oppression and wretchedness their native land had groaned under foreign domination and alien rulers, last under that cruel tyrant, King Christian, whom God had punished and driven out by his hands — a divine help and deliverance to be held in remembrance by all, old and young, high and low, lords

and servants. For what manner of man was I," proceeded the king, "to set myself against him who was so strong, the sovereign lord of three kingdoms, befriended by that mighty emperor, Charles V., and by the chief princes of Germany? But it was the doing of God, who had made him to be the sign of his power, and been his comfort and help in a government of forty years, the toils of which had brought him with gray hairs to his grave. He might compare himself indeed with King David (here the tears burst from his eyes) whom God had raised from a shepherd to be the lord and ruler over his people; for never could he have supposed that he could attain to this honor, when he was obliged to hide in forests and desert mountains from the bloodthirsty sword of his enemies. Grace and blessings had been richly dispensed to him and to them through the true knowledge of God's word (from which might they never depart!) and the seasonable abundance that lay everywhere before their eyes. Yet would he not shrink from acknowledging his faults. For the errors and weaknesses which might be imputed to him during the time of his government — these his true liegemen might overlook and forgive: he knew that in the opinion of many he had been a hard king, yet the time was at hand, when Sweden's children would gladly pluck him out of the earth if they could. He needed not to ask the stars of his end; by the signs of his own body he felt that he had not much more time to look for. Therefore, while yet in health, he had caused his testament to be drawn up, and hoping that it rested on good reasons, he requested that they would give it confirmation." After the deed had been read, approved, and confirmed by oath, the king stood up and thanked them that they had willed him to be father to a dynasty of Swedish kings. He then committed the government to his son Eric, exhorted his children to harmony among themselves, stretched out his hands in benediction, and so took leave of his people.

The following day Eric made a speech to the Estates in the High Church, on the necessity of concluding in person the negotiation of the English match, from which great advantages were promised for Sweden. In this

representation he was seconded by John, whom he named in return to be Administrator of the Kingdom during his absence. Gustavus himself was at length obliged to give way to the importunities of Eric, "after his dear son John had given a far better answer," and the young king showed himself so eager for the journey that not even his father's illness restrained him.

Upon the 14th of August, the very day of Eric's departure, Gustavus lay on his death-bed, ill of a burning fever and ague, with the malady called diarrhœa, says his confessor, Master Johannes, who with the king's barber, Master Jacob, and the apothecary, Master Lucas, acted likewise as his physician. When therefore the first-named person began a long discourse of devotion, the king bade him cut it short, and instead of that, bring him a medicine for a sick stomach, and a brain that felt as if it were burning.

His mood was capricious and changeable; now harsh and morose, so that his children trembled in his presence; now soft even to tears; at other times merry and jesting, especially at the endeavors of those who wished to prolong his life. When one asked him if he needed aught, his reply was, "The kingdom of Heaven, which thou canst not give me." He seemed not to place much confidence even in his ghostly advisers; when the priest exhorted him to confess his sins, the king broke angrily out, "Shall I tell my sins to thee?" To the bystanders he declared that he forgave his enemies, and begged pardon of all for anything in which he had dealt unjustly with them, enjoining them to make known this to all. To his sons he said, "A man is but a man; when the play is out, we are all alike;" and enjoined them to unity and steadfastness in their religion.

The consort of the dying king never quitted his side. During the first three weeks of his illness he spoke often, sometimes with wonderful energy, on temporal and spiritual affairs. The three following he passed chiefly in silence, and as it seemed, with no great pain; he was often seen to raise his hands as in prayer. Having received the sacrament, made confession of his faith, and sworn his son to adhere firmly to it, he beckoned for

writing materials, and inscribed these words, "Once confessed, so persist, or a hundred times repeated ——" but his trembling hand had not power to finish the sentence. The confessor continued his exhortations, till, as life was flying, Steno Ericson Lejonhufond interrupted him by saying, "All that you talk is in vain, for our lord heareth no more." Thereupon the priest bent down to the ear of the dying man and said, "If thou believe in Christ Jesus, and hear my voice, give us some sign thereof." To the amazement of all the king answered with a loud voice, "Yes!" This was his last breath, at eight of the clock in the morning, the 29th of September, 1560.—*History of the Swedes; translation of* J. H. TURNER.

GEIKIE, SIR ARCHIBALD, a Scottish scientist; born at Edinburgh, December 28, 1835. After studying at the University of Edinburgh, he received in 1855 an appointment upon the Geological Survey; in 1867 he was made Director of the Survey of Scotland; in 1870 incumbent of the newly founded chair of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Edinburgh; and in 1881 Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and Director of the Museum of Practical Geology, London. Besides numerous scientific contributions to periodical literature, he has written *The Story of a Boulder* (1858); *Life of Edward Forbes,* in conjunction with George Wilson (1861); *The Phenomena of the Glacial Drift in Scotland* (1863); *The Scenery of Scotland in Connection with its Physical Geography* (1865); *A Student's Manual of Geology,* in conjunction with Prof. J. B. Jukes (1871); *Memoir of Sir Roderick I. Murchison* (1874); *Class Book of Phys-*

Wm Gerlie

ical Geography (1877); *Outlines of Field Geology* (1879); *Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad* (1882); *Text-Book of Geology* (1884); *Class-Book of Geology* (1886); *Memoir of Sir A. C. Ramsey* (1894); *Ancient Volcanoes of Britain* (1897). He was knighted in 1891.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

It may seem at first as if it were hopeless that man should ever know anything about the earth's interior. In walking and moving over the surface of the earth we are like flies walking over a great hill. All that can be seen from the top of the highest mountain to the bottom of the deepest mine is not more in comparison than the mere varnish on the outside of a school-globe. And yet a good deal can be learnt as to what takes place within the earth. Here and there, in different countries, there are places where communication exists between the interior and the surface, and it is from such places that much of our information on this subject is derived. Volcanoes are among the most important of the channels of communication with the interior.

Let us suppose that we were to visit one of these volcanoes just before what is called an "eruption." As we approach it, we see a conical mountain, seemingly with its top cut off. From this truncated summit a white cloud rises. As we watch it we notice that it rises out of the top of the mountain, even though there are no clouds to be seen anywhere else. Ascending from the vegetation of the lower grounds, we find the slopes to consist partly of loose stones and ashes, partly of rough black sheets of rock, like the slag of an iron-furnace. At last we reach the summit; and there what seemed a level top, is seen to be in reality a great basin, with steep walls descending into the depth of the mountain. We creep to the top of this basin, and look down into it. Far below the base of the rough red and yellow cliffs which form its sides, lies a pool of some liquid glowing with a white heat, though covered for the most part with a black

crust, like that seen on the outside of the mountain during the ascent. From this fiery pool jets of the red-hot liquid are jerked out every now and then; stones and dust are cast up into the air, and fall back again; and clouds of steam ascend from the same source, and form the uprising cloud which is seen from a great distance hanging over the mountain.

This caldron-shaped hollow on the summit of the mountain is the "crater." The intensely heated liquid in the sputtering, boiling pool at its bottom is melted rock or "lava." And the fragmentary materials — ashes, dust, cinders, and stones — thrown out, are torn from the hardened sides and bottom of the crater by the violence of the explosion with which the gases and steam escape. The hot air and steam, and the melted mass at the bottom of the crater, show that there must be some source of intense heat underneath; and as the heat has been coming out for hundreds or even thousands of years, it must exist there in great abundance. . . .

Volcanoes mark the position of some of the holes or orifices whereby heated materials from the inside of the earth are thrown up to the surface. They occur in all quarters of the globe. In Europe, besides Mount Vesuvius, which has been more or less active since it was formed, Etna, Stromboli, and other smaller volcanoes, occur in the basin of the Mediterranean; while far to the northwest some active volcanoes rise amid the snows and glaciers of Iceland. In America a chain of huge volcanoes stretches down the range of mountains which rises from the western margin of the continent. In Asia they are thickly grouped together in Java and some of the surrounding islands; and stretch thence through Japan and the Aleutian Isles to the extremity of North America. Thus the Pacific Ocean is girdled all round with volcanoes.

Since these openings into the interior of the earth are so numerous over the surface, we may conclude that this interior is intensely hot. But we have other proofs of this internal heat. In many countries hot-springs rise to the surface. It is known too that in all countries the heat increases as we descend into the earth. The deeper

a mine the warmer are the rocks and air at its bottom. If the heat continues to increase in the same proportion, the rocks must be red-hot at no great distance beneath us.

It is not merely by volcanoes and hot-springs that the internal heat of the earth affects the surface. The solid ground is made to tremble, or is rent asunder, or upheaved or let down. These shakings of the ground, or earthquakes, when they are at their worst, crack the ground open, throw down trees and buildings, and bury hundreds of thousands of people in the ruins. Earthquakes are most common in or near those countries where active volcanoes exist.

Some parts of the land are slowly rising out of the sea. Rocks which used always to be covered by the tides, come to be wholly beyond their limits; while others, which used never to be seen at all, begin one by one to show their heads above water. On the other hand, some tracts are slowly sinking. Piles, sea-walls and other old landmarks on the beach are one after another enveloped by the sea as it encroaches further and higher on the land. These movements, whether in an upward or downward direction, are likewise due in some way to the internal heat.

When we reflect upon these various changes, we see that through the agency of their internal heat land is preserved upon the face of the earth. If rain and frost, rivers, glaciers, and the sea were to go on wearing down the surface of the land continually without any counterbalancing kind of action, the land would necessarily in the end disappear — and indeed would have disappeared long ago. But owing to the pushing out of some parts of the earth's surface by the movements of the heated materials inside, portions of the land are raised to a higher level while parts of the bed of the sea are actually upheaved so as to form land. This kind of elevation has happened many times in all quarters of the globe. Most of our hills and valleys are formed of rocks which were originally laid down on the bottom of the sea, and have been subsequently raised into land.—*Physical Geography*

TERRESTRIAL MUTATIONS.

This earth of ours is the scene of continual movement and change. The atmosphere which encircles it is continually in motion, diffusing heat, light, and vapor. From the sea and from the waters of the land vapor is constantly passing into the air, whence — condensed into clouds, rain, and snow — it descends again to the earth. All over the surface of the land, the water which falls from the sky courses seaward in brooks and rivers, bearing into the great deep the materials which were worn away from the land. Water is thus ceaselessly circulating between the air, the land, and the sea. The sea, too, is never at rest. Its waves gnaw the edges of the land, and its currents sweep around the globe. Into its depths the spoils of the land are borne, there to gather into rocks, out of which new islands and continents will eventually be formed. Lastly, inside the earth is lodged a vast store of heat by which the surface is shaken, rent open, upraised or depressed. Thus while old land is submerged beneath the sea, new tracts are upheaved, to be clothed with vegetation and peopled with animals, and to form a fitting abode for man himself. This world is not a living being, like a plant or an animal; and yet there is a sense in which we may speak of it as such. The circulation of air and water, the interchange of sea and land; in short, the system of endless and continual movement by which the face of the globe is day by day altered and renewed, may well be called the Life of the Earth. — *Physical Geography.*

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON AS A GEOLOGIST.

From a rapid survey of the progress of geology during the first quarter of the century, we can see the probable line of inquiry which any young Englishman would then be likely to take, who entered upon the pursuit of the science without gradually being led up to it by previous and special studies.

In the first place, he would almost certainly be a Hut-

tonian, though doubtless holding some of Hutton's views with a difference. He would hardly be likely to show much sympathy with the fading doctrines of the Wernerians. In the second place, he would probably depart widely from one aspect of the Huttonian school in avoiding theoretical questions, and sticking, possibly with even too great pertinacity, to the observation and accumulation of facts. In the third place, he would most likely have no taste for experimental research as elucidating geological questions; and might set little store by the contributions made by physicists to the solution of problems in his science. In the fourth place, he would almost certainly be ignorant of mineralogy; and whenever his work lay among crystalline rocks, it would be sure to bear witness to this ignorance. In the fifth place, devoting himself to what lies beneath the surface as the true end and aim of geology, he would be apt to neglect the external features of the land; and this neglect might lead him in the end to form most erroneous views as to the origin of those features. Lastly, his main geological idea would probably be to make out the order of succession among the rocks of his own country; to collect their fossils, unravel their complicated structure, and gather materials for comparing them with the rocks of other countries. In a word, he would in all likelihood drift with the prevailing current of geological inquiry at the time, and become a stratigraphical geologist.

There was no reason in Murchison's case why the influences of the day should not mould the whole character of his scientific life. We shall hear in the records of late years how thoroughly they did so. As he started, so he continued to the end, manifesting throughout his career the permanent sway of the circumstances under which he broke ground as a geologist. At first the novelty and fascination of the pursuits engaged his attention. Many a time on his walking and hunting expeditions he had noticed marine shells far inland. He now found out that such shells formed, as it were, the alphabet of a new language; and that by their means he might decipher for himself the history of the rocks with whose external forms he was so familiar. He threw himself

into the study with all his usual ardor, and ere long became as enthusiastic with his hammer over down and shore as he had been with his pencil and note-book among the galleries of Italy, with his hunting-whip or his gun across the moors of Durham.

But if distinction was to be won in this new kind of activity, it could only be by hard toil in the field. He was now thirty-four years of age, and had never had any of the special training which would have fitted him for working out geological problems indoors, such as the discrimination of fossils, or the characters and alternations of rocks; hence, although the stress of weather — not to speak of the pleasures of society — brought him to London, and kept him there during the winter, he soon saw that to insure progress in his adopted pursuit he must spend as much as possible of every summer and autumn in original field-exploration. He had begun well in this way by the tour along the south coast. Now that another summer has come round, he prepared to resume his hammer in the field. As before a definite task was given to him. Buckland and others advised him to go North, and settle the geological age of the Brora coal-field in Sutherlandshire. Some geologists maintained that the rocks of that district were merely a part of the ordinary coal or carboniferous system; others held them to be greatly younger; to be indeed of the same general age with the lower oolitic strata of Yorkshire. A good observer might readily settle this question. Murchison resolved to try. Again he prepared himself by reading and the study of fossils to understand the evidence he was to collect and interpret. And in order to do full justice to the Scottish tract, he went first to the Yorkshire coast, and made himself master of the succession and leading characters of the rocks so admirably displayed along that picturesque line of cliffs. The summer had hardly begun before he and his wife broke up their camp in London, and were on the move northward. . . *Life of Murchison.*

GEIKIE, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, a British clergyman; born at Edinburgh, October 26, 1824. He was educated in the University of Edinburgh, studied theology, and was the pastor of Presbyterian churches in Toronto and Halifax, Canada. In 1876 he became a clergyman of the Church of England. He is the author of *The Backwoods of Canada* (1864); *Great and Precious Promises* (1872); *The Life and Words of Christ* (1877); *Old Testament Portraits* (1878); *Hours with the Bible* (1881); *Entering on Life,* a collection of lectures to young men; *The Holy Land and the Bible* (1887); *A Short Life of Christ* (1888); *New Testament Hours* (1893); *Landmarks of Old Testament History* (1894); *A New Short Life of Christ* (1898); and *The Vicar and His Friends* (1901).

"His aspirations are sublime," says a writer in the *Saturday Review;* "his execution is sublime also; but the fabric and matter of it"— speaking with particular reference to his *Life, a Book for a Quiet Hour* — "is a sort of strange moral shoddy."

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Of the preaching of Jesus the Gospel preserves numerous fragments, but no lengthened abstract of any single discourse except that of "the Sermon on the Mount." It seems to have been delivered immediately after the choice of the Twelve, to the disciples at large and the multitude who thronged to hear the new Rabbi. Descending from the higher point to which He had called up His Apostles, He came toward the crowd which waited for Him at a level place below. There were numbers from every point — from Judea and Jerusalem in the south, and even from the sea-coast of Tyre and

Sidon; some to hear Him, others to be cured of their diseases, and many to be delivered from unclean spirits. The commotion and excitement were great at His appearance; for it had been found that to touch Him was to be cured; and hence all sought, either by their own efforts or with the help of friends, to get near enough to Him to do so. After a time, however, the tumult was stayed — all having been healed — and He proceeded, before they broke up, to care for their spiritual, as He had already for their temporal wants.

Tradition has chosen the hill known as "the Horns of Hattin" — two horn-like heights, rising sixty feet above the plain between them, two hours west of Tiberias, at the mouth of the gorge which opens past Magdala into the wild cliffs of Arbela, famous in the history of the Zealots as their hiding-place and famous also for Herod's battles in the mid-air at the mouths of their caves by means of great cages filled with soldiers let down the precipices. It is greatly in favor of this site to find such a writer as Dean Stanley saying that the situation so strikingly coincides with the intimations of the Gospel narrative as almost to force the inference that in this instance the eye of those who selected the spot was rightly guided. The plain on which the hill stands is easily accessible from the lake, and it is only a few minutes' walk from it to the summit, before reaching which a broad "level place" has to be crossed — exactly suited for the gathering of a multitude together. It was to this, apparently, that Jesus came down from one of the higher horns to address the people. Seated on some slightly elevated rock — for the teacher always sat while He taught — the people and the disciples sitting at His feet on the grass, the cloudless Syrian sky over them; the blue lake with its moving life on the one hand, and, in the far north, the grand form of Hermon glittering in the upper air — He began what is to us the Magna Charta of our faith, and to the hearers must have been the formal inauguration of the New Kingdom of God.

The choice of the twelve Apostles and the Sermon on the Mount mark a turning-point in the life of Jesus. A crisis in the development of His work had arrived. He

had till now taken no step toward a formal and open separation from Judaism, but had contented Himself with gathering converts whom He left to follow the life He taught, without any organization as a distinct communion. The symptoms of an approaching rupture with the priests and rabbis had, however, forced on Him more decisive action. He had met the murmurs at the healing of the paralytic by the triumphant vindication of the language which had given offence. The choice of a publican as a disciple immediately after, had been a further expression of the fundamental opposition between His ideas and those of the Schools and the Temple, and His justification of the disuse by His disciples of the outward rites and forms which were vital in the eyes of the orthodoxy of the day, had been another step in the same divergent path. He had openly sanctioned the omission of fasts and of mechanical rules for prayer, which were sacred with the rabbis. He had even set the old and the new order of things in contrast, and had thus assumed independent authority as a religious teacher; the sum of all offence in a rigid theocracy. The choice of the Twelve, and the Sermon on the Mount, were the final and distinct proclamation of His new position. The Apostles must have seemed to a Jew the twelve patriarchs of a new spiritual Israel, to be instituted for the old; the heads of new tribes to be gathered by their teaching as the future people of God. The old skins had proved unfit for the new wine; henceforth new skins must be provided — new forms for a new faith. The society thus organized needed a promulgation of the laws under which it was to live; and this it received in the Sermon on the Mount.

The audience addressed consisted of the newly-chosen twelve; the unknown crowd who heard Him with pleasure, and were hence spoken of as His disciples; and the promiscuous multitude drawn to Him for the time by various motives. Jesus had no outer and inner circle, for public and secret doctrines, like the rabbis; so that though He explained to the Twelve in private any points in His discourses they had not understood, the doctrines themselves were delivered to all who came to hear them

This sermon, which is the fullest statement we have of the nature of His kingdom, and of the conditions and duties of its citizenship, was spoken under the open sky, to all who happened to form His audience.

In this great declaration of the principles and laws of the Christian Republic — a republic in the relations of the citizen to each other — a kingdom in their relation to Jesus — the omissions are no less striking than the demands. There is no reference to the priests or the rabbis — till then the undisputed authorities in religion; nor is the rite of circumcision even mentioned — though it made the Jew a member of the Old Covenant — as a mere theocratic form, apart from moral requirements. It is not condemned, but it is ignored. Till now a vital condition of entrance into the Kingdom of God, it is so no more. Nor are any other outward forms more in favor. The new kingdom is to be founded only on righteousness and love; and contrasts with the old by its spiritual freedom, untrammelled by outward rules. It opposes to the nationality and limitation of the old theocracy a universal invitation, with no restriction except that of character and conduct. Citizenship is offered to all who sincerely believe in Jesus as the Messiah, and honestly repent before God. Even the few opening sentences mark the revolution in religious conceptions which the new faith involves. Temporal evil, which under the former dispensation had been the mark of divine displeasure, became, in the teaching of Jesus, the mark of fellowship and pledge of heavenly reward. The opinion of the day regarded poverty, hunger, trouble, and persecution as punishments for sin; He enumerates them as blessings. Throughout the whole sermon no political or theocratic ideas find place, but only spiritual. For the first time in the history of religion a communion is founded without a priesthood, or offerings, or a temple or ceremonial services; without symbolical worship, or a visible sanctuary. There is an utter absence of everything external or sensuous; the grand spiritual truths of absolute religious freedom, love, and righteousness alone are heard. Nor is the kingdom, thus founded, in itself visible or corporate, in any ordinary sense; it is manifested

only by the witness of the Spirit in the heart, and by the power going forth from it in the life. In the fine words of Herder, Christianity was founded in direct opposition to the stupid dependence on customs, formulæ, and empty usages. It humbled the Jewish, and even the Roman national pride; the moribund Levitical worship, and idolatry, however, fanatically defended, were wounded to death.

This unique example of our Saviour's teaching displays in one view nearly all characteristics presented in the more detached illustrations preserved in the Gospels. Never systematic, the discourses of Jesus were rather pointed utterances of special truths demanded by the occasion. In perfect inner harmony with each other, these sententious teachings at times appear to conflict, for they are often designed to present opposite sides of the same truth, as the distinct point to be met required. The external and sensuous in all His teachings, however, was always made the vehicle of an inner and heavenly lesson. He necessarily followed the mode to which His hearers were used, and taught them as their own rabbis were wont, that He might engage attention. At times He puts distinct questions; at others He is rhetorical or polemic, or speaks in proverbs, or in more lengthened discourse. He often uses parables, and sometimes even symbolic actions; is always spontaneous and ready; and even at times points His words by friendly or cutting irony. But while thus in many ways adopting the style of the rabbis His teaching was very different even in outward characteristics. They delivered painfully what they had learned like children, overlaying every address with citations, in their fear of saying a word of their own. But the teaching of Christ was the free expression of His own thoughts and feelings; and this, with the weight of the teaching itself, gave Him power over the hearts of His audience. With a minute and exact knowledge of the teaching of the schools, He shows, by repeated use of rabbinical proofs and arguments, that He was familiar also with the current modes of controversy. His fervor, His originality, and the grandeur of the truths He proclaimed, were enough in themselves, to

commend His words; but He constantly supports them by the supreme authority of the Scriptures, which were familiar to Him as His mother-speech. Simple, as a rule, in all He says, He yet often opens glimpses into the infinite heights where no human thought can follow Him. The spirit of His teaching is as transcendent as its matter. Tenderness and yearning love prevail; but there is not wanting, when needed, the sternness of the righteous judge. Throughout the whole of His ministry, and notably in the Sermon on the Mount, He bears Himself with a kingly grandeur, dispensing the rewards and punishments of the world to come; opening the Kingdom of Heaven to those only who fulfil His requirements, and resting the future prospects of men on the reception they give His words. Even to read His utterances forces from all the confession of those who heard Him, that "Never man spake like this."—*Life and Words of Jesus, Chap. XXXV.*

GELLERT, CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT, a German poet and moralist; born at Hainichen, near Freiberg, Saxony, July 4, 1715; died at Leipsic, December 13, 1769. He was the son of a clergyman and entered the University of Leipsic at the age of nineteen, where he studied theology; but his constitutional timidity was such that after a single attempt, he gave up the idea of preaching, and became a private tutor, and subsequently Professor-extraordinary of Philosophy in the University. He wrote a novel, *The Swedish Countess,* several dramatic pieces, numerous fables, tales, essays, and odes. His literary reputation rests upon his sacred songs and his fables, which have become classics. He was among the founders of the modern school of German literature.

His lectures at Leipsic attracted the attention of literary Germany and had much to do with moulding the style and directing the taste of contemporary and subsequent authors. His *Works* have been frequently republished.

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

Dorinda's youthful spouse,
Whom as herself she loved, and better too
("Better?" methinks I hear some caviller say,
With scornful smile; but let him smile away!
A truth is not therefore the less true.
Let laughing cavillers to do what they may.)
Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's arms —
Too early snatched, in all her glowing charms,
The best of husbands and the best of men:
And I can find no words; in vain my pen,
Though dipped in briny tears, would fain portray
In lively colors, all the young wife felt,
As o'er his couch in agony she knelt,
And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek of clay.
The priest, whose business 'twas to soothe her, came:
All friendship came in vain;
The more they soothed the more Dorinda cried.
They had to drag her from the dead one's side.
A ceaseless wringing of the hands
Was all she did; one piteous "Alas!"
The only sound that from the lips did pass:
Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.
Meanwhile a neighbor o'er the way
Had happened in — well skilled in carving wood.
He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,
And partly at her own request,
Partly to show his reverence for the blest,
And save his memory from untimely end,
Resolved to carve in wood the image of his friend.
Success the artist's cunning hand attended,
With most amazing speed the work was ended;
And there stood Stephen, large as life.

A master-piece soon makes its way to light.
The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Stephen
met their sight,
"Ah, Heavens! Ah, there he is! Yes, yes, 'tis he!
Oh happy artist! happy wife!
Look at the laughing features! Only see
That open mouth, that seems as if 'twould speak!
I never saw before, in all my life,
Such nature: — no, I vow, there could not be
A truer likeness; so he looked to me,
When he stood godfather last week."

They brought the wooden spouse,
That now alone the widow's heart could cheer,
Up to the second story of the house,
Where he and she had slept one blessed year
There in her chamber, having turned the key,
She shut herself with him, and sought relief
And comfort in the midst of bitter grief;
And held herself as bound, if she would be
Forever worthy of his memory,
To weep away the remnant of her life.—
What more could one desire of any wife?

So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken,
And had not, my informant said —
In all the time to living creature spoken,
Except her house-dog and her serving-maid.
And this, after so many weeks of woe,
Was the first day that she had dared to glance
Out of her window. And to-day, by chance,
Just as she looked, a stranger stood below.
Up in a twinkling came the housemaid running
And said, with look of sweetest, half-hid cunning,
"Madam, a gentleman would speak with you:
A lovely gentleman as one would wish to view;
Almost as lovely as your blessed one.
He has some business must be done;
Business, he said, he could not trust with me."—
"Must just make up some story then," said she.

"I cannot leave, one moment, my dear man;
In short, go down and do the best you can.
Tell him I'm sick with sorrow; for, ah me!
It were no wonder!"—
"Madam, 'twill not do;
He has already had a glimpse of you
Up at your window, as he stood below.
You *must* come down; now do, I pray;
The stranger will not thus be sent away.
He's something weighty to impart, I know;
I *should* think, madam, you *might* go."

A moment the young widow stands perplext,
Fluttering 'twixt memory and hope; the next,
Embracing, with a sudden glow,
The image that so long had soothed her woe,
She lets the stranger in.—"Who can it be?
A suitor?" asks the maid: already she
Is listening at the key-hole; but her ear
Only Dorinda's plaintive tone can hear.
The afternoon slips by. What can it mean?—
The stranger goes not yet—has not been seen
To leave the house. Perhaps he makes request—
Unheard of boldness!—to remain a guest?
Dorinda comes at length; and, sooth to say, alone.
Where is the image, her dear, sad delight?
"Maid," she begins, "say, what shall now be done?
The gentleman *will* be my guest to-night.
Go, instantly, and boil the pot of fish."
"Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure—as you wish."
Dorinda goes back to her room again.
The maid ransacks the house to find a stick
Of wood to make a fire beneath the pot:—in vain;
She cannot find a single one. Then quick
She calls Dorinda out in agony.
"Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth," says she:
"There's not a stick of fire-wood in the house.
Suppose I take the image down and split it? That
Is good hard wood, and to our purpose pat,"—
"The image? No, indeed!—But—well—well
yes do!

What need have you been making all this touse?"—
"But, ma'am, the image is too much for me;
I cannot lift it all alone, you see;
'Twould go out of the window easily."—
"A lucky thought! And that will split it for you too.
The gentleman in future lives with me;
I may no longer nurse this misery."
Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen flew.

—*Translation of* C. T. Brooks.

GELLIUS, Aulus, a Roman grammarian; born, probably at Rome, in the early part of the second century of the Christian era; and died about the year 180. Little is known of the incidents of his life, except what is gathered by personal references in his books. He studied grammar and rhetoric at Rome and became a resident of Athens, where he studied philosophy, and wrote his *Noctes Atticæ* (Attic Nights), a work of twenty books. He continued his work after his return to Rome. It is compiled from a sort of diary, which he kept for many years, jotting down observations on grammar, geometry, philosophy, history, scraps of conversation, and notes on persons, as well as extracts from books he read. Though there is no sequence or order of arrangement observed in the books, they are valuable for the insight they give into the pursuits and society of the time and selections from the lost works of ancient authors.

Gellius wrote during that period of Latin literature which commenced during the reign of Hadrian, and

which was characterized by affected archaisms and pedantic learning, combined at times with reckless innovation and experiment, resulting in the creation of a large number of new phrases and the adoption of many plebeian expressions. Gellius cultivated a pure style, but his works abound in rare and archaic words and unheard-of diminutives. He makes some very pointed remarks on those who delight in obsolete words, but his own practice in this respect is not above criticism.

Beloe, the translator of the *Noctes Atticæ,* thus speaks of the style of Aulus Gellius as compared with that of Herodotus: "In translating Herodotus, I had before me a writer who has long been esteemed as the finest model of the Ionic dialect. Gellius, on the other hand, though he may boast of many and even peculiar beauties, is far removed from that standard of excellence which distinguished the Augustan age. The structure of his sentences is often intricate; his choice of words is singular, and in some instances even affected; and in addition to the difficulties arising from his own diction, other, and I think greater, are to be found in the numerous pages which he has happily preserved from oblivion. Painful indeed was the toil which I have experienced in my progress through the uncouth and antiquated phraseology of the Roman law; through the undisciplined, though masculine, eloquence of Roman historians and orators."

"Gellius," said the *Cornhill Magazine,* "was a pedant of the first water; we shall find his reminiscences more curious than either witty or pointed. He had an honest affection for almost every branch of knowledge, but there were three things which had an especial

attraction for him — grammar in its comprehensive sense, anecdotes, and scandal."

"EX PEDE HERCULES."

Plutarch, in the tract which he wrote on the difference existing among men in the accomplishments of mind and body, tells us with what skill and acuteness Pythagoras the philosopher reasoned, in discovering and ascertaining the height and size of Hercules. For as it was well known that Hercules had measured with his feet the space of the stadium at Pisa, near the temple of Jupiter Olympius, and that the length of it was six hundred of his steps; and that the other stadia in Greece, afterward introduced, consisted also of six hundred paces, though somewhat shorter; he drew this obvious conclusion: — That according to the rules of proportion, the exact measure of the foot of Hercules as much exceeded those of other men, as the Olympic stadium was longer than the rest. Taking, therefore, the size of the foot of Hercules and adding to it such a height of body as the regular symmetry of all the other limbs demanded, he inferred from it, as a just consequence, that Hercules as much surpassed other men in stature, as the Olympic stadium exceeded all those described with the same number of paces. — *From Noctes Atticæ.*

THE RING-FINGER.

We have been told that the ancient Greeks had a ring upon the last finger but one of the left hand. They say too that the Romans usually wore theirs in the same manner. Appion, in his books upon Egypt, says, the reason of it is this, "That by dissecting and laying open human bodies, as the custom was in Egypt, which the Greeks call anatomy, it was discovered that from that finger only, of which we have spoken, a very fine nerve proceeded, and passed quite to the heart: wherefore it does not seem without reason, that that finger should particularly be honored with such an ornament, which

seemed to be a continuation of, and as it were united with, the principle of the heart. — *From Noctes Atticæ.*

THE LOVE OF ARTEMISIA.

Artemisia is related to have loved her husband Mausolus beyond all the stories of amorous affection, nay beyond the limits of human attachment. Mausolus, according to Cicero, was King of Caria, or, as some Greek historians relate, he was the governor of a Grecian province, whom the Greeks call a satrap. When this Mausolus died, and was entombed with a magnificent funeral, amidst the tears and lamentations of his wife, Artemisia, inflamed with grief and regret for the loss of her husband, had his bones and ashes mixed with spices, and beaten to powder; she then infused them into water, and drank them off; and is said to have exhibited many other proofs of her violent love. She erected, at a vast expense of labor, for the sake of preserving the memory of her husband, that very celebrated monument which has been thought worthy to be admitted among the seven wonders of the world. When Artemisia consecrated this monument to the memory of her husband, she instituted likewise a literary contest in his honor, and appointed pecuniary rewards and most munificent presents; and to the celebration of these praises men are said to have come, of illustrious talents and distinguished oratory.—*Translation of* W. Beloe.

GENLIS, Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest de Comtesse de, a French educator and essayist; born near Autun, Burgundy, January 25, 1746; died at Paris, December 31, 1830. She had a remarkable talent for music, played several instruments, had a fine voice, and a natural facility for verse-making. Her father died, leaving his wife and daugh-

ter in poverty, and the Comte de Genlis married the daughter, then scarcely seventeen years old. In 1770 she was appointed governess of the twin daughters of the Duchess de Chartres, and in 1782 governess of the three sons of the Duke de Chartres, the eldest of whom was afterward King Louis Philippe. In the year of her appointment she published *Adèle et Théodore,* or *Letters on Education.* Other educational works are *Théâtre d'Education; Annales de la Vertu; Les Viellés du Château.* In 1787 she published *La Religion considerée comme l'unique base du Bonheur et de la véritable Philosophie.* During the Revolution she was obliged to emigrate, and took up her abode in Switzerland, where she wrote *Précis de la Conduite de Madame de Genlis pendant la Revolution* to clear herself from some of the accusations against her. She was expelled by the King of Prussia from his territory, and wandered from place to place, but returned under his successor. During this period she wrote *Les Mères Rivales; Les Petits Emigrés,* and other works. In 1800 she returned to France, was well received by Napoleon, and was given apartments and a pension. She now busied herself with literary work, and twice a week wrote to Napoleon her *Observations on Politics, Finance, Literature, and Morals.* The Emperor's favor came to an end when she published the life of *Henri le Grand,* and he deprived her of her apartments and her pension. On the return of the Bourbons she again received a small pension. She continued to write during the remainder of her life. Among her works not previously mentioned are *La Vie Pénitente de la Vallière; Souvenirs de Félicie; Souvenirs de Mademoiselle de Clermont;* her best work; *Les Vœux Téméraires; Al-*

phonse; Jeanne de France; and her *Mémoires,* which she completed after she was eighty years of age.

FRENCH SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

At this period [about 1779] grand recollections and recent traditions still maintained in France good principles, sound ideas, and national virtues, already somewhat weakened by pernicious writings, and a reign full of faults; but in the city and at court, there were still found that refined taste, and that exquisite politeness, of which every Frenchman had a right to be proud, since throughout all Europe it was universally held to be the most perfect model of grace, elegance and dignity. Several ladies, and some few great lords, were then met with in society, who had seen Louis XIV., and they were respected as the wrecks of a great age. Youth became restrained in their company, and naturally became silent, modest, and attentive; they were listened to with profound interest, for they seemed to be the organs of history. They were consulted concerning etiquette and the usages of society; their suffrage was of the utmost importance to those who were entering into public life; in a word, contemporaries of so many great men of all kinds, these venerable characters seemed placed in society to maintain the ancient feelings of politeness, glory and patriotism, or at least, to delay their melancholy decline. But in a short time the influence of these feelings scarcely appeared except in an elevated style, in a simple *theory* of delicate and generous conduct. Virtue was retained only from the remains of good taste, which still held in esteem its language and appearance. Every one, to conceal his own way of thinking, became stricter in observing the *bienseancs;* the most refined ideas were sported in conversation concerning delicacy, greatness of mind, and the duties of friendship; and even chimerical virtues were fancied, which was easy enough, considering that the happy agreement of conversation and conduct did not exist. But hypocrisy always betrays itself by exaggeration, for it never knows when to stop; false sensibility has no shades, never employs any but

the strongest colors, and heaps them on with the most ridiculous prodigality.

There now appeared in society a very numerous party of both sexes, who declared themselves the partisans and depositories of the old traditions respecting taste, etiquette, and morals themselves, which they boasted of having brought to perfection; they declared themselves supreme arbiters of all the proprieties of social life, and claimed for themselves exclusively the high-sounding appellation of "good company." Every person of bad *ton* or licentious notoriety was excluded from the society; but to be admitted, neither a spotless character nor eminent merit was necessary. Infidels, devotees, prudes, and women of light conduct were indiscriminately received. The only qualifications necessary were *bon ton*, dignified manners, and a certain respect in society, acquired by rank, birth, and credit at court, or by display, mildness, and elevated sentiments. Thus good taste of itself taught them that to dazzle and fascinate, it was necessary to borrow all the forms of the most amiable virtues. Politeness, in these assemblies, had all the ease and grace which it can derive from early habit and delicacy of mind; slander was banished from the *public* parties, for its keenness could not have been well combined with the charm of mildness that each person brought into the general store. Discussion never degenerated into personal dispute. There existed in all their perfection the art of praising without insipidity and without pedantry, and of replying to it without either wealth, talent, or personal accomplishments. . . .

The usurping and arrogant circle I have just mentioned, that society so contemptuous to every other, roused up against itself a host of enemies; but as it received among its members every man of well known merit, or of high fashion from his rank or situation, the enmity it inspired was evidently the effect of envy, only gave it more *éclat*, and the unanimous voice of the public designated it by the title of the "Grand Society," which it retained till the revolution. This did not mean that it was the most numerous, but that, in the general opinion, it was the most choice and brilliant by the rank,

personal estimation, *ton* and manners of those who composed it. There, in the parties too numerous to claim confidence, and at the same time not sufficiently so to prevent conversation — there, in parties of fifteen or twenty individuals, were, in fact, united all the ancient French politeness and grace. All the means of pleasing and fascinating were combined with infinite skill. They felt that to distinguish themselves from low company and ordinary society, it was necessary that they should preserve the tone and manners that were the best indications of modesty, good-nature, indulgence, decency, accepting or despising it; — of showing off the good qualities of others without seeming to protect them, and of listening with obliging attention. If all these appearances had been founded on moral feeling, we should have seen the golden age of civilization. Was it hypocrisy? No — it was the external coat of ancient manners preserved by habit and good taste, which always survive the principles that produced them; but which, having no longer any solid basis, gradually loses its original beauties, and is finally destroyed by the inroads of refinement and exaggeration.

In the less numerous circles of the same society, much less caution was observed, and the *ton,* still strictly decorous, was much more piquant. No one's honor was attacked, for delicacy always prevailed; yet under the deceitful veils of secrecy, thoughtlessness, and absence of mind, slander might go on without offence. The most pointed arrows of malice were not excluded, provided they were skilfully aimed, and without any apparent ill-will on the part of the speaker; for no one could speak of his avowed enemies. To amuse themselves with slander, it required to arise from an unsuspected source, and to be credible in its details. Even in the private parties of the society, malignity always paid respect to the ties of blood, friendship, gratitude, and intimate acquaintance; but beyond that, all other might be sacrificed without mercy. I must add that in the most private of the coteries, it was requisite that the scandal should be as it were *divided;* for any one person who should have undertaken to retail it would have soon become odious. It was also necessary, even in the commerce

of scandal, to mingle in the narration something of grace, gayety, or whim. Mere scandal is always a melancholy affair, and is always coarse and vulgar; besides, it would have contrasted ill with the habitual tone of these circles: it would have been in a bad and low taste.

But the fault for which there was no redemption, which nothing could excuse, was meanness either in manners or language, or in actions, when such a thing could be thoroughly proved. It was not that the principles of society were so lofty as to inspire indignation at a mean action, which should have obtained its perpetrator a large fortune or an excellent place; but there is still among us more vanity than cupidity, and as long as pride preserves that character, it will sometimes resemble greatness of mind. When a mean action which turned out profitably was performed with certain precautions, and in a certain way, it was easy to feign a belief that it was only a necessary step in a system of laudable though selfish policy; and, like the thieves among the Lacedemonians, only the awkward were punished. — *Mémoires.*

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, an English chronicler; born at Monmouth, England, early in the twelfth century; died at Llandaff, Wales, in 1152. According to his contemporary and friend, the chronicler, Caradoc of Lancaroan, he was the nephew and foster-son of Uchtryd, Archbishop of Llandaff, was educated at a Benedictine monastery in Monmouth, became archdeacon of a church in Monmouth, held a deanery in the church of Tielo in Llandaff, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph, but died before entering his office. Three works have

been attributed to him: the *Chronicon sive Historia Britonum;* a metrical *Life and Prophecies of Merlin,* and the *Compendium Gaufredi de Corpore Christi et Sacramento Eucharistiæ.* The first, which is the earliest history of Britain, was dedicated to Robert of Gloucester. It appeared in 1147, and created a sensation. It was professedly a translation of an ancient history of Britain, written in the Cymric tongue, and offered to Geoffrey by Walter Calenius. It is a work of genius and imagination, and it was received with delight by the people; but the students, accustomed to dry compilation of facts, were indignant at its appearance. Many of the legends in it are taken from Virgil, others from local stories known by tradition in England. While the great cycle of Arthurian romance was not created by him, Geoffrey of Monmouth gave it its place in literature. His name is so associated with the stories of King Arthur that he has been often called *Galfridus Arturus.*

This history was abridged by Alfred of Beverly in 1150, and translated into Anglo-Norman verse by Geoffrey Gaimar in 1154, and by Robert Wace in 1180. The influence of this book proved its value by its successors, which rapidly followed. The chief of these were Layamon's *Brut,* published in the thirteenth century; the rhymed *Chronicle of England,* by Robert of Gloucester in 1278, and the modifications and additions to the Arthurian legends, which became the common property of the trouvères of France and the Minnesingers of Germany, and which were recorded by Gaimar, Wace, Mapes, Robert de Borron, Luces de Gast, Hélie de Borron, and by Sir Thomas Malory in the *Morte d' Arthur* (1461), which was printed by Caxton in 1485. Of the three works attributed to

Geoffrey, only the *History* is authentic. Internal evidence is fatal to the metrical *Life of Merlin,* and the *Compendium* is known to have been written by Geoffrey of Auxerre. Geoffrey of Monmouth was the founder of a new literary form, which is exemplified by the style of the romances and novels of a later period. Chaucer gives him a place in his *House of Fame.* Several of his MSS. were placed in the old Royal Library of the British Museum. The *History* was translated into English by Aaron Thompson in 1718. The translation was revised by Dr. Giles in 1842. It is included in the *Six Old English Chronicles* in Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

ALBION DIVIDED BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CORINEUS.

The island was then called Albion, and was inhabited by none but a few giants. Notwithstanding this, the pleasant situation of the places, the plenty of rivers abounding with fish, and the engaging prospect of its woods, made Brutus and his company very desirous to fix their habitation in it. They therefore passed through all the provinces, forced the giants to fly into the caves of the mountains, and divided the country among them according to the directions of their commander. After this they began to till the ground and build houses, so that in a little time the country looked like a place that had been long inhabited. At last Brutus called the island after his own name Britain, and his companions Britons; for by these means he desired to perpetuate the memory of his name. From whence afterward the language of the nation, which at first bore the name of Trojan, or rough Greek, was called British. But Corineus, in imitation of his leader, called that part of the island which fell to his share, Corinea, and his people Corineans, after his name; and though he had his choice of the provinces before all the rest, yet he preferred this country, which is now called

in Latin Cornubia, either from its being in the shape of a horn (in Latin *cornu*), or from the corruption of the said name. For it was a diversion to him to encounter the said giants, which were in greater numbers there than in all the other provinces that fell to the share of his companions. Among the rest was one detestable monster, Goëmagot, in stature twelve cubits, and of such prodigious strength that at one shake he pulled up an oak as if it had been a hazel wand. On a certain day, when Brutus was holding a solemn festival to the gods, in the port where they had first landed, this giant, with twenty more of his companions, came in upon the Britons, among whom he made a dreadful slaughter. But the Britons at last, assembling together in a body, put them to the rout, and killed them every one but Goëmagot. Brutus had given orders to have him preserved alive, out of a desire to see a combat between him and Corineus, who took a great pleasure in such encounters. Corineus, overjoyed at this, prepared himself, and throwing aside his arms, challenged him to wrestle with him. At the beginning of the encounter, Corineus and the giant, standing, front to front, held each other strongly in their arms, and panted aloud for breath: but Goëmagot presently grasping Corineus with all his might, broke three of his ribs, two on his right side and one on his left. At which Corineus, highly enraged, roused up his whole strength, and snatching him upon his shoulders, ran with him, as fast as the weight would allow him, to the next shore, and there getting upon the top of a high rock, hurled down the savage monster into the sea; where falling on the sides of craggy rocks, he was torn to pieces, and colored the sea with his blood. The place where he fell, taking its name from the giant's fall, is called Lam Goëmagot, that is, Goëmagots Leap, to this day.— *British History.*

DESCRIPTION OF BRITAIN.

Britain the best of islands, is situated in the Western Ocean between France and Ireland, being eight hundred miles long and two hundred broad. It produces

everything that is useful to man, with a plenty that never fails. It abounds with all kinds of metal, and has plains of large extent, and hills fit for the finest tillage, the richness of whose soil affords variety of fruits in their proper seasons. It has also forests well stored with all kinds of wild beasts; in its lawns cattle find good change of pasture, and bees variety of flowers for honey. Under its lofty mountains lie green meadows pleasantly situated, in which the gentle murmurs of crystal springs gliding along clear channels give those that pass an agreeable invitation to lie down on their banks and slumber. It is likewise well watered with lakes and rivers abounding with fish; and besides the narrow sea which is on the southern coast toward France, there are three noble rivers, stretching out like three arms; namely, the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber.— *British History.*

GEORGE, HENRY, an American political economist; born at Philadelphia, September 2, 1839; died at New York, October 29, 1897. He attended the public schools until 1853, when he went into a counting-room, and then to sea, learning something of printing in the meanwhile. In 1858 he reached California, where he worked as a printer until 1866, when he became a reporter and afterward editor of various papers, among them the San Francisco *Times* and *Post.* In August, 1880, he removed to New York. He spent a year in England and Ireland, in 1881 and 1882, where he was twice under arrest as a "suspect," but was released upon his identity being established. Mr. George was chiefly known through his addresses and books upon economic questions, in which he attributes the evils of society to the treatment of land as subject to full individual owner-

Henry George

ship, and contends that, while the possession of land should be left to the individual, it should be subject to the payment to the community of land values proper, or economic rent. This doctrine, now known as the Single Tax, aims at abolishing all taxes for raising revenues except a tax levied on the value of land irrespective of improvements. He published *Our Land and Land Policy* (1871); *Progress and Poverty* (1879); *Irish Land Question* (1881); *Social Problems* (1883); *Property in Land,* a controversy with the Duke of Argyll (1884); *Protection or Free Trade* (1886); *The Condition of Labor, an Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII.* (1891), and *A Perplexed Philosopher* (Herbert Spencer) (1892). Mr. George visited Great Britain again in 1883–84, 1884–85, and 1889, lecturing on economic questions, particularly that of land ownership, and in 1890 made a similar tour through Australia. In 1886 he was nominated by the United Labor Party as candidate for the Mayoralty of New York, and polled 68,000 votes against 90,000 for his Democratic opponent, and 60,000 for the Republican. The next year he received over 70,000 votes as the same party's candidate for Secretary of State of New York. On the adoption by the Democratic Party in 1888 of a low tariff as a national issue, Mr. George announced that he should, as a free trader, support Mr. Cleveland, and this ended the United Labor Organization, though the propagation of the Single Tax has gone on in quieter ways more actively than ever. In the Presidential campaign of 1892 over a million copies of a very cheap edition of *Protection or Free Trade* were circulated in the United States, with a marked result upon the election. Between

1887 and 1890 Mr. George published the *Standard,* a weekly paper, in New York.

Lloyd Sanders, in his *Celebrities of the Century,* says that "the charm of *Progress and Poverty* lies in the simplicity of its style, and the drastic remedy proposed for an exasperated people. Mr. George," continues this English writer, "maintaining that the 'unearned increment' in rent, as Mill had called it, was rightfully the property of the nation, proposes to 'appropriate rent by taxation,' which he argues would be no injustice, for 'it is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent.'"

In January, 1897, Mr. George was given four votes for United States Senator by the New York Legislature, and in the following October he was nominated for mayor of Greater New York by the United Democracy. His death occurred suddenly during the contest for the Mayoralty.

THE BASIS OF PROPERTY.

What constitutes the rightful basis of property? What is it that enables a man to justly say of a thing, "It is mine?" From what springs the sentiment which acknowledges his exclusive right as against all the world? Is it not, primarily, the right of a man to himself, to the use of his own powers, to the enjoyment of the fruits of his own exertions? Is it not this individual right, which springs from and is testified to by the natural facts of individual organization — the fact that each particular pair of hands obeys a particular brain and are related to a particular stomach; the fact that each man is a definite, coherent, independent whole — which alone justifies individual ownership? As a man belongs to himself, so his labor belongs to him.

And for this reason, that which a man makes or produces is his own, as against all the world — to enjoy or destroy, to use, to exchange, or to give. No one else can

rightfully claim it, and his exclusive right to it involves no wrong to any one else. Thus there is to everything produced by human exertion a clear and indisputable title to exclusive possession and enjoyment, which is perfectly consistent with justice, as it descends from the original producer, in whom it is vested by natural law. The pen with which I am writing is justly mine. No other human being can rightfully lay claim to it, for in me is the title of the producers who made it. It has become mine, because transferred to me by the stationer, to whom it was transferred by the importer, who obtained the exclusive right to it by transfer from the manufacturer, in whom, by the same process of purchase, vested the rights of those who dug the material from the ground and shaped it into a pen. Thus, my exclusive right of ownership in the pen springs from the natural right of the individual to the use of his own faculties.

Now, this is not only the original source from which all ideas of exclusive ownership arise — as is evident from the natural tendency of the mind to revert to it when the idea of exclusive ownership is questioned, and the manner in which social relations develop — but it is necessarily the only source. There can be to the ownership of anything no rightful title which is not derived from the title of the producer, and does not rest upon the natural right of the man to himself. There can be no other rightful title, because (1st) there is no other natural right from which any other title can be derived, and (2d) because the recognition of any other title is inconsistent with and destructive of this.

For (1st) what other right exists from which the right to the exclusive possession of anything can be derived, save the right of a man to himself? With what other power is a man by nature clothed save the power of exerting his own faculties? How can he in any other way act upon or affect material things or other men? Paralyze the motor nerves, and your man has no more external influence or power than a log or stone. From what else, then, can the right of possessing and controlling things be derived? If it spring not from man him-

self, from whom can it spring? Nature acknowledges no ownership or control in man save as the result of exertion. In no other way can her treasures be drawn forth, her powers directed, or her forces utilized or controlled. She makes no discriminations among men, but is to all absolutely impartial. She knows no distinction between master and slave, king and subject, saint and sinner. All men to her stand upon an equal footing and have equal rights. She recognizes no claim but that of labor, and recognizes that without respect to the claimant. If a pirate spread his sails, the wind will fill them as well as it will fill those of a peaceful merchantman or missionary bark; if a king and a common man be thrown overboard, neither can keep his head above water except by swimming: birds will not come to be shot by the proprietor of the soil any quicker than they will come to be shot by the poacher; fish will bite or will not bite at the hook in utter disregard as to whether it is offered by a good little boy who goes to Sunday-school or a bad little boy who plays truant; grain will grow only as the ground is prepared and the seed is sown; it is only at the call of labor that ore can be raised from the mine; the sun shines and the rain falls alike upon just and unjust. The laws of nature are the decrees of the Creator. There is written in them no recognition of any right save that of labor; and in them is written broadly and clearly the equal right of all men to the use and enjoyment of nature; to apply to her by their exertions, and to receive and possess her reward. Hence, as nature gives only to labor, the exertion of labor in production is the only title to exclusive possession.

2d. This right of ownership that springs from labor excludes the possibility of any other right of ownership. If a man be rightfully entitled to the produce of his labor, then no one can be rightfully entitled to the ownership of anything which is not the produce of his labor, or the labor of some one else from whom the right has passed to him. If production give to the producer the right to the exclusive possession and enjoyment, there can rightfully be no exclusive possession and enjoyment of anything not the production of labor, and the

recognition of private property in land is wrong. For the right to the produce of labor cannot be enjoyed without the right to the free use of the opportunities offered by nature, and to admit the right of property in these is to deny the right of property in the produce of labor. When non-producers can claim as rent a portion of the wealth created by producers, the right of the producers to the fruits of their labor is to that extent denied.

There is no escape from this position. To affirm that a man can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in his own labor, when embodied in material things, is to deny that any one can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in land. To affirm the rightfulness of property in land is to affirm a claim which has no warrant in nature, as against a claim founded in the organization of man and the laws of the material universe.— *Progress and Poverty.*

PROPERTY IN LAND.

The hard times, the lower wages, the increasing poverty perceptible in the United States are but results of the natural laws we have traced — laws as universal and as irresistible as that of gravitation. We did not establish the republic when in the face of principalities and powers we flung the declaration of the inalienable rights of man; we shall never establish the republic until we carry out that declaration by securing to the poorest child born among us an equal right to his native soil! We did not abolish slavery when we ratified the Fourteenth Amendment; to abolish slavery we must abolish private property in land! Unless we come back to first principles, unless we recognize natural perceptions of equity, unless we acknowledge the equal rights of all to land, our free institutions will be in vain, our common schools will be in vain; our discoveries and inventions will but add to the force that presses the masses down! — *Progress and Poverty.*

GERHARDT, Paul, a German poet; born at Graefenhainichen, near Wittenberg, Saxony, March 12, 1607; died at Lübben, Prussia, June 7, 1676. Little is known of his early life. He studied for the ministry, taught in the family of an advocate of Berlin, whose daughter he afterward married, and in 1651 received his first appointment at Mittelwald. In 1657 he became *diaconus* to the Nicolaikirche of Berlin, of which he was deprived in 1666, on account of his refusal to comply with the Elector Frederick William's edict of 1664, commanding him to refrain from preaching the doctrine of Luther as against that of Calvin. In the following year he was restored to office, but soon resigned it, being unwilling to appear to accept tacitly what he disapproved. In 1668 he was appointed Archdeacon of Lübben, and held the office until his death. He is one of the most esteemed of German hymnists. His first church hymns were published in 1648, and in 1667 the first complete edition of one hundred and twenty hymns appeared.

Gerhardt ranks, next to Luther, as the most gifted and popular hymn-writer of the Lutheran Church. A very large proportion of his hymns are among the most cherished and most widely used among German-speaking Christians. "Like the old poets of the people," wrote Gervinus, the well-known historian of German literature, "he is sincerely and unconstrainedly pious, naïve, and hearty; the blissfulness of his faith makes him benign and amiable; and in his way of writing he is as attractive, simple, and pleasing as in his way of thinking." It has been noted, with refer-

ence to the transition to the modern subjective tone of religious poetry, as seen in Gerhardt's verses, that no less than sixteen of his hymns begin with the first person singular "I."

THE DYING SAVIOUR.

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown.

O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!

How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this dying sorrow
Thy pity without end?

O, make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me!
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.

When strength and comfort languish
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying
Come, Lord, to set me free.

These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely — through Thy love.
—*Translation of* JOHN WESLEY.

LOVE DIVINE.

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Father, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought,
Still lead me, lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought:
And, if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that Love is near.
— *Translation of* JOHN WESLEY.

COMMIT THOU ALL THY GRIEFS.

Commit thou all thy griefs,
And ways unto His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands;

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;

He shall direct thy wandering feet,
  He shall prepare thy way.

  Give to the winds thy fears;
  Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
  God shall lift up thy head.

  Through waves and clouds and storms
  He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
  Soon end in joyous day.

  What though thou rulest not?
  Yet Heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
  And ruleth all things well.

  Leave to His sovereign sway
  To choose and to command,
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
  How wise, how strong His hand.

  Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
  Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
  Confirm the feeble knee!

  Let us, in life, in death,
  Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
  Thy love and guardian care!

— *Translation of* JOHN WESLEY.

GESSNER, SALOMON, a Swiss painter, engraver, and poet; born at Zürich, April 1, 1730; died there, March 2, 1788. His father was a bookseller at Zürich. The son was eminent as an artist

and prose poet, but also became a partner in the business of his father. Most of his works are prose poems. The best known of them are *The Death of Abel* (1758), and *The First Navigator* (1762). He furnished capital illustrations to his own poems. His poetry is distinguished for elegance of language and rhythmic metre, but his delineation of life departs so far from reality that his works have lost much of their former popularity. The following is a metrical translation of the opening of the prose-poem *Semira and Semin:*

A PICTURE OF THE DELUGE.

Now beneath the flood of night
Shrouded the marble turrets are,
And 'gainst insular mountain height
The black, big waves are billowing far;
And lo! before the surging death
Isle after isle still vanisheth.

Remains one lonely speck above
The fury of the climbing flood:
A grisly crowd still vainly strove
To win that safer altitude;
And the cries of despair
Still rang on the air.
As the rushing wave pursued in its pride,
And dashed them from its slippery side.

Oh, is not yonder shore less steep,
Ye happier few? Escape the deep!
Upon its crest the crowd assembles;
Lo! the peopled mountain trembles!
The rushing waters exalt it on high;—
Shaken and shivered from brow to base
It slides amain, unwieldily,
Into the universal sea;
And instantly the echoing sky
Howls to the howl of the hapless race
That burden the hill, or under it die.

Yonder, the torrent of waters behold!
Into the chaos of ocean hath rolled
The virtuous son, with his sire so old!
He, strengthened with duty and proud of his strength
  Sought from that desolate island, now sunken,
To conquer the perilous billows at length;
  But their very last sob the mad waters have drunken!
To the deluge's dire unatonable tomb
  Yon mother abandons the children she tried
In vain to preserve; and the watery gloom
  Swells over the dead, as they float side by side;
  And she hath plunged after! How madly she died!

From forth the waters waste and wild
The loftiest summit sternly smiled;
And that but to the sky disclosed
  Its rugged top, and that sad pair
Who, to this hour of wrath exposed,
  Stood in the howling storm-blast there
Semin, the noble, young, and free,
  To whom this world's most lovely one
Had vowed her heart's idolatry —
His own beloved Semira — set
On this dark mountain's coronet: —
  And they were mid the flood alone.

Broke on them the wild waters; — all
The heaven was thunder, and a pall;
  Below, the ocean's roar;
Around, deep darkness, save the flash
Of lightning on the waves, that dash
  Without a bed or shore.
And every cloud from the lowering sky
Threatened destruction fierce and nigh;
And every surge rolled drearily,
With carcasses borne on ooze and foam,
Yawning, as to its moving tomb
It looked for further prey to come.

Semira to her fluttering breast
  Folded her lover; and their hearts

Throbbed on each other, unrepressed,
  Blending as in one bosom, while
The raindrops on her faded cheek
  With her tears mingled, but not a smile; —
In horror, nothing now can speak;
  Such horror nothing now imparts.

"There is no hope of safety — none.
My Semira, my beloved one!
Oh, woe! Oh, desolation! Death
Sways all; above, around, beneath;
Near and more near he climbs; and oh,
Which of the waves besieging so
Will whelm us? Take me to thy cold
And shuddering arms' beloved fold!
My God! look! what a wave comes on!
  It glitters in the lightning dim —
It passes over us!" — 'Tis gone,
  And senseless sinks the maid on him.

Semin embraced the fainting maid;
  Words faltered on his quivering lips,
And he was mute; and all was shade,
  And all around him in eclipse.
Was it one desolate hideous spot?
A wreck of worlds? — He saw it not!
He saw but her, beloved so well,
  So death-like on his bosom lay,
Felt the cold pang that o'er him fell,
  Heard but his beating heart. Away,
Grasp of dark Agony's iron hand!
  Off from his heart thine icy touch!
Off from his lips thy colorless band,
  Off from his soul thy wintry clutch!

Love conquers Death; and he hath kissed
  Her bleachèd cheeks — by the cold rain bleached;
He hath folded her to his bosom; and, list!
  His tender words her heart have reached.
She hath awakened, and she looks
  Upon her lover tenderly,

Whose tenderness the Flood rebukes,
As on destroying goeth he.
"O God of judgment!" she cried aloud,
"Refuge or pity is there none?
Waves rave, and thunder rends the cloud,
And the winds howl, 'Be vengeance done!'
Our years have innocently sped,
My Semin; thou wert ever good.
Woe's me! my joy and pride have fled!
All but my love is now subdued!—
And *thou* to me who gavest life,
Torn from my side. I saw thy strife
With the wild surges, and thy head
Heave evermore above the water,
Thine arms exalted, and outspread,
For the last time to bless thy daughter!
The earth is now a lonely isle!
Yet 'twere a paradise to me,
Wert, Semin, thou with me the while.
Oh, let me die embracing thee!—
Is there no pity, God above!
For innocence and blameless love?—
But what shall innocence plead before Thee
Great God? Thus dying I adore Thee!"

Still his beloved the youth sustains,
As she in the storm-blast shivers:—
"'Tis done! No hope of life remains;
No mortal howls among the rivers!—
Semira, the next moment is
Our last; gaunt Death ascends! Lo, he
Doth clasp our thighs, and the abyss
Yearns to embrace us eagerly!—
We will not mourn a common lot:
Life, what art thou, when joyfullest,
Wisest, noblest, greatest, best—
Life longest, and that most delightest?
A dewdrop, by the dawn begot,
That on the rock to-day is brightest;
To-morrow doth it fade away,
Or fall into the ocean's spray.

"Courage! beyond this little life
Eternity and bliss are rife.
Let us not tremble, then, my love,
To cross the narrow sea; but thus
Embrace each other; and above
The swelling surge that pants for us
Our souls shall hover happily!

"Ay, let us join our hands in prayer
To Him whose wrath hath ravaged here:
His holy doom shall mortal man
Presume to judge, and weigh, and scan?
He who breathed life into our dust
May to the just or the unjust
Send death; but happy they
Who've trodden Wisdom's pleasant way. —
Not life we ask, O Lord! Do Thou
Convey us to Thy judgment seat!
A sacred faith inspires me now: —
Death shall not end, but shall complete.
Peal out, ye thunders; crush and scathe!
Howl, desolation, ruin, wrath!
Entomb us waters! — Evermore
Praised be the Just One! — We adore!
Our mouths shall praise Him, as we sink,
And the last thought our souls shall think!" . . .
They spake — while them the monstrous deluge spray
Swept in each other's arms, away — away!

— *Translation of* J. A. Heraud.

GIBBON, Edward, an English historian; born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737; died at London, January 15, 1794. He was the eldest son of a merchant, sprung from an ancient family, who acquired a considerable fortune. His five brothers and two sisters died in infancy, and his own con-

EDWARD GIBBON.

stitution was so delicate that it was not supposed that he would grow up to manhood. His education was consequently much neglected until he reached the age of sixteen, when a sudden change took place in his physical and mental condition. In 1752 he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, where in 1753 he "privately abjured the heresies of his childhood" before a Roman Catholic priest, and announced the fact to his father in a long letter. The indignant father made public the defection of his son from Protestantism, and he was expelled from the college after a residence of fourteen months. Long afterward he wrote of this period of his life: "To my present feelings it seems incredible that I should ever believe that I believed in transubstantiation: but I could not blush that my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry which had entangled the acute and manly understandings of a Chillingworth and a Bayle."

Gibbon was now sent by his father to Lausanne, in Switzerland, and placed under the charge of M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic minister, who it was hoped would succeed in re-converting him to Protestantism. This re-conversion was effected in the next year; but from that time he ceased to care much for theological differences, though he appears always to have considered himself more of a Christian than anything else. His residence at Lausanne lasted five years, during which time he formed an attachment to Susanne Curchod, the daughter of a Protestant minister near Geneva. His father, however, would not consent to their marriage, and, writes Gibbon, "After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life."

Mademoiselle Curchod in time became the wife of Jacques Necker, the famous French Minister of Finance, and the mother of Madame de Staël.

Gibbon returned to England in 1758, and spent the ensuing two years at his father's family seat, engaged mainly in study, especially of the classics, and pursued a course of reading equalled by few of his contemporaries. An episode of this period was his joining the Hampshire militia, and studying practically the technicalities of the military art. About this time he made his first appearance in print in an *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature.* In 1763 he went again to Switzerland, stopping on the way three months at Paris, where he became acquainted with Diderot, d'Alembert, and other philosophers. He remained at Lausanne for nearly a year, and then proceeded to Italy.

He returned to his father's house in June, 1765, and soon began to occupy himself in writing, in French, a *History of the Liberty of the Swiss.* In two years the first portion was completed, and the manuscript (the author's name not being divulged) was read before a literary club in London. The comments to which he listened were so unfavorable that he proceeded no further in the work. In 1757, in connection with his friend Duyverdun, he began the publication of *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne,* which it was proposed to continue periodically, but only two volumes (1757, 1758) were published. Of these *Memoirs* Gibbon says: "It is not my wish to deny how deeply I was interested in these *Mémoires,* of which I need not be ashamed. I will presume to say that their merit was superior to their reputation; but it is not less true that they were productions of more reputa-

tion than emolument." In 1770 he published anonymously *Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid,* being a sharp attack upon that portion of Bishop Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses* in which it is maintained that the descent into Hades is not a false but a mimic scene, representing the initiation of Æneas into the Eleusinean Mysteries.

Gibbon's father died in the autumn of 1770, and he settled in London with a considerable, though somewhat encumbered, estate. He now began to labor directly upon the *Decline and Fall,* for which he had for several years been storing up materials. In 1774 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Liskeard. He held the seat for eight years as a constant though silent supporter of the administration of Lord North. Such was his constitutional timidity that he was never able to address the House. Several times he prepared a speech to be delivered, but could never muster courage to pronounce it. But of his Parliamentary career he says: "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence — the first and most essential virtue of an historian." In 1770, however, he wrote in French a pamphlet in defence of the Ministry, and was rewarded with a sinecure place, worth £800 a year, in the Board of Trade. The Board was suppressed upon the fall of the North Ministry the year afterward. Upon the consequent loss of his salary Gibbon considered himself not rich enough to live in England and went back to Lausanne, where the concluding volumes of the *Decline and Fall* were written. They were published in London on the anniversary of his fifty-first birthday, April 27, 1787. For all the volumes he received £5,000; the profits of the booksellers

were fully ten times as much. Gibbon remained in England until July, 1788, when he returned to Lausanne, where he wrote his *Memoirs,* which, however, were not published until after his death, six years later. The French Revolution had now broken out; and in the spring of 1793 he set out for England. He had long been suffering from hydrocele. A surgical operation was decided upon, which was repeated three times, the last of which proved fatal.

The *Decline and Fall,* as originally published, consisted of six folio volumes, Vol. I. appearing in 1776; Vols. II. and III. in 1781; Vols. IV., V., and VI. in 1788. The first volume closed with the famous Chapters XV. and XVI., containing the account of the rise and progress of Christianity. These chapters elicited replies from various quarters. Among these was a temperate *Apology for Christianity* by Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff (1776). In reply to his assailant, Gibbon wrote a *Vindication.* Of Bishop Watson he says: "His mode of thinking bears a liberal and philosophical cast; his thoughts are expressed with spirit; and that spirit is always tempered by politeness and moderation. Such is the man whom I should be happy to call my friend, and whom I should not blush to call my antagonist." Toward some of his opponents Gibbon is sharp and acrimonious. Of the *Vindication,* as a whole, Dean Milman says: "This single discharge from the ponderous artillery of learning and sarcasm laid prostrate the whole disorderly squadron of his assailants."

The *Autobiography,* one of the three or four best works of the kind in any language, has often been reprinted separately. Of the *Decline and Fall* the best editions are those of Milman (1854 and 1855);

both of which contain many new and valuable notes from many sources. The *Student's Gibbon* is a very good abridgment by Dr. William Smith, in which, as far as possible, the exact language of Gibbon has been retained.

Gibbon himself, at the close of the *Decline and Fall*, thus sets forth the general scope of the work:

THE SCOPE OF THE HISTORY.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is the greatest, perhaps, and most awful scene in the history of mankind. The various causes and progressive effects are connected with many of the events most interesting in human annals: The artful policy of the Cæsars, who long maintained the name and image of a free Republic; the disorders of Military Despotism; the rise, establishment, and sects of Christianity; the foundation of Constantinople; the division of the Monarchy; the invasion and settlement of the barbarians of Germany and Scythia; the institution of the Civil Law; the character and religion of Mohammed; the temporal sovereignty of the Popes; the restoration and decay of the Western Empire of Charlemagne; the Crusade of the Latins in the East; the conquests of the Saracens and Turks; the ruin of the Greek Empire; the state and revolutions of Rome in the Middle Ages. The historian may applaud the importance and variety of his subject; but while he is conscious of his own imperfections, he must often accuse the deficiency of his materials. It was among the ruins of the Capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public.

It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias,

which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future date of my *History,* the life of the historian must be short and precarious. — *Decline and Fall, Conclusion.*

POPULATION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, 50 A.D.

The number of subjects who acknowledged the laws of Rome, of citizens, of provincials, and of slaves, cannot now be fixed with such a degree of accuracy as the importance of the subject would deserve. We are informed that when the Emperor Claudius exercised the office of censor he took an account of 6,945,000 Roman citizens, who, with the proportion of women and children, must have amounted to about 20,000,000 of souls. The multitude of subjects of an inferior rank was uncertain and fluctuating. But after weighing with attention every circumstance which could influence the balance, it seems probable that there existed in the time of Claudius about twice as many provincials as there were citizens, of either sex and of every age, and that the slaves were at least equal in number to the free inhabitants of the Roman world. The total of this imperfect calculation would rise to about 120,000,000 of persons; a degree of population which possibly exceeds that of Modern Europe [at the close of the last century], and forms the most numerous society that has ever been united under the same system of government. — *Decline and Fall, Chap. II.*

HEREDITARY AND ELECTIVE FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to

present the fairest scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate without an indignant smile that on the father's decease the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself? and that the bravest warriors and the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees and protestations of inviolable fidelity? Satire and declamation may paint these obvious topics in the most dazzling colors; but our more serious thoughts will respect a useful prejudice that establishes a rule of succession independent of the passions of mankind; and we shall cheerfully acquiesce in any expedient which deprives the multitude of the dangerous, and indeed the ideal, power of giving themselves a master.

In the cool shade of retirement, we may easily devise imaginary forms of government, in which the sceptre shall be constantly bestowed on the most worthy, by the free and incorrupt suffrage of the whole community. Experience overturns these airy fabrics, and teaches us that in a large society the election of a monarch can never devolve to the wisest or to the most numerous part of the people. The army is the only order of men sufficiently united to concur in the same sentiments, and powerful enough to impose them on the rest of their fellow-citizens; but the temper of soldiers habituated at once to violence and to slavery, renders them very unfit guardians of a legal or even a civil constitution. Justice, humanity, or political wisdom are qualities they are too little acquainted with in themselves, to appreciate them in others. Valor will acquire their esteem, and liberality will purchase their suffrage; but the first of these merits is often lodged in the most savage breasts; and the latter can only exert itself against the possessor of the throne, by the ambition of a daring rival. — *Decline and Fall, Chap. VII.*

THE DECLINING ROMAN EMPIRE.

Since Romulus with a small band of shepherds and outlaws fortified himself on the hills near the Tiber, ten

centuries had already elapsed. During the four first ages the Romans, in the laborious school of poverty, had acquired the virtues of war and government. By the vigorous exertion of those virtues, and by the assistance of fortune, they had obtained, in the course of three succeeding centuries, an absolute empire over many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The last three hundred years had been consumed in apparent prosperity and internal decline. The nation of soldiers, magistrates, and legislators who composed the thirty-five tribes of the Roman people was dissolved into the common mass of mankind, and confounded with the millions of servile provincials who had received the name without adopting the spirit of the Romans. A mercenary army, levied among the subjects and barbarians of the frontier, was the only order of men who preserved and abused their independence. By their tumultuary election a Syrian, a Goth, or an Arab was exalted to the throne of Rome, and invested with despotic power over the conquests and over the country of the Scipios.

The limits of the Roman empire still extended from the Western Ocean to the Tigris, and from Mount Atlas to the Rhine and the Danube. To the undiscerning eye of the vulgar, Philip [247 A.D.] appeared a monarch no less powerful than Hadrian or Augustus had been. The form was still the same, but the animation, health, and vigor were fled. The industry of the people was discouraged and exhausted by a long series of oppression. The discipline of the legions which alone, after the extinction of every other virtue, had propped the greatness of the state, was corrupted by the ambition or relaxed by the weakness of the emperors. The strength of the frontier, which had always consisted in arms rather than in fortifications, was insensibly undermined; and the fairest provinces were left exposed to the rapaciousness or ambition of the barbarians, who soon discovered the Decline of the Roman Empire.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. VII.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A candid but rational inquiry into the progress and establishment of Christianity may be considered as a very essential part of the history of the Roman empire. While that great body was invaded by open violence, or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigor from opposition, and finally erected its triumphant banner of the Cross on the ruins of the Capitol. Nor was the influence of Christianity confined to the period or to the limits of the Roman empire. After a revolution of thirteen or fourteen centuries, that religion is still professed by the nations of Europe — the most distinguished portion of the human kind in arts and learning as well as in arms. By the industry and zeal of the Europeans it has been widely diffused to the most distant shores of Asia and Africa; and by the means of their colonies has been firmly established, from Canada to Chili, in a world unknown to the ancients.

But this inquiry, however useful or entertaining, is attended with two peculiar difficulties. The scanty and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history seldom enable us to dispel the dark cloud which hangs over the first age of the Church. The great law of impartiality too often obliges us to reveal the imperfections of the uninspired teachers and believers of the gospel; and to a careless observer their faults may seem to cast a shade on the faith which they professed. But the scandal of the pious Christian, and the fallacious triumph of the Infidel, should cease as soon as they recollect *by whom,* but likewise *to whom,* the Divine Revelation was given. The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing Religion as she descended from heaven arrayed in her native purity. A more melancholy duty is imposed on the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption which she contracted in a long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings.

Our curiosity is naturally prompted to inquire by what means the Christian faith obtained so remarkable a victory over the established religions of the earth. To this inquiry an obvious but unsatisfactory answer may be returned: That it was owing to the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling providence of its great Author. But as truth and reason seldom find so favorable a reception in the world, and as the wisdom of Providence frequently condescends to use the passions of the human heart, and the general circumstances of mankind, as instruments to execute its purpose, we may still be permitted, though with becoming submission, to ask, not indeed what were the first, but what were the secondary causes of the rapid growth of the Christian Church. It will perhaps appear that it was most effectually favored and assisted by the five following causes:

1. The inflexible, and, if we may use the expression, the intolerant zeal of the Christians, derived, it is true, from the Jewish religion, but purified from the narrow and unsocial spirit which, instead of inviting, had deterred the Gentiles from embracing the law of Moses. 2. The doctrine of a future life, improved by every additional circumstance which could give weight and efficacy to that important truth. 3. The miraculous powers ascribed to the Primitive Church. 4. The pure and austere morals of the Christians. 5. The union and discipline of the Christian republic, which gradually formed an independent and increasing State in the heart of the Roman Empire.— *Decline and Fall, Chap. XV.*

PERSECUTION OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

History, which undertakes to record the transactions of the past for the instruction of future ages, would ill deserve that honorable office if she condescended to plead the cause of tyrants, or to justify the maxims of persecution. It must, however, be acknowledged that the conduct of the emperors who appeared the least favorable to the primitive Church, is by no means so criminal as that of modern sovereigns who have employed the arm of violence and terror against the religious opinions of

any part of their subjects. From their reflections, or even from their own feelings, a Charles V. or a Louis XIV. might have acquired a just knowledge of the rights of conscience, of the obligation of faith, and of the innocence of error. But the princes and magistrates of ancient Rome were strangers to those principles which inspired and authorized the inflexible obstinacy of the Christians in the cause of truth; nor could they themselves discover in their own breasts any motive which would have prompted them to refuse a legal and, as it were, a natural submission to the sacred institutions of their country. The same reason which contributes to alleviate the guilt, must have tended to abate the rigor of their persecutions. As they were actuated not by the furious zeal of bigots, but by the temperate policy of legislators, contempt must often have relaxed, and humanity must frequently have suspended the execution of those laws which they enacted against the humble and obscure followers of Christ. From the general view of their character and motives we might naturally conclude: 1. That a considerable time elapsed before they considered the new sectaries as an object deserving the attention of government. 2. That in the conviction of any of their subjects who were accused of so very singular a crime, they proceeded with caution and reluctance. 3. That they were moderate in the use of punishments. 4. That the afflicted Church enjoyed many intervals of peace and tranquillity. Notwithstanding the careless indifference which the most copious and the most minute of the Pagan writers have shown to the affairs of the Christians, it may still be in our power to confirm each of these probable suppositions by the evidence of authentic facts.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. XVI.*

THE EMPEROR JULIAN.—331–363 A.D.

The devout and fearless curiosity of Julian tempted the philosopher with the hopes of an easy conquest which, from the situation of their young proselyte, might be productive of the most important consequences. Julian imbibed the first rudiments of the Platonic doc-

trines from the mouth of Ædesius, who had fixed at Pergamus his wandering and persecuted school. But as the declining strength of that venerable sage was unequal to the ardor, the diligence, the rapid conception of his pupil, two of the most learned disciples, Chrysanthes and Eusebius, supplied, at his own desire, the place of their aged master. These philosophers seem to have prepared and distributed their respective parts; and they artfully contrived by dark hints and affected disputes to excite the impatient hopes of the aspirant, till they delivered him into the hands of their associate Maximus, the boldest and most skilful master of the Theurgic science. By his hands Julian was secretly initiated at Ephesus; in [350] the twentieth year of his age. His residence at Athens confirmed this unnatural alliance of philosophy and superstition. He obtained the privilege of a solemn initiation into the mysteries of Eleusis which, amidst the general decay of the Grecian worship, still retained some vestiges of their primæval sanctity. And such was the zeal of Julian that he afterward invited the Eleusinian pontiff to the court of Gaul, for the sole purpose of consummating by mystic rites and sacrifices the great work of his sanctification. As these ceremonies were performed in the depth of caverns and in the silence of the night, and as the inviolable secret of the mysteries was preserved by the discretion of the initiated, I shall not presume to describe the horrid sounds and fiery apparitions which were presented to the senses or the imagination of the credulous aspirant, till the visions of comfort and knowledge broke upon him in a blaze of celestial light.

In the caverns of Ephesus and Eleusis the mind of Julian was penetrated with sincere, deep, and unalterable enthusiasm; though he might sometimes exhibit the vicissitudes of pious fraud and hypocrisy which may be observed — or, at least, suspected — in the characters of the most conscientious fanatics. From that moment he consecrated his life to the service of the gods; and while the occupations of war, of government, and of study seemed to claim the whole measure of his time, a stated por-

tion of the hours of the night was invariably reserved for the exercise of private devotions.

The temperance which adorned the severe manners of the soldier and philosopher was connected with some strict and frivolous rules of religious abstinency, and it was in honor of Pan or Mercury, of Hecate or Isis, that Julian on particular days denied himself the use of some particular food which might have been offensive to his tutelar deities. By these voluntary fasts he prepared his senses and his understanding for the frequent and familiar visits with which he was honored by the celestial powers. Notwithstanding the modest silence of Julian himself, we may learn from his faithful friend, the orator Libanius, that he lived in a perpetual intercourse with the gods and goddesses; that they descended upon earth to enjoy the conversation of their favorite hero; that they gently interrupted his slumbers by touching his hand or his hair; that they warned him of every impending danger, and conducted him, by their infallible wisdom, in every action of his life; and that he had acquired such an intimate knowledge of his heavenly guests as readily to distinguish the voice of Jupiter from that of Minerva, and the form of Apollo from that of Mercury. These sleeping or waking visions, the ordinary effects of abstinence and fanaticism, would almost degrade the emperor to the level of an Egyptian monk. But the useless lives of Antony or Pachemius were consumed in these vain occupations. Julian could break from the dream of superstition to arm himself for battle; and after vanquishing in the field the enemies of Rome, he calmly retired into his tent to dictate the wise and salutary laws of an empire, or to indulge his genius in the elegant pursuits of literature and philosophy.— *Decline and Fall, Chap. XXIII.*

THE SACK OF ROME BY ALARIC.

The king of the Goths, who no longer dissembled his appetite for plunder and revenge, appeared in arms under the walls of the capital; and the trembling Senate, without any hopes of relief, prepared by a desperate re-

sistance to delay the ruin of their country. But they were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics who, either from birth or interest, were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome the imperial city which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into the vanquished city discovered, however, some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valor, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churchs of St. Peter and St. Paul, as holy and inviolable sanctuaries. Amidst the horrors of a nocturnal tumult several of the Christian Goths displayed the fervor of a recent conversion; and some instances of their uncommon piety and moderation are related, and perhaps adorned, by the zeal of ecclesiastical writers:

While the barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin who had devoted her life to the service of the altar, was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in her possession; and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate, of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition, addressed to him in the following words: "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter: if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend." The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, dispatched a messenger to inform the king

of the treasure which he had discovered, and received a peremptory order from Alaric that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported without danger or delay to the church of the apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession; and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age or rank, or even of sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican. The learned work concerning *the City of God* was professedly composed by St. Augustine to justify the ways of Providence in the destruction of the Roman greatness. He celebrates with peculiar satisfaction this memorable triumph of Christ; and insults his adversaries, by challenging them to produce some similar example of a town taken by storm in which the fabulous gods of antiquity had been able to protect either themselves or their deluded votaries.

In the sack of Rome some rare and extraordinary examples of barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people. Many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith of Christ; and we may suspect, without any breach of charity, that in the hour of savage license, when every passion was inflamed, and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the gospel seldom influenced the behavior of the Gothic Christians. The writers, the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency, have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans; and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation.

The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The virgins and matrons of Rome were exposed to injuries more dreadful, in the apprehension of chastity, than death itself; and the ecclesiastical historian has selected an example of female virtue for the admiration of future ages. . . .

It cannot be presumed that all the barbarians were at all times capable of perpetrating these amorous outrages; and the want of youth, or beauty, or chastity protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion; since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome a just preference was given to the possession of gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight. But after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled on the wagons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe.

The acquisition of riches served only to stimulate the avarice of the rapacious barbarians, who proceeded by threats, by blows, and by tortures, to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasure. Visible splendor and expense were alleged as the proof of a plentiful fortune; the appearance of poverty was imputed to a parsimonious disposition; and the obstinacy of some

misers, who endured the most cruel torments before they would discover the secret object of their affection, was fatal to many unhappy wretches, who expired under the lash for refusing to reveal their imaginary treasures.

The edifices of Rome — though the damage has been much exaggerated — received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate they fired the adjacent houses, to guide their march and to distract the citizens: the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings; and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained in the age of Justinian [a century and a half later], a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. Yet a contemporary historian has observed that fire could hardly consume the enormous beams of solid brass, and that the strength of man was insufficient to subvert the foundations of ancient structures. Some truth may possibly be concealed in his devout assertion that the wrath of Heaven supplied the imperfections of hostile rage; and that the proud Forum of Rome, decorated with the statues of so many gods and heroes, was levelled in the dust by a stroke of lightning.— *Decline and Fall, Chap. XXXI.*

THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS. — 1453 A.D.

Of the triangle which composes the figure of Constantinople, the two sides along the sea were made inaccessible to an enemy — the Propontis by nature, and the harbor by art. Between the two waters, the base of the triangle, the land side, was protected by a double wall, and a deep ditch of the depth of 100 feet, against this line of fortifications, which an eye-witness prolongs to the measure of six miles, the Ottomans directed their principal attack; and the emperor, after distributing the service and command of the most perilous stations, undertook the defence of the external wall. In the first days of the siege the Greek soldiers descended into the ditch or sallied into the field; but they soon discovered that, in the proportion of their numbers, one Christian was of more

value than twenty Turks; and after these bold preludes they were prudently content to maintain the rampart with their missile weapons. The incessant volleys of lances and arrows were accompanied with the smoke, the sound, and the fire of their musketry and cannon. Their small-arms discharged at the same time either five or even ten balls of lead of the size of a walnut, and, according to the closeness of the ranks and the force of the powder, several breastplates and bodies were transpierced by the same shot. But the Turkish approaches were soon sunk in trenches or covered with ruins. Each day added to the science of the Christians; but their inadequate stock of gunpowder was wasted in the operations of each day. Their ordnance was not powerful either in size or number; and if they possessed some heavy cannon, they feared to plant them on the walls, lest the aged structure should be shaken and overthrown by the explosion.

The same destructive secret had been revealed to the Moslems, by whom it was employed with the superior energy of zeal, riches, and despotism. The great cannon of Mahomet has been separately noticed — an important and visible object in the history of the times; but that murderous engine was flanked by two fellows of almost equal magnitude. The long order of the Turkish artillery was pointed against the walls; fourteen batteries thundered at once on the most accessible places; and of one of these it is ambiguously expressed that it was mounted with 130 guns, or that it discharged 130 bullets. Yet in the power and activity of the Sultan we may discern the infancy of the new science. Under a master who counted the moments, the great cannon could be loaded and fired only seven times in one day. The heated metal unfortunately burst; several workmen were destroyed; and the skill of an artist was admired who bethought himself of preventing the danger by pouring oil, after each explosion, into the mouth of the cannon. The first random shots were productive of more sound than effect; and it was by the advice of a Christian that the engineers were taught to level their aim against the two opposite sides of the salient angles of a bastion.

However imperfect, the weight and repetition of the fire made some impression on the walls; and the Turks, pushing their approaches to the edge of the ditch, attempted to fill the enormous chasm, and to build a road to the assault. Innumerable fascines and hogsheads and trunks of trees were heaped on each other; and such was the impetuosity of the throng that the foremost and weakest were pushed headlong down the precipice, and instantly buried under the accumulated mass. To fill the ditch was the toil of the besiegers; to clear away the rubbish was the safety of the besieged; and after a long and bloody conflict the web which had been woven in the day was still unravelled in the night. The next resource of Mahomet was the practice of mines. But the soil was rocky; in every attempt he was stopped and undermined by the Christian engineers; nor had the art been invented by replenishing those subterraneous passages with gunpowder, and blowing whole towers and cities into the air.

A circumstance that distinguishes the siege of Constantinople is the reunion of the ancient and modern artillery. The cannon were intermingled with the mechanical engines for casting stones and darts; the bullet and the battering-ram were directed against the same wall; nor had the discovery of gunpowder superseded the use of the liquid and unextinguishable fire. A wooden turret of the largest size was advanced on rollers; their portable magazine of ammunition and fascines was protected by a threefold covering of bulls' hides; incessant volleys were securely discharged from the loop-holes. In the front three doors were contrived for the alternate sally and retreat of the soldiers and workmen. They ascended by a staircase to the upper platform; and, as high as the platform, a scaling ladder could be raised by pulleys to form a bridge, and grapple with the adverse rampart.

By these various arts of annoyance — some as new as they were pernicious to the Greeks — the tower of St. Romanus was at length overturned. After a severe struggle the Turks were repulsed from the breach, and interrupted by darkness; but they trusted that with the

return of light they should renew the attack with fresh vigor and decisive success. Of this pause of action, this interval of hope, each moment was improved by the activity of the emperor and Justinian, who passed the night on the spot, and urged the labors which involved the safety of the church and city. At dawn of day the impatient Sultan perceived with astonishment and grief that his wooden turret had been reduced to ashes; the ditch was cleared and restored; and the tower of St. Romanus was again strong and entire. He deplored the failure of his design; and uttered a profane exclamation, that the word of the thirty-seven thousand prophets should not have compelled him to believe that such a work, in so short a time, could have been accomplished by the infidels.

After a siege of forty days the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications which had stood for ages against hostile violence were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon, many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus four towers had been levelled to the ground. During the siege the words of peace and capitulation had been sometimes pronounced, and embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek emperor was humbled by adversity, and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and loyalty. The Turkish Sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his soldiers; still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures; and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *Gabouis* the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mahomet might have been satisfied with an annual sum of 100,000 ducats. But his ambition grasped the capital of the East. To the prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration or a safe departure. But after some fruitless treaty he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of horror, and the fear of universal reproach, forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans; and he determined to

abide the last extremities of war. Several days were employed by the Sultan in the preparations of the assault; and a respite was granted by his favorite science of astrology, which had fixed on the 29th of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the 29th he issued his final orders; assembled in his presence the military chiefs, and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty and the motives of the perilous enterprise.

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but in this great and general attack the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable 29th of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed. The troops, the cannons, and the fascines were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with their prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible parts of the harbor. Under pain of death silence was enjoined; but the physical laws are not obedient to discipline or fear. Each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen on the towers.

At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host — a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onward to the wall. The most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated, and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this

laborious defence. The ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge. Their progress was various and doubtful; but after a conflict of two hours the Greeks maintained and improved their advantages; and the voice of the emperor was heard encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country.

In that fatal moment the Janizaries arose — fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The Sultan himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor. He was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eyes. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections; the skilful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary though pernicious science. But in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault all is blood and horror and confusion; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries, and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians. The double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins. In a circuit of several miles some places must be found more easy of access or more feebly guarded; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was inevitably lost. The first who deserved the Sultan's reward was Hassan the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his cimeter in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification. Of the thirty Janizaries who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones; but his success had proved that the achievement was possible. The walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained till their last breath the honorable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene; his mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The Greeks fled toward the city; and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall; and as they advanced into the streets they were joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phennar on the side of the harbor.

In the first heat of the pursuit about two thousand Christians were put to the sword. But avarice soon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter if the valor of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days,

that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire had only been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors. — *Decline and Fall, Chap. LXVIII.*

GIBBONS, James, an American cardinal; born at Baltimore, Md., July 23, 1834. When a child he was taken by his parents to their former home in Ireland, where his early education was received. When seventeen years of age he returned to Baltimore and soon after entered St. Charles's College, Emmittsburg, Md. In 1857 he was transferred to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and on June 30, 1861, ordained a priest. He was made assistant of St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, and in a few months priest of St. Bridget's Church, Canton, a suburb of Baltimore. From this parish he was transferred to the Cathedral by Archbishop Spalding, and made his private secretary. In 1866, when the second plenary council of the Roman Catholic Church in America was held in Baltimore, he was appointed assistant chancellor of the council. In 1868 he was made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina with the rank and title of bishop, and was consecrated by Archbishop Spalding in the Cathedral on August 16th of that year. At this time the Roman Catholic population of North Carolina was very small, but in a few years Bishop Gibbons had built new churches, opened new schools, founded asylums, and largely increased the number of priests. In 1872 he was transferred to the vacant

See of Richmond, Va., where he continued the work he had begun in North Carolina. In 1877, Archbishop Bayley's health beginning to fail, he asked Pope Pius IX. for a coadjutor, and requested that Bishop Gibbons be given the position. The request was granted and on May 20, 1877, he was appointed, with the right of succession to the See. Bishop Bayley died the same year, and on October 3d Bishop Gibbons succeeded him. This See is the oldest in the United States, and for this reason ranks as the most important. In 1883, with other archbishops, he was called to Rome to confer with the Pope upon the affairs of the Church in the United States. In 1884 he was appointed to preside over the third plenary council, which was also held in Baltimore, and in June, 1886, he received a cardinal's hat, succeeding Cardinal McCloskey. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate was celebrated with imposing ceremonies on October 18, 1893. With one exception, every archbishop, nearly every bishop, and many monsignors and priests were present and took part in the celebration.

Cardinal Gibbons has been a frequent contributor to both secular and religious periodicals, and is the author of two books, *The Faith of Our Fathers* (1876) and *Our Christian Heritage* (1889). The former has been translated into a number of different languages, and has passed through forty editions.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

A man enjoys *religious* liberty when he possesses the free right of worshipping God according to the dictates of a right conscience, and of practicing a form of religion most in accordance with his duties to God. Every act infringing on his freedom of conscience is justly

styled religious intolerance. This religious liberty is the true right of every man, because it corresponds with a most certain duty which God has put upon him.

A man enjoys *civil* liberty when he is exempt from the arbitrary will of others, and when he is governed by equitable laws established for the general welfare of society. So long as, in common with his fellow-citizens, he observes the laws of the state, any exceptional restraint imposed upon him, in the exercise of his rights as a citizen, is so far an infringement on his civil liberty.

I here assert the proposition, which I hope to confirm by historical evidence, that the Catholic Church has always been the zealous promoter of religious and civil liberty; and that whenever any encroachments on these sacred rights of man were perpetrated by professing members of the Catholic faith, these wrongs, far from being sanctioned by the Church, were committed by palpable violation of her authority.

Her doctrine is, that as man by his own *free will* fell from grace, so of his *own free will* must he return to grace. Conversion and coercion are two terms that can never be reconciled. It has ever been a cardinal maxim, inculcated by sovereign Pontiffs and other Prelates, that no violence or undue influence should be exercised by Christian Princes or Missionaries in their efforts to convert souls to the faith of Jesus Christ.

St. Augustine and his companions, who were sent by Pope Gregory I. to England for the conversion of that nation, had the happiness of baptizing in the true faith King Ethelbert and many of his subjects. That monarch, in the fervor of his zeal, was most anxious that all his subjects should immediately follow his example; but the missionaries admonished him that he should scrupulously abstain from all violence in the conversion of his people; for the Christian religion should be voluntarily embraced.

Pope Nicholas I. also warned Michael, King of the Bulgarians, against employing any force or constraint in the conversion of idolaters.

The fourth Council of Toledo, a synod of great authority in the Church, ordained that no one should be

compelled against his will to make a profession of the Christian faith. And be it remembered that this Council was composed of all the Bishops of Spain; and was assembled in a country, and at a time in which the Church held almost unlimited sway, and among a people who have been represented as the most fanatical and intolerant of all Europe.

Perhaps no man can be considered a fairer representative of the age in which he lived than St. Bernard, the illustrious Abbot of Clairvaux. He was the embodiment of the spirit of the Middle Ages. His life is the key that discloses to us what degree of toleration prevailed in those days. Having heard that a fanatical preacher was stimulating the people to deeds of violence against the Jews, as the enemies of Christianity, St. Bernard raised his eloquent voice against him, and rescued those persecuted people from the danger to which they were exposed.

Not to cite too many examples, let me only quote for you the beautiful letter addressed by Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, to the son of King James II. of England. This letter not only reflects the sentiments of his own heart, but formulizes, in this particular, the decrees of the Church of which he was a distinguished ornament. "Above all," he writes, "never force your subjects to change their religion. No human power can reach the impenetrable recess of the free will of the heart. Violence can never persuade men; it serves only to make hypocrites. Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever Almighty God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by mild persuasion."

It is true, indeed, that the Catholic Church spares no pains, and stops at no sacrifice, in order to induce mankind to embrace her faith. Otherwise she would be recreant to her sacred mission. But she scorns to exercise any undue influence in her efforts to convert souls. — *The Faith of Our Fathers.*

GIBSON, WILLIAM HAMILTON, an American artist and naturalist; born at Sandy Hook, Conn., October 5, 1850; died at Washington, Conn., July 16, 1896. Thrown upon his own resources by the business failure and the death of his father, he first entered a life-insurance office. His talent for drawing had been developed at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. His first successful effort in literature was an article on the cotton-plant, with illustrations by himself, which he contributed to a magazine. He was the author of *The Complete Angler and Trapper* (1876); *Camp Life in the Woods* and *Pastoral Days* (1880); *Highways and Byways* (1882); *Happy Hunting Grounds* (1886); *Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine* (1891); *Sharp Eyes* (1892); all illustrated by himself.

The Boston *Literary World* tells the following story of his first successful literary venture: "He had conceived the idea of writing an article on the cotton-plant, and drawing the illustrations for it on the wood, all ready for the engraver. This article, with the accompanying blocks, was accordingly prepared, and offered to a publisher. The idea was novel, it 'took,' and the young man's future was made sure. It was not long before his gifts were recognized; and in no quarter has he found more generous support than in that where his first efforts were summarily rejected."

NATURE'S CALENDAR.

I know of no other place in which the progress of the year is so readily traced as in the swampy fallow lands. They are a living calendar, not merely of the seasons along, but of every month successively, and its record

is almost unmistakably disclosed. It is whispered in the fragrant breath of flowers, and of the aromatic herbage you crush beneath your feet. It floats about on filmy wings of dragon-fly and butterfly, or glistens in the air on silky seeds. It skips upon the surface of the water, or swims among the weeds beneath; and is noised about in myriads of tell-tale songs among the reeds and sedges. The swallows and the starlings proclaim it in their flight, and the very absence of these living features is as eloquent as life itself. Even in the simple story of the leaf, the bud, the blossom, and the downy seed, it is told as plainly as though written in prosaic words and strewn among the herbage.

In the early, blustering days of March, there is a stir beneath the thawing ground, and the swamp-cabbage root sends up a well-protected scout to explore among the bogs; but so dismal are the tidings which he brings, that for weeks no other venturing sprout dares lift its head. He braves alone the stormy month — the solitary sign of spring, save, perhaps, the alder catkins that loosen in the wind. April woos the yellow cowslips into bloom along the water's edge, and the golden willow-twigs shake out the perfumed tassels. In May the prickly-cane blossoms among the tussocks, and the calamus buds burst forth among their flat green blades. June is heralded on right and left by the unfurling of blue-flags, and the eye-bright blue winks and blinks as it awakens in the dazzling July sun.

Then follows brimful August, with the summer's consummation of luxuriance and bloom; with flowers in dense profusion in bouquets of iron-weed and thoroughwort, of cardinal-flowers and fragrant clethra, and their host of blossoming companions. The milk-weed pods fray out their early floss upon September breezes, and the blue petals of the gentian first unfold their fringes. October overwhelms us with the friendly tokens of burr marigolds and bidens; while the thickets of black alder lose their autumn verdure, and leave November with a "buring bush" of scarlet berries hitherto half hidden in the leafage. Now, too, the copses of witch-hazel bedeck themselves, and are yellow with their tiny ribbons.

December's name is written in wreaths of snow upon the withered stalks of slender weeds and rushes, which soon lie bent and broken in the lap of January, crushed beneath their winter weight. And in fulfilment of the cycle, February sees the swelling buds of willow, with their restless pussies eager for the spring, half creeping from their winter cells.—*Pastoral Days.*

GIFFORD, WILLIAM, an English editor and poet; born at Ashburton, Devonshire, in April, 1757; died at London, December 31, 1826. He was left an orphan at an early age, and at fifteen was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He had previously received a fair education, and had acquired a fondness for reading, which he had now no means to gratify. Some verses written by him fell into the hands of a Mr. Cookesley, who started a subscription to purchase his release from his indentures, and sent him to school. Some of his letters on literary topics were by accident read by Lord Grosvenor, who invited Gifford to reside with him, and ultimately sent him on a continual tour as travelling tutor to his son. Gifford made his first appearance as an author in 1794 by the publication of *The Bæviad,* a satire upon the so-called "Della Cruscan" school of poetry. This was followed in the same year by *The Mæviad,* aimed at the corruption of the drama. In 1800 he published a bitter poetical *Epistle to "Peter Pindar,"* the pseudonym of John Wolcott, who replied in the still more scurrilous *Cut at a Cobbler.* In 1802 Gifford published a translation of *Juvenal,* to which was prefixed a charming autobiographical sketch. This work was sharply dealt

with in the *Critical Review;* and Gifford retorted in a pamphlet sharply lampooning the reviewers.

The *Quarterly Review* was established in 1809 by prominent members of the Tory party, and Gifford was made its editor, a position which he held until 1824. Of him Southey, one of the leading writers in the *Quarterly Review,* wrote: "He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; them he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels, or as Izaak Walton did slugs, worms, and frogs. I always protested against that temper in the *Review.*" Besides the works already mentioned, Gifford edited the dramatic works of Massinger, Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley.

SOME LITERARY DUNCES.

Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rules to stagger and no sense to pose;
Which read and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder — what it is about.
These fancy "Bell's Poetics" only sweet
And intercept his hawkers in the street;
There, smoking hot, inhale Jim Adney's strains,
And the rank fume of Tony Pasquin's brains,
Others, like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore,
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit or lucky price
Has blessed them with "The Boke of gode Advice,"
For "ekes" and "algates" only deign to seek,
And live upon a "whilom" for a week.

And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are placed
By thoughtless passion on the throne of taste
Say, can we wonder whence such jargon flows,
This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose,

This old, new language which defiles our page,
The refuse and the scum of every age?

Lo, Beaufoy tells of Afric's barren sand,
In all the flowery phrase of fairy-land;
There Fezzan's thrum-capped tribes — Turks, Christians,
Jews —
Accommodate, ye gods, their feet with shoes;
There meagre shrubs inveterate mountains grace.
And brushwood breaks the amplitude of space,
Perplexed with terms so vague and undefined,
I blunder on till wildered, giddy, blind,
Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
And call for Mandeville to ease my head.

Oh for the good old times when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view.
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold;
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart,
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves —
Less to display our subject than ourselves.
Whate'er we paint — a grot, a flower, a bird —
Heavens! how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war.

Some of Gifford's verses have a tender tone, as this:

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And thrust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius's watery skies!

Retire, retire! These tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;

That sun with light malignant glares,
  And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past;
  Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
  And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas for such ungentle doom!
  But I will shield you, and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
  A nobler bed on which to die.

Come, then, ere yet the morning ray,
  Has drunk the dew that gems your crest
And drawn your balmest sweets away;
  Oh, come, and grace my Anna's breast!

The "Anna" here mentioned was a very different personage from what would have been expected from these lines. Who and what she was is told in the epitaph upon her tombstone erected by Gifford in the burying-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, London:

EPITAPH UPON ANNA DAVIES.

Here lies the body of Ann Davies (for more than twenty years), servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the forty-third year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply effected master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth, and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection for long and meritorious services.

Though here unknown, dear Ann thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
Oh, when this frame, which yet while life remained,

Thy duteous love with trembling hand sustained,
Dissolves — as soon it must — may that blest Power
Who beamed on thine, illume my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,
Where what is sown in grief is reaped in joy,
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.

Gifford was fifty-eight years old when his servant, Anna Davies, fifteen years his junior, died. The following verses appear to have been written considerably later; how much later is not certain. Gifford survived his servant a little more than ten years. Surely no servant was ever more truly loved and highly honored than was Anna Davies.

THE GRAVE OF ANNA.

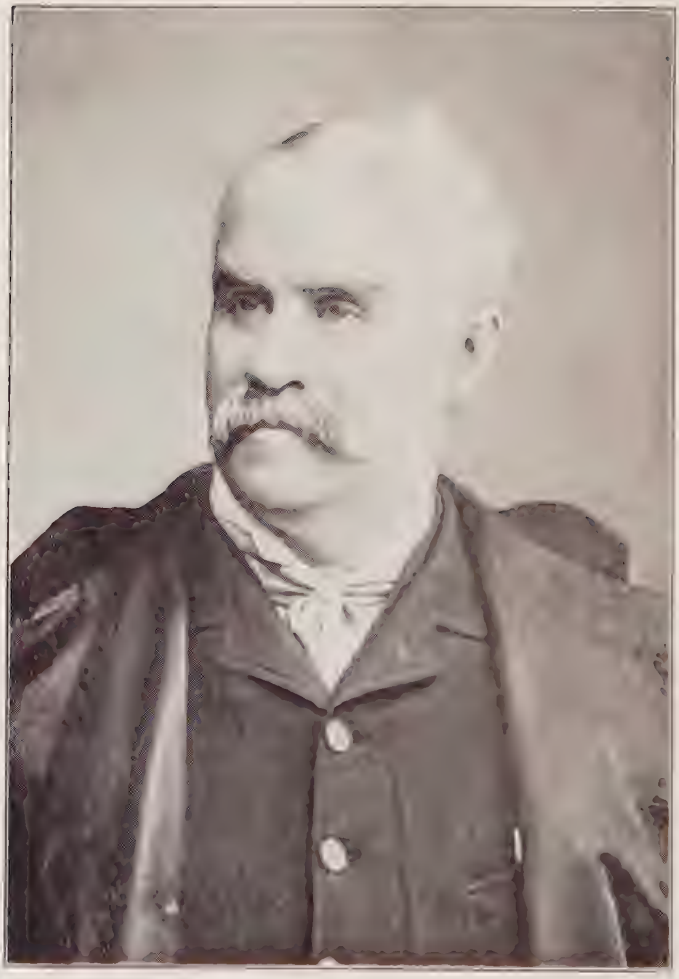
I wish I were where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
"Go and partake her humble bier."

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have no business there?

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished — snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring —
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name forever dear,



W. S. GILBERT.

Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore —
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas, can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
The air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage, by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humor — can they fade?

Perhaps — but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu.

GILBERT, WILLIAM SCHWENCK, an English humorist and playwright; born at London, November 18, 1836. He was educated at Great Ealing School and at the University of London, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. His first play was *Dulcamara* (1866). Among his subsequent dramatic and operatic productions are *An Old Score* and *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1871); *The*

Wicked World, a Fairy Comedy (1873); *Charity* and *Sweethearts* (1874); *Broken Hearts* (1876); *Pinafore* and *The Sorcerer* (1877); *The Pirates of Penzance* (1879); *Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride* (1881); *Iolanthe* (1882); *Princess Ida* (1883); *The Mikado* (1885); *Ruddigore* (1887); *Yeoman of the Guard* (1888); *The Gondoliers* (1889); *Utopia (Limited)* (1893); and *The Grand Duke* (1896). In most of his comic operas he collaborated with Sir Arthur Sullivan. In 1877 he published a volume of humorous verse entitled *Bab Ballads.*

The London *Spectator* said of the first series of *Bab Ballads:* "We have not found a single line in the book which expresses either a subtle sense of incongruity as distinguished from a calculated and vulgar distortion or a really buoyant and playful heart. It is all screams of forced mirth and coarse exaggerations of the grotesque into the impossible." And of the second series: "The nonsense, even when most nonsensical, is seldom unredeemed by some spice of wit, some shy gleam of irony or reflected ruddy glow of humor."

MORTAL LOVE.

[Spoken by SELENE, a Fairy Queen.]

With all their misery, with all their sin,
With all the elements of wretchedness
That teem on that unholy world of theirs,
They have one great and ever-glorious gift,
That compensation for all they have to bear —
The gift of Love! Not as we use the word;
To signify more tranquil brotherhood;
But in some sense that is unknown to us,
Their love bears like relation to our own
That the fierce beauty of the noonday sun,

Bears to the calm of a soft summer's eve.
It nerves the wearied mortal with hot life,
And bathes his soul in hazy happiness
The richest man is poor who hath it not,
And he who hath it laughs at poverty.
It hath no conqueror. When Death himself
Has worked his very worst, this love of theirs
Lives still upon the loved one's memory.
It is a strange enchantment, which invests
The most unlovely things with loveliness.
The maiden, fascinated by this spell,
Sees everything as she would have it be;
Her squalid cot becomes a princely home;
Its stunted shrubs are groves of stately elms;
The weedy brook that trickles past her door
Is a broad river, fringed with drooping trees;
And of all marvels the most marvellous,
The coarse unholy man who rules her love
Is a bright being — pure as we are pure;
Wise in his folly — blameless in his sin,
The incarnation of a perfect soul;
A great and ever-glorious demi-god.

— *The Wicked World.*

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;

It's true my prospects all look very blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!
[*It rolls on.*]

ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

Only a dancing girl.
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed color and curl
With fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her trips!

Hung from the "flies" in air,
She acts a palpable lie,
She's as little a fairy there
As unpoetical I!
I hear you asking, Why —
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, tinselled thing?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green
From a highly impossible tree
In a highly impossible scene
(Herself not over clean).
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounce the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be
With her skirt at her shameful knee
And her painted, tainted phiz:
Ah, matron, which of us is?

And, in sooth, it oft occurs
That while these matrons sigh,

Their dresses are lower than hers,
And sometimes half as high;
And their hair is hair they buy,
And they use their glasses too,
In a way she'd blush to do.

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den;
She's a fairy truly, then!

—*The Bab Ballads.*

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas on the good ship *Nancy Bell,*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned,
(There was seventy-seven o' soul,)
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
And we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if he dines off me,' says Tom
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me,*
While I can — and will — cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true,
(Which he ne'er forgot,) and some chopped
shalot,
And some sage and parsely too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'"Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have, which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

GILDER, RICHARD WATSON, an American poet and editor; born at Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844. He is the author of *The New Day, a Poem in Songs and Sonnets* (1876); *The Poet and His Master* (1878); *Lyrics and Other Poems* (1886); *Two Worlds* (1891); *The Great Remembrance and Other Poems* (1893); *In Palestine and Other Poems* (1898); and *Poems and Inscriptions* (1901). In 1870 he connected himself with *Scribner's Monthly,* and in 1881 he became one of the editors of the *Century Magazine,* and later editor-in-chief.

The *Nation,* reviewing Mr. Gilder's poems as early as 1876, said: "There is sincerity of emotion, delicacy of expression, seriousness of intention, and artistic capacity enough in Mr. Gilder's verses to give ground for hope that, with large experience and faithful culture, he will write such poetry as will add preciousness even to these first works of his muse." The *Nation,* in 1885, said: "He stands clearly the first in promise among the younger men to whom we must look to inherit the poetic laurels of Emerson and

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Longfellow;" and Stedman, in his *Poets of America,* writes as follows: "There is no slovenly work in *The New Day* and *The Poet and His Master;* each is a cluster of flawless poems, the earlier verse marked by the mystical beauty, intense emotion, and psychological distinctions of the select illuminati."

O SWEET WILD ROSES THAT BUD AND BLOW.

O sweet wild roses that bud and blow,
Along the way that my Love may go;
O moss-green rocks that touch her dress,
And grass that her dear feet may press;

O maple-tree, whose brooding shade
For her a summer tent has made;
O golden-rod and brave sun-flower
That flame before my maiden's bower;

O butterfly, on whose light wings
The golden summer sunshine clings;
O birds that hit o'er wheat and wall,
And from cool hollows pipe and call;

O falling water, whose distant roar
Sounds like the waves upon the shore;
O winds that down the valley sweep,
And lightnings from the clouds that leap;

O skies that bend above the hills,
O gentle rains and babbling rills,
O moon and sun that beam and burn —
Keep safe my Love till I return!

DAWN.

The night was dark, though sometimes a faint star
  A little while a little space made bright.
The night was long and like an iron bar
Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea
  Slowly, within the East, there grew a light

Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be
  The herald of a greater. The pale white
  Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height
Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew
Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew
Straight toward the utmost boundary of the East,
Where slowly the rose gathered and increased.
It was as on the opening of a door
  By one that in his hand a lamp doth hold,
  Whose flame is hidden by a garment's fold,—
The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean turned
Dark and more dark against the brightening sky—
Sharper against the sky the long sea-line.
The hollows of the breakers on the shore
Were green, like leaves whereon no sun doth shine,
Though white the outer branches of the tree.
From rose to red the level heaven burned;
Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the horizon's rim.

THE SOWER.

A sower went forth to sow,
His eyes were wild with woe;
He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
Nor smelt the perfume warm and sweet,
That prayed for pity everywhere.
He came to a field that was harried
By iron, and to heaven laid bare:
He shook the seed that he carried
O'er that brown and bladeless place.
He shook it, as God shakes hail
Over a doomèd land,
When lightnings interlace
The sky and the earth, and his wand
Of love is a thunder-flail.
  Thus did that sower sow;
His seed was human blood,
And tears of women and men.

And I, who near him stood,
Said: When the crop comes, then
There will be sobbing and sighing,
Weeping and wailing and crying,
And a woe that is worse than woe.
It was an autumn day
When next I went that way.
And what, think you, did I see?
What was it that I heard?
The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
Nay — but the songs of many,
Thrilled through with praising prayer.
Of all those voices not any
Were sad of memory:
And a sea of sunlight flowed,
And a golden harvest glowed.
On my face I fell down there;
I hid my weeping eyes,
I said: O God, Thou art wise!
And I thank Thee, again and again,
For the sower whose name is Pain.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Here stays the house, here stays the self-same place
Here the white lilacs and the buttonwoods,
Here are the pine-groves, there the river floods,
And there the threading brook that interlaces
Green meadow-bank with meadow-bank the same.
The melancholy nightly chorus came
Long, long ago from the same pool, and yonder,
Stark poplars lift in the same twilight air
Their ancient shadows: nearer still, and fonder,
The black-heart cherry-tree's gaunt branches bare
Rasp on the same old window where I ponder.
And we, the only living, only pass;
We come and go, whither and whence we know not:
From birth to bound the same house keeps, alas!
New lives as gentle as the old; there shew not
Among the haunts that each had thought his own
The looks that parting brings to human faces.

The black-heart there, that heard my earliest moan,
And yet shall hear my last, like all these places
I love so well, unloving lives from child
To child; from morning joy to evening sorrow —
Untouched by joy, by anguish undefiled:
All one the generations gone, and new;
All one dark yesterday and bright to-morrow.
To the old tree's insenate sympathy
All one the morning and the evening dew —
My far, forgotten ancestor and I.

FATHER AND CHILD.

Beneath the deep and solemn midnight sky,
  At the last verge and boundary of time,
  I stand and listen to the starry chime
That sounds to the inward sense and will not die.
Now do the thoughts that daily hidden lie,
  Arise, and live in a celestial clime —
  Unutterable thoughts, most high, sublime,
Crossed by one dread that frights mortality.
Thus, as I muse, I hear my little child
  Sob in its sleep within the cottage near —
  My own dear child! — Gone is that mortal doubt!
The Power that drew our lives forth from the wild
  Our Father is; we shall to Him be dear,
  Nor from His universe be blotted out!

GILFILLAN, George, a Scottish poet and critic; born at Cowrie, Perthshire, January 30, 1813; died at Dundee, August 13, 1878. He studied at the Glasgow University, and in 1836 became pastor of a Presbyterian congregation at Dundee. In 1842 he contributed to the Dumfries *Herald* a series of papers which were, four years later, pub-

lished under the title *A Gallery of Literary Portraits,* which was rapidly followed by a second and third series. In 1851 he published *The Bards of the Bible.* His other works are *Martyrs and Heroes of the Scottish Covenant* (1851); *The Grand Discovery* (1854); *History of a Man,* partly autobiographical (1856); *Christianity and our Era* (1857); *Alpha and Omega,* a collection of sermons (1860); and *Night,* a poem (1867). He also edited a collection of *British Poets* in forty-eight volumes, with biographical and critical notes. He was an eloquent preacher and a popular lecturer.

Gilfillan's industry has been warmly praised, while his style as a writer has been perhaps as warmly censured. His fondness for overstrained metaphor and ambitious style, as seen in *The Bards of the Bible,* called forth the strongest denunciations of no less an Orientalist than Moses Stuart, of Andover, and is thus spoken of in the Dublin *University Magazine's* review of his *Gallery of Literary Portraits:* "In all such habitual use of strong language a writer is throwing away his wealth, and making his style in reality poor and meagre. Words are lavished with profusion when they absolutely represent nothing, and none but the man who has read through a volume of words with the wish really to ascertain the amount of instruction it gives, can judge of the unutterable weariness produced by this careless habit of stating everything in a temper of exaggeration."

SKETCH OF EDWARD IRVING.

In reference to other literary men you think, or at least speak, of their appearance last. But so it was of this remarkable man, that most people put his face and

figure in the foreground, and spoke of his mental and moral faculties as belonging to them, rather than of them as belonging to the man. In this respect, he bore a strong resemblance to the two heroes of the French Revolution, Mirabeau and Danton. Irving was a Danton spiritualized. Had he been born in France, and subjected to its desecrating influences, and hurled headforemost into the vortex of its revolution, he would, in all probability, have cut some such tremendous figure as the Mirabeau of the Sans-culottes; he would have laid about him as wildly at the massacres of September, and carried his huge black head as high in the death-cart, and under the guillotine. Had he been born in England, in certain circles, he had perhaps enlarged from obscurity in the shape of an actor, the most powerful that ever trod the stage, combining that statuesque figure and sonorous voice of the Kemble family with the energy, the starts, and bursts and inspired fury of Kean, added to some qualities peculiarly his own. Had he turned his thought to the tuneful art, he had written rugged and fervent verse, containing much of Milton's grandeur, and much of Wordsworth's oracular simplicity. Had he snatched the pencil, he would have wielded it with the savage force of Salvator Rosa, and his conceptions would have partaken now of Blake's fantastic quaintness, and now of Martin's gigantic monotony. Had he lived in the age of chivalry, he would have stood side by side in glorious and well-foughten fields with Cœur-de-Lion himself, and died in the steel harness full gallantly. Had he lived in an age of persecution, he had been either a hardy martyr, leaping into the flames as into his wedding suit, or else a fierce inquisitor, aggravating by his portentous frown, and more portentous squint, the agonies of his victim. Had he been born in Calabria, he had been as picturesque a bandit as ever stood on the point of a rock between a belated painter and the red evening sky, at once an object of irresistible terror and irresistible admiration, leaving the poor artist in doubt whether to take to his pencil or to his heels. But, in whatever part or age of the world he had lived, he must have been an extraordinary man.

No mere size, however stupendous, or expression of face, however singular, could have up-lifted a common man to the giddy height on which Irving stood for a while, calm and collected as the statue upon its pedestal. It was the correspondence, the reflection of his powers and passions upon his person; independence stalking in his stride, intellect enthroned on his brow, imagination dreaming on his lips, physical energy stringing his frame, and athwart the whole a cross-ray, as from Bedlam, shooting in his eye! It was this which excited such curiosity, wonder, awe, rapture, and tears, and made his very enemies, even while abusing, confess his power, and tremble in his presence. It was this which made ladies flock and faint, which divided attention with the theatres, eclipsed the oratory of Parliament, drew demireps to hear themselves abused, made Canning's fine countenance flush with pleasure, "as if his veins ran lightning;" accelerated in an alarming manner the twitch in Brougham's dusky visage, and elicited from his eye those singular glances, half of envy and half of admiration, which are the truest tokens of applause; and made such men as Hazlett protest, on returning half squeezed to death from one of his displays, that a monologue from Coleridge, a recitation of one of his own poems from Wordsworth, a burst of puns from Lamb, and a burst of passion from Kean, were not to be compared to a sermon from Edward Irving.

His manner also contributed to the charm. His aspect, wild, yet grave, as of one laboring with some mighty burden; his voice, deep, clear, and with crashes of power alternating with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the motion of the oak in the hurricane. Then there was the style, curiously uniting the beauties and faults of a sermon of the seventeenth century with the beauties and faults of a parliamentary harangue or magazine article of the nineteenth — quaint as Browne, florid as Taylor, with the bleak wastes which intersect the scattered green spots of Howe mixed here with sentences involved, clumsy, and cacophonous as the worst of Jeremy Ben-

tham's, and interspersed there with threads from the magic loom of Coleridge. It was a strange amorphous Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original, rank with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and blemishes, inclosing amid wide tracts of jungle little bits of clearest and purest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic bursts of real fire, amid jets of mere smoke and hot water. It had great passages, but not one finished sermon or sentence. It was a thing of shreds, and yet a web of witchery. It was perpetually stumbling the least fastidious hearer or reader, and yet drawing both impetuously on. And then, to make the medley "thick and slab," there was the matter — a grotesque compound, including here a panegyric on Burns, and there a fling at Byron; here a plan of future punishment, laid out with as much minuteness as if he had been projecting a bridewell, and there a ferocious attack upon the *Edinburgh Review;* here a glimpse of the gates of the Celestial City, as if taken from the top of Mount Clear, and there a description of the scenery and of the poet of the Lakes; here a pensive retrospect to the days of the Covenant, and there a dig at the heart of Jeremy Bentham; here a ray of prophecy, and there a bit of politics; here a quotation from the Psalms, and there from the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* Such was the strange yet overwhelming exhibition which our hero made before the gaping, staring, wondering, laughing, listening, weeping, and thrilling multitudes of fashionable, political, and literary London.

He was, in fact, as De Quincey once called him to us, a "demon of power." We contemporaries might equal him in preaching, but none approached to the very hem of his garment while rapt up into the heaven of devotion. It struck you as the prayer of a great being conversing with God. Your thoughts were transported to Sinai, and you heard Moses speaking with the Majesty on High, under the canopy of darkness, amid the quaking of the solid mountain and the glimmerings of celestial fire; or you thought of Elijah praying in the cave in the intervals of the earthquake, and the fire and the still small voice. The solemnity of the tones convinced

you that he was conscious of an unearthly presence and speaking to it, not to you. The diction and imagery showed that his faculties were wrought up to their highest pitch, and tasked to their noblest endeavor, in that "celestial colloquy sublime." And yet the elaborate intricacies and swelling pomp of his preaching were exchanged for deep simplicity. A profusion of Scripture was used, and never did inspired language better become lips than those of Irving. His public prayers told to those who could interpret their language of many a secret conference with Heaven — they pointed to wrestlings all unseen, and groanings all unheeded — they drew aside, involuntarily, the veil of his secret retirements, and let in a light into the sanctuary of the closet itself. Prayers more elegant and beautiful and melting have often been heard; prayers more urgent in their fervid importunity have been uttered once and again (such as those which were sometimes heard with deep awe to proceed from the chamber where the perturbed spirit of Hall was conversing aloud with its Maker till the dawning of the day); but prayers more organ-like and Miltonic, never. The fastidious Canning, when told by Sir James Mackintosh, of Irving praying for a family of orphans as "cast upon the fatherhood of God," was compelled to start, and own the beauty of the expression. — *Literary Portraits.*

GILMAN, ARTHUR, an American historian and editor; born at Alton, Ill., in 1837. He was educated in New York, and entered upon commercial life, which he relinquished for literature. Among his works are *First Steps in English Literature* (1870); *Seven Historic Ages* (1876), republished under the title of *Kings, Queens, and Barbarians; First Steps in General History* (1876);

Shakespeare's Morals (1879); *Poets' Homes: Pen and Pencil Sketches of American Poets and Their Homes* (1879); *History of the American People* (1883); *Story of the Saracens* (1886); *Short Stories from the Dictionary* (1886); *The Story of Rome* (1887); *The Story of Boston* (1889).

The London *Academy,* speaking of Gilman's contributions to *The Story of the Nations* series, and particularly of his *Saracens,* said that it was "decidedly one of the best of the series;" and a recent writer says of him that in writing history he "enters into the real life of the peoples, and brings them before the reader as they actually lived, labored, and struggled — as they studied and wrote, and as they amused themselves."

LEGEND OF THE FOUNDING OF ROME.

The proverbs say that Rome was not built in a day. It was no easy task for the twins to agree just where they should even begin the city. Romulus thought the Palatine Hill, on which he and his brother had lived, was the most favorable spot for the purpose, while Remus inclined no less favorably to the Aventine, on which Numitor had fed his flocks. In this emergency, they seem to have asked counsel of their grandfather, and he advised them to settle the question by recourse to augury.

Following this advice the brothers took up positions at a given time on the respective hills, surrounded by their followers; those of Romulus being known as the Quintilii, and those of Remus as the Fabii. Thus in anxious expectation, they awaited the passage of certain birds. We can imagine them as they waited. The two hills are still to be seen in the city, and probably the two groups were about half a mile apart. On one side of them rolled the muddy waters of the Tiber, from which they had been snatched when infants, and around

them rose the other elevation over which the "seven-hilled" city of the future was destined to spread. From morning to evening they patiently watched, but in vain. Through the long April night, too, they had their posts, and as the sun of the second day rose over the Cœlian Hill, Remus beheld with exultation six vultures swiftly flying through the air, and thought that surely fortune had decided in his favor. But Romulus, when he heard that Remus had seen six asserted that twelve had flown by him. His followers supported this claim, and determined that the city should be begun on the Palatine Hill. At the proper moment Romulus began the Etrurian ceremonies, by digging a circular pit down to the hard clay, into which were cast with great solemnity some of the first-fruits of the season, and also handfuls of earth, each man throwing in a little from the country from which he had come. The pit was then filled up, and over it an altar was erected, upon the hearth of which a fire was kindled. Thus the centre of the new city was settled and consecrated. Romulus then harnessed a white cow and a snow-white bull to a plough with a brazen share, and holding the handle himself, traced the line of the future walls with a furrow. — *The Story of Rome.*

GILMAN, Caroline Howard, an American poet; born at Boston, Mass., October 8, 1794; died at Washington, D. C., September 15, 1888. In 1819 she married the Rev. Samuel Gilman, pastor of a Unitarian congregation in Charleston, S. C. Mrs. Gilman, both before and after her marriage, wrote much for the press. At sixteen she published a poem entitled *Jephtha's Rash Vow;* and, not long after, *Jairus's Daughter,* which was printed in the *North American Review.* Her principal writings after her marriage are *Recollections of a New*

England Housekeeper; Recollections of a Southern Matron; Ruth Raymond; Poetry of Traveling; Verses of a Lifetime (1848); *Oracles from the Poets* (1854); *Stories and Poems by a Mother and Daughter.*

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

She bounded o'er the graves
  With a buoyant step of mirth,
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
  Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
  And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
  With an innocent delight.

She spelled the lettered word
  That registers the dead;
She spelled the lettered word
And her busy thoughts were stirred
  With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
  Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
  That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile —
  'Twas near her sister's mound;
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
  Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
  Nor turn its gush to tears;

I did not chill her heart —
O, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years!

ON THE PLANTATION.

Farewell awhile the city's hum,
Where busy footsteps fall;
And welcome to my weary eye
The planter's friendly hall!

Here let me rise at early dawn
And list the mock-bird's lay,
That, warbling near our lowland home,
Sits on the waving spray;

Then tread the shading avenue
Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum-tree, with its flickered shade,
Or chincapin's perfume.

The myrtle-tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly, with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,
The rich magnolia stands;
And here, in softer loveliness,
The white-bloom bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully,
Idly I twine its wreaths,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air
The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around: the red-bird darts
Like flame from tree to tree;
The whippoorwill complains alone,
The robin whistles free.

The frightened hare scuds by my path,
And seeks the thicket nigh;
The squirrel climbs the hickory bough,
Thence peeps with careful eye.

The humming-bird, with busy wing,
In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon withered pine
The soaring eagle flies,
There builds her eyrie 'mid the clouds,
And man and heaven defies.

GILMAN, CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON, an American poet and economist; born at Hartford, Conn., in 1860. She is a daughter of Frederick Beecher, and grand daughter of Lyman Beecher. She was married in 1900 to G. H. Gilman of New York. She became known not only as a poet, but as a story writer, lecturer, and advocate of equality for women. In 1896 she visited Great Britain on a lecture tour. Her published works include *Similar Cases* (1890); *Women and Economics* (1898); *In This Our World,* poems (1898); *The Yellow Wall Paper* (1899); *Concerning Children* (1900); *The Home* (1901), and *Human Work* (1903).

A PROTEST.

Away with the hate of the idle rich
And the fear of the ruling few!
The world is ours to make or mar;
The work is ours to do.

Shall we, who are a million men,
  Cry out against a score?
Shall we, who take all we can gain,
  Blame him who taketh more?

Let us remember in our scorn,
  Of this sad truth be sure —
That the selfish heart of the rich man trades
  On the selfish heart of the poor!

No blame to us, no blame to him,
  No time to waste on scorn,
But need to work for the blessed day
  That sees the new world born.

THE SEA.

I am the sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand,
Hold it fast, with sleepless eye,
Watching the continent sink and rise.
Out of my bosom the mountains grow.
Back to my depths they crumble low.
The earth is a helpless child to me.
  I am the sea.

I am the sea. When I draw back,
Blossoms and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of man is there.
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die,
Living and dying in folly and pain
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain.
What is the folly of man to me?
  I am the sea.

I am the sea. The earth I sway.
Granite to me is potter's clay.
Under the touch of my careless waves

It rises in turrets and sinks in caves.
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand,
And beach grass bloweth and children play
In what were the rocks of yesterday.
It is but a moment of sport to me.
I am the sea.

I am the sea. In my bosom deep
Wealth and wonder and beauty sleep.
Wealth and wonder and beauty rise,
In changing splendor of sunset skies,
And comfort the earth with rains and snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life; without me, death.
What if the ships go down in me?
I am the sea.

A CONSERVATIVE.

The garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn —
A black and crimson butterfly
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I: "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store"—
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he: "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm.
Soft, fuzzy fur — a joy to view —
Once kept my body warm
Before these flapping wing things grew
To hamper and deform."

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of my eye.
Said I, in scorn, all burning hot,
With rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot,
Those wings are made to fly."

"I do not want to fly," said he.
"I only want to squirm."
And he dropped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm.
"I do not want to be a fly,
I want to be a worm."

Oh, yesterday of unknown luck,
Today of unknown bliss,
I left my fool in red and black.
The last I saw was this —
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

A PREJUDICE.

I was climbing up a mountain path,
With many things to do,
Important business of my own,
And other people's, too,
When I ran across a *Prejudice*
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed;
My strength and time were limited —

I carried quite a load;
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by.
He smiled, but as for moving
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule.
My time was short, no other path,
The mountain winds were cool.
I argued like a Solomon;
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion;
I danced and howled and swore;
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore.
He got as mad as I did,
But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees -
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will —
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe.
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow,
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat; I took my stick:
My load I settled fair.
I approached that awful incubus

With an absent-minded air,
And I *walked directly through him,*
As if he wasn't there!

GILMORE, James Roberts ("Edmund Kirke"), an American novelist, poet and biographer; born at Boston, September 10, 1823. At eleven years of age he was thrown upon his own resources by the death of his father. While employed in a counting-house by day, he pursued his studies at night, and fitted himself for Harvard, but the necessity of supporting himself and his mother obliged him to relinquish the hope of a college education. The house in which he was engaged, and of which, at the age of nineteen, he became a partner, transacted much business with the South, and Mr. Gilmore frequently visited the Southern States, and became acquainted with their people. Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War he was associated with Robert J. Walker and Charles G. Leland in establishing *The Continental Monthly,* for which he wrote a series of papers afterward collected and published under the title *Among the Pines* (1862). It was very popular, as were his following works, *My Southern Friends* (1862); and *Down in Tennessee* (1863). Besides these he published during the war *On the Border; Among the Guerillas; Adrift in Dixie;* and *Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures.* His later works are a *Life of James A. Garfield* (1880); *The Rear Guard of the Revolution* and *John Sevier as a Commonwealth Builder* (1887); *The Advance Guard of*

Western Civilization (1888); *A Mountain-White Heroine* (1889), and, in conjunction with Lyman Abbott, *The Gospel History, a Complete Connected Account of the Life of our Lord* (1881). During the Civil War he was intrusted, with Colonel Jaquess, with an unofficial mission to the Confederate Government with a view of ascertaining on what terms the South would treat for peace.

THE SETTLERS OF TENNESSEE.

The over-mountain settlers were not fugitives from justice, nor needy adventurers seeking in the untrodden West a scanty subsistence which had been denied them in the Eastern settlements. And they were not merely Virginians — they were the culled wheat of the Old Dominion, with all those grand qualities which made the name of "Virginian" a badge of honor throughout the colonies. Many of them were cultivated men of large property, and, though the larger number were poor in this world's goods, they all possessed those more stable riches which consist of stout arms and brave hearts, unblemished integrity and sterling worth. They were so generally educated that in 1776 only two in about two hundred were found unable to write their names in good, legible English. Order-loving and God-fearing, they lived together for twelve years, without so much as one capital crime among them. Shut out by wide forests and high mountain-barriers from civilized law, they made their own laws, and framed for themselves a government which was — with the sole exception of the "Fundamental Agreement," entered into by the "free planters" of New Haven on June 4, 1639 — the first absolutely "free and independent" constitution that existed in this country. The ruling motive of many of these men — as it is generally of those who seek new fields of enterprise — was, no doubt, the bettering of their worldly condition; nevertheless, I think much the larger number sought in their western homes not so much worldly wealth as political freedom. . . .

Under two leaders, John Sevier and James Robertson, these people had developed a boundless courage, a constant fortitude, a self-devoted patriotism, worthy of the most heroic ages. When only a handful of thirty men able to wield an axe or handle a rifle, they ventured beyond the Alleghanies, and in the mountain-girt valley of the Watauga built their cabins and tilled their fields, encompassed by twenty thousand armed savages, and shut off by a trackless wilderness from all civilized succor. There for five years they held their ground, till they grew to number about two hundred riflemen, and then, under John Sevier, they began a career for which it is hard to find a parallel in history. Outnumbered more than twenty to one, they held for six years the gateways of the Alleghanies against the savage horde which Great Britain had enlisted for the destruction of the colonies. Time and again they met the savage onset, and time and again they beat it back, and carried havoc and death into the very heart of the Indian country. And so well did they guard the mountain-passes that in all these years not one savage band broke through to carry the torch and the tomahawk to the homes of Eastern Carolina. Their own cabins went up in flames, their own firesides were drenched in blood, and their mothers and wives and children fell before the merciless scalping-knife of the Cherokee, yet they never shrank and never wavered, but stood, from first to last, the immovable rear-guard of the Revolution. And not content with this, when the day was at the darkest, when seaboard Carolina was trodden under foot by the red dragoon, and the young republic seemed in the very throes of dissolution, they left their own homes well-nigh unprotected, and mustering their bravest and best, rushed over the mountains to the rescue of their distant countrymen. Making an unexampled march of two hundred miles, they hurled themselves, only nine hundred and fifty strong, against the almost impregnable defences of King's Mountain, and in one hour annihilated the left wing of the army of Cornwallis! The result, in logical sequence, was Yorktown and American independence.—*John Sevier as a Commonwealth Builder.*

GILMORE, PATRICK SARSFIELD, an American musician and composer; born near Dublin, Ireland, December 25, 1829; died at St. Louis, Mo., September 24, 1892. He removed to Boston, Mass., at the age of 18, and here organized Gilmore's band. In 1869 he arranged the Peace Jubilee in Boston, and in 1872 the World's Jubilee. Later he organized the 22d Regiment Band in New York City, which gave concerts in the United States and Canada, and made a European concert tour in 1882. Gilmore composed various songs, hymns and anthems, his best known production being the anthem *Columbia*.

COLUMBIA.

A National Historic Poem first presented to the public at the Academy of Music, New York, on Christmas day, 1879.

Columbia! First and fairest gem
On Nature's brow — a diadem
Whose lustre, bright as heavenly star,
The light of Freedom sheds afar.
Like Noah's Ark, a God-sent bark
In search of land, through day and dark
First found thee held by nature's child,
The red man, in his wigwam, wild.

Columbia! Soon the tidings spread
Of what Columbus saw and said;
The eyes of man then turned to thee,
The new land rising from the sea;
Each spread his sail before the gale.
To verify the wondrous tale.
And thus began what was to be
The hope and home of Liberty.

Columbia! In thine early days
Our Pilgrim Fathers sang thy praise.
They landed from the Mayflower's deck
On Plymouth Rock — a snow-clad speck
That marks the place from whence the race
Of Puritans their true blood trace,
Who fought for Independence dear
With hearts of steel and conscience clear.

Columbia! 'Twas in fire and blood
Brave Washington the foremost stood;
With banner high and sword in hand,
He drove the tyrant from the land.
Thy breast still sore, to thy heart's core,
Till washed again in human gore —
In martyr blood! Shed not in vain —
It left thee whole, without a stain.

Columbia! See, what thou art now,
A crown of stars on Nature's brow;
With fields of gold and teeming marts
With fifty million loving hearts
Who cling to thee, from sea to sea,
To guard thy peace and liberty;
Who, man to man, shall e'er be just,
And in the Lord place all their trust.

Columbia! Lift thine eyes on high,
See Him who dwells in yonder sky,
The King of Glory on His throne,
Who looks on all, for all's His own!
Our earthly gain would be in vain,
A home in Heaven to attain,
If with our hearts we did not pay
Our debt to Him. Then let us pray.

At morn, at noon, at eventide,
O Lord! be ever at our side,
That we Thy voice may always hear,
And feel that Thou art ever near.
In mercy spare, from grief and care

The nation, bowed in fervent prayer,
Who with one heart and voice implore.
Thy blessing now and evermore.

GILPIN, WILLIAM, an English clergyman, biographer and artist; born at Carlisle, June 4, 1724; died at Boldre, Hants, April 5, 1804. He was educated at Oxford, and after holding a small curacy, he established a school for the education of the sons of gentlemen. He had many eminent pupils, among whom was William Mitford, author of a *History of Greece,* who presented him with the living of Boldre, in Hampshire. Gilpin wrote the *Life of Bernard Gilpin,* an eminent divine of the sixteenth century, and other biographical and religious works.

"Gilpin has described"— we quote from the *Biographie Universelle* —"in several justly esteemed tours, the Picturesque Beauties of Great Britain. All his volumes are accompanied by engravings in aquatint, executed by himself with the tastes and feelings of a painter. He has in some measure created a new kind of tour. His works abound in ingenious reflections, proper to enrich the theory of the arts and to guide the practice of them."

Thomas Green, in his *Diary of a Lover of Literature,* speaks of Gilpin as "a gentleman by whose pen and whose pencil I have been almost equally delighted, and who, with an originality that always accompanies true genius, may be considered as having opened a new source of enjoyment in surveying the works of nature."

THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND SHADE.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflection only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances — the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped. The effect is often very pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendant when he rises accompanied by a train of vapors in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakespeare's language,

"Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top,"

and dart his diverging ray through the rising vapor. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in

which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant — for it is always a vanishing scene — it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpendicular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate

chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridan sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow; the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendor and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapors which envelop it — the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effects, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendor of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendor. This verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colors.

GIRARDIN, Delphine Gay de, a French poet and novelist; born at Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, June 26, 1804; died at Paris, June 29, 1884. She was the daughter of Madame Sophie Gay, and the wife of the journalist Emile de Girardin, whom she married in 1831. When seventeen years old she received a prize from the French Academy for a poem entitled *Les Sœurs de Sainte Camille,* celebrating the devotion of those sisters of charity during the plague at Barcelona. In 1824 she published a volume of *Essais Poetiques,* containing with other poems *Madeleine* and *Le Bonheur d'être Belle.* In 1825 she improvised, at the tomb of General Foy, several verses on his death, and was rewarded by Charles X. with a pension of 1,500 francs. In the following year she went to Italy, where she was elected a member of the Tiber Academy, and escorted in triumph to the Capitol. She next visited Cape Messina, and composed a poem, *Le Dernier Jour de Pompéi,* which was published with other poems in 1829. *Napoline,* one of her best poems, appeared in 1833. Her first novel, *Le Lorgnon, "The Quiz"* (1831), was followed by *M. le Marquis de Pontanges* (1835) and *La Canne de M. de Balzac* (1836). In this year she began to contribute to *La Presse,* under the pseudonym of Viscount Charles de Launay, a series of *Lettres Parisiennes,* a part of which were published collectively in 1843. A complete edition of these letters appeared after her death. She wrote several successful plays — *Cléopatre,* a tragedy (1847); *C'est la Faute du Mari, ou Les bons Maris font les bonnes Femmes* (1851); *Lady Tartufe*

(1853); *La Joie fait Peur, and Le Chapeau d'un Horloger* (1854). In 1853 she published two more novels, *Marguerite, ou deux Amours,* and *Il ne faut pas jouer avec la Douleur.* She was the author of several other works of prose and poetry. Her beauty and wit, as well as her literary talent, rendered her famous, and she was styled *La Muse de la Patrie.*

THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING BEAUTIFUL.

There is a misfortune that nobody pities, a danger that nobody fears, a plague that nobody avoids. This plague, to tell the truth, is contagious in only one way — by heredity; and further, it is a very uncertain heritage. Nevertheless, it is a plague, a fatality, that forever pursues you, at every hour of your life; an obstacle to everything — not an obstacle that you meet with — it is more: it is an obstacle that you may carry with you, a ridiculous blessing that simpletons envy you, a favor of the gods that renders you a pariah among men; to speak still more plainly, a gift of nature that makes a dunce of you in society. In short, this misfortune, this danger, this plague, this obstacle, this ridiculous thing is — we wager that you do not guess it, and that, nevertheless, when you know you will say it is true. When the inconveniences of this advantage have been set before you, you will say "I covet no longer." This misfortune, then, is the misfortune of being beautiful.

Some one has said somewhere, "What is the disagreeable thing that everybody wants?" and has answered his own question thus: "It is old age." *We* say, "What is the plague that everybody wishes for?" and we reply, "It is beauty." But by beauty we understand real beauty, perfect beauty, classic beauty, fatal beauty. There is beauty and beauty. He who has the first escapes fatality; he has a thousand chances of happiness. To begin with, he is almost always good-natured and well satisfied with himself. It follows that particular circumstances are created for his beauty. To be a handsome man is an occupation.

The handsome man, properly speaking, can be happy as

a hunter, with a green uniform, and with a plume on his head. He can be happy as a master-of-arms, and can find a thousand ineffable joys of pride in the stateliness of his attitudes. He can be happy as a hairdresser. He can be happy as a drum-major: oh, *then* he is very happy. He can also be happy as commander of the empire, at Franconi's theatre, and can represent, with delight, King Joachim Murat. Finally, he can be happy as a model in the most celebrated studios, can take his part in the success of our great painters, and can legitimize, so to speak, the gifts he has received from nature, by consecrating them to the fine arts. The handsome man can support life; can dream of happiness.

But the beautiful man, the Antinoüs, the Greek Eros, the ideal man, the man of classic brow, of regular lines, of antique profile; the man young and perfectly beautiful, angelically beautiful, must drag out a miserable earthly existence, among prudent fathers, frightened husbands, who proscribe him, and, more terrible still, among the noble and ancient English-women who run after him. For it is an unaccountable and unfortunate fact that a very handsome young man, though not always enticing, is always compromising.

It may be that in a country less civilized than ours beauty is a power; but here in Paris, where advantages are conventional, exquisite beauty is unappreciated: it is not in harmony with our customs; it is a splendor that produces too great an effect, an advantage which causes too much embarrassment. Beautiful men have gone out of fashion with historical pictures. Our women no longer dream of the loves of pages, and grace takes precedence of beauty. Ill-fortune, then, to the beautiful man! —*La Canne de M. de Balzac.*

GEORGE GISSING.

GISSING, GEORGE, an English novelist; born at Wakefield, November 22, 1857; died at London, December 28, 1903. His father was Thomas Waller Gissing, an eminent botanist. He was educated at a private school in his native town. His first novel, *The Unclassed,* appeared in 1884, followed by *Demos* (1886); *Isabel Clarendon* (1886); *Thyrza* (1887); *A Life's Morning* (1888); *The Nether World* (1889); *The Emancipated* (1890); *New Grub Street* (1891); *Born in Exile* (1892); *Denzil Quarrier* (1892); *The Odd Woman* (1893); *In the Year of Jubilee* (1894); *Eve's Ransom* (1895); *The Whirlpool* (1897); *Human Odds and Ends* (1897); *The Town Traveler* (1898); *Charles Dickens,* a critical essay (1898); *The Crown of Life* (1899); *Our Friend the Charlatan* (1900); *By the Ionian Sea* (1901); *Veranilda* (1904); and *Will Warburton* (1905).

Mr. Gissing's early work was the outcome of his study of life among the London masses, and while his descriptions of the slums were half repulsive, they were powerful and showed his wondrous powers as a realist. Of his personality his fellow novelist, H. G. Wells, wrote in the *Monthly Review:*

"He was of rather more than average stature, finely proportioned, and, save for a droop of the shoulders and that slight failure from grace that neglect of exercise entails, he carried himself well . . . He had quite distinctly a presence. His voice was round and full, and a youth in which books had overtopped experience had made his diction more bookish and rotund than is common. He was at first a little shy in intercourse, but

then intelligent, self-forgetful, inaggressive, and enthusiastic."

At his death Mr. Gissing left unfinished the book which was to come nearer to realizing his life's ambition than any he had ever planned. All his passion at school was for the classics; he coached Frederic Harrison's sons in Greek; his conversation, when he warmed, was winged with fragments of old choruses and fine quotations; and after his first visit to Italy he was never tired of descanting on the glories of ancient Rome and the memories of his favorite Virgil. It was in this vein that he started *Veranilda,* a task that occupied him for over two years; and his last letters show how much intellectual stress it laid on him. "I am now well past the middle of '*Veranilda,*'" he wrote some time before the end, "and hope (with trembling) that I may finish by the end of the year."

Veranilda is prefaced with an appreciative introduction by Frederic Harrison, who has known "the whole literary career of George Gissing from the first to the last," and who describes the story as follows:

> "*Veranilda,* a story of Roman and Goth," is a historical romance constructed on a plan most unusual in the conventional historical novel. It deals with real historical personages and actual historical events; and it is composed after long and minute study of the best contemporary sources and what remains of the literature of the time. The epoch of the tale is the sixth century, the age of Justinian and Belisarius. . . . The scene is Rome, Central and Southern Italy, a country which was carefully studied by the author in his Italian travels. The period and the events are covered by the fourth volume of Dr. Hodgkin's great work, "Italy and Her Invaders." . . . But the setting of the tale itself was drawn, not from any modern complications, but from local observa-

Mr. Harrison thinks that this romance contains the late author's "best and most original work." It is composed, in his opinion, "with a wider and higher scope, a more mellow tone than the studies of contemporary life which first made his fame."

JOY AND SORROW.

To a certain point, we may follow with philosophic curiosity, step by step, the progress of mental anguish, but when that point is passed, analysis loses its interest; the vocabulary of pain has exhausted itself, the phenomena already noted do but repeat themselves with more rapidity, with more intensity — detail is lost in the mere sense of throes. Perchance the mind is capable of suffering worse than the fiercest pangs of hopeless love combined with jealousy; one would not pretend to put a limit to the possibilities of human woe; but for Mallard, at all events this night did the black flood of misery reach high-water mark.

What joy in the world that does not represent a counterbalance of sorrow? What blessedness poured upon one head but some other must therefore lie down under malediction? We know that with the uttermost of happiness there is wont to come a sudden blending of troublous humour. May it not be that the soul has conceived a subtle sympathy with that hapless one but for whose sacrifice its own elation were impossible? — *The Emancipated.*

MATERNITY.

To the average woman maternity is absorbing. Naturally so, for the average woman is incapable of poetical passion, and only too glad to find something that occupies her thoughts from morning to night, a relief from the weariness of her unfruitful mind. It was not to be expected that Cecily, because she had given birth to a child, should of a sudden convert herself into a combination of wet and dry nurse, after the common model.

The mother's love was strong in her, but it could not destroy, nor even keep in long abeyance, those intellectual energies which characterized her. Had she been constrained to occupy herself ceaselessly with the demands of babyhood, something more than impatience would shortly have been roused in her: she would have rebelled against the conditions of her sex; the gentle melancholy with which she now looked back upon the early days of marriage would have become a bitter protest against her slavery to nature. These possibilities in the modern woman correspond to that spirit in the modern man which is in revolt against the law of labour. Picture Reuben Elgar reduced to the necessity of toiling for daily bread — that is to say, brought down from his pleasant heights of civilization to the dull plain where nature tells a man that if he would eat he must first sweat at the furrow; one hears his fierce objurgations, his haughty railing against the gods. Cecily did not represent that extreme type of woman to whom the bearing of children has become in itself repugnant; but she was very far removed from that other type which the world at large still makes its ideal of the feminine. With what temper would she have heard the lady in her aunt's drawing-room, who was of opinion that she should "stay at home and mind the baby"? Education had made her an individual; she was nurtured into the disease of thought. This child of hers showed in the frail tenure on which it held its breath how unfit the mother was for fulfilling her natural functions. Both parents seemed in admirable health, yet their offspring was a poor, delicate, nervous creature, formed for exquisite sensibility to every evil of life. Cecily saw this, and partly understood it; her heart was heavy through the long anxious nights passed in watching by the cradle.— *The Emancipated.*

GIUSTI, GIUSEPPE, an Italian poet; born at Monsummano, near Pistoja, May 13, 1809; died at Florence, March 31, 1850. He was of a noble family, and received the usual education of young men of his time. After leaving school he went to study "the humanities" at the University of Pisa; but passed his time at the *cafés* more than in the philosophical classes. While quite young he began to write satirical verses of a political character, which brought him into some difficulty with the existing Government of Tuscany. Among the most notable of his poems of this class is the *Instruction to an Emissary,* which was written in 1847, when the Italians were aspiring to national independence and self-government, while their rulers were conceding privileges, and conspiring with Austria to maintain the old system.

"His verses," said Gualterio, "will live as the best picture of the manners of his times; of the political passions, and, so to speak, the inflammatory humors, of the society in which he moved. His satire never descended to personalities, except when aimed at the occupants of high places; and then not from envy of their power, but only so far as their public station brought them within the jurisdiction of general criticism." "I believe," said he himself, "that I have never scoffed at virtue, or cast ridicule on the gentle affections."

THE MINISTER'S INSTRUCTION TO AN EMISSARY.

You will go into Italy; you have here
Your passport and your letters of exchange;

You travel as a count, it would appear,
  Going for pleasure and a little change;
Once there, you play the rodomont, the queer
  Crack-brain good fellow, idle gamester, strange
Spendthrift and madcap. Give yourself full swing;
People are taken with that sort of thing. . . .

When you behold — and it will happen so —
  The birds flock down about the net, be wary;
Talk from a warm and open heart, and show
  Yourself with everybody bold and merry.
The North's a dungeon, say, a waste of snow,
  The very house and home of January,
Compared with that fair garden of the earth,
Beautiful and free, and full of life and mirth. . . .

Be bold and shrewd; and be not too quick —
  As some are — and plunge headlong on your prey,
When if the snare should happen not to stick,
  Your uproar frightens all the rest away;
To take your hare by carriage is the trick;
  Make a wide circle, do not mind delay;
Experiment and work in silence; scheme
With that wise prudence that shall folly seem.

Scatter republican ideas, and say
  That all the rich and all the well-to-do
Use common people hardly better, nay,
  Worse, than their dogs; and add some hard words too;
Declare that *bread's* the question of the day,
  And that the Communists alone are true;
And that the foes of an agrarian cause
Waste more than half of all by wicked laws. . . .

If you should have occasion to spend, spend;
  The money won't be wasted: there must be
Policemen in retirement, spies without end,
  Shameless and penniless; buy, and you are free.
If destiny should be so much your friend
  That you could shake a throne or two for me

Pour me out treasures. I shall be content;
My gains will be at least seven cent. per cent.

In order not to awaken any fear
  In the post-office, 'tis my plan that you
Shall always correspond with Liberals here;
  Don't doubt but I shall hear of all you do
———'s a Republican known far and near;
  I haven't another spy that's half as true!
You understand, and I need say no more;
Lucky for you if you get me up a war.

—*Translation of* W. D. Howells.

ITALY, THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

'Mongst us phantoms of Italians —
  Mummies even from our birth —
The very babies' nurses
  Help to put them under earth.

'Tis a waste of holy water
  When we're taken to the font;
They that make us pay for burial
  Swindle us to that amount.

In appearance we're constructed
  Much like Adam's other sons;
Seem of flesh and blood, but really
  We are nothing but dry bones.

O deluded apparitions,
  What to *you* do among men?
Be resigned to fate, and vanish
  Back into the Past again!

Ah! of a perished people
  What boots now the brilliant story?
Why should skeletons be bothering
  About Liberty and Glory? . . .

O you people hailed down on us
  From the Living over head,

With what face can you confront us,
Seeking health among us Dead?

O ye grim sepulchral friars,
Ye inquisitorial ghouls,
Lay down, lay down forever
The ignorant censor's tools.

This wretched gift of thinking,
O ye donkeys, is our doom;
Do you care to expurgate us,
Positively in the tomb?

Why plant this bayonet forest
On our sepulchres? What dread
Causes you to place such jealous
Custody upon the Dead?

Well, the mighty book of Nature
Chapter first and last must have;
Yours is now the light of heaven,
Ours the darkness of the grave.

But, then, if you ask it,
We lived greatly in our turn,
We were grand and glorious, Gino,
Ere our friends up there were born!

O majestic mausoleums,
City walls outworn with time,
To our eyes are even your ruins
Apotheosis sublime! . . .

O'er these monuments in vigil
Cloudless the sun flames and glows
In the wind for funeral torches—
And the violet and the rose,

And the grape, the fig, the olive,
Are the emblems fit for grieving;
'Tis, in fact, a cemetery
To strike envy in the Living.

Well, in fine, O brother Corpses,
  Let them pipe on as they like;
Let us see on whom hereafter
  Such a death as ours shall strike!

'Mongst the anthems of the function
  Is not *Dies Iræ?* Nay,
In all the days to come yet,
  Shall there be no Judgment Day?
—*Translation of* W. D. Howells.

GLADDEN, Washington, an American clergyman and essayist; born at Pottsgrove, Pa., February 11, 1836. He was graduated from Williams College in 1859, and in 1860 was ordained minister in the Congregational Church. He held various pastorates and in 1882 became pastor of the First Congregational Church at Columbus, Ohio. He is widely known as a writer and lecturer on social reforms. His published works include: *Plain Thoughts On the Art of Living* (1868); *Workingmen and Their Employers* (1876); *The Christian League of Connecticut* (1883); *Things New and Old* (1884); *The Young Men and the Churches* (1885); *Applied Christianity* (1887); *Parish Problems* (1888); *Burning Questions* (1889); *Who Wrote the Bible* (1891); *Tools and the Man* (1893); *Social Facts and Forces* (1897); *Art and Morality* (1897); *The Christian Pastor* (1898); *How Much is Left of the Old Doctrine* (1899); *Witnesses of the Light* (1903); and *Where Does the Sky Begin?* (1904).

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Rome was seated on her seven hills, ruling the world; Egypt, Phenicia, Carthage, Greece, had bowed beneath her yoke; all round the Mediterranean her galleys ranged victorious; the Imperial City was smiting the skies with the dazzling splendor of her palaces, her baths, her theatres, and her temples.

To this spot surely, of all others, the eyes of these heavenly messengers must have been drawn. Here was focused the power, the knowledge, the wealth of the then known world; the existing civilization culminated in Rome. And what a spectacle it must have presented to those pure beings as they hung above it, if by any keenness of vision they could discern the manner of the daily life of that people. The great mass of population which they looked down upon were slaves or paupers fed out of the spoils of conquered provinces; the cruelty, the perfidy, the tyranny of those who bore rule, the horrible sensuality and brutality of the patrician classes, were almost beyond our comprehension.

If you want to know what sight the angels saw, read the *Satires* of Juvenal; real Paul's *Epistle to the Romans;* read Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis.* The Rome of these narrations was the sight the angels saw — the great spectacle which the human race of the first century had to show to angels and men. The angels must have turned from it with blanched faces and drooping wings.

Over the rest of Europe their swift glance took in, for the most part, only forests and rude heathen races. Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, England, were lands scarcely visited by the dawn of civilization. Our own great continent, in all its length and breadth, was not then a part of the known world; its inhabitants were probably even lower in the scale of being than those that greeted Columbus.

Such was the world as the angels saw it nineteen centuries ago.

What would they see if they came again to-day? Much, doubtless, from which they would fain turn their eyes

away — poverty, suffering, cruelty, extortion, strife, greed, treachery — a pitiful array of human sin and misery. And they would not find that the promise of their earlier song had yet been fulfilled. Peace does not yet reign over all the earth, nor is good will the sovereign rule among all men. They would find, I fear, that the meaning of the message which they brought, and which the Messiah whom they announced so wonderfully declared, has been sadly misunderstood by many who have tried to repeat it; that often by theological refinements and controversies the substance of it has been missed, and the sweetness of it sadly confused and jangled. And yet, in spite of all this disappointment, the nineteen centuries have brought forth upon the earth many marvelous changes which the eyes of the angels would be quick to discern. There is no city in Christendom to-day, not one, which is not politically, socially, economically, as much better than Rome was then as light is better than darkness. Paris the Magnificent is a wicked city, but the angels could tell you that Paris to-day is white and clean compared with Rome when Christ was born. There is poverty and wretchedness in London and New York and Chicago, but nothing like the universal pauperism of that olden day. There is not a ruler of any great state in the world to-day — nor has there been for many a day — who could be classed in monstrous wickedness with many of the emperors. Abdul the Damned, even at the worst estimate of him, is an angel of light and a hero of chivalry compared with Nero or Caligula.— *From The Booklover's Magazine.*

GLADSTONE, William Ewart, an English statesman and orator; born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809; died at Hawarden, May 29, 1898. He was the fourth son of John Gladstone, a native of Scotland, who acquired a large fortune as a

Liverpool merchant, was returned to Parliament, and was late in life created a baronet. W. E. Gladstone was educated at Eton and afterward at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double first-class in 1831. In the next year, through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, he was returned to Parliament in the "Conservative" or Tory interest, attaching himself especially to Sir Robert Peel, then the leader of that party in the House of Commons. We touch only upon some of the leading events in his political career. In 1835 he became Under Secretary for Colonial Affairs; in 1841 was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council; in 1852 was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the ministry of Lord Aberdeen. In 1858 he introduced a bill for the disestablishment of the Irish [Episcopal] Church; and became First Lord of the Treasury and Premier; in 1874 he was succeeded in this position by Mr. Disraeli, whom he in turn succeeded in 1880. Having been defeated in Parliament, he left office in 1886, and became the acknowledged leader of the "Liberal" or Opposition Party. During his career Mr. Gladstone served four times as Prime-Minister, December, 1868, to February, 1874; April, 1880, to June, 1885; February to July, 1886, and August, 1892, to March, 1894. From 1832 until his retirement from office in 1894 he was nearly always a member of Parliament, but advanced age and failing physical powers compelled the "Grand Old Man" to abandon public life and pass his remaining days in the quiet of his country-place.

Mr. Gladstone was a very prolific author. Besides numerous published speeches, and pamphlets treating merely of political topics, he was a frequent contributor to reviews and magazines, especially upon classical

or religious subjects. His first book, *The State in its Relations to the Church* (1838), elicited one of Macaulay's ablest critiques. This treatise is perhaps now chiefly noteworthy on account of the retraction of its most important theories put forth by Mr. Gladstone himself in his *Chapter of Autobiography* (1869). The work on Church and State was followed in 1841 by a somewhat kindred book, *Church Principles Considered in their Results.* His later works include *Studies on Homer and the Homeric* Age (3 vols., 1858); *Juventus Mundi: the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age* (1869); *The Vatican Decrees* (1874); *Homeric Synchronisms* (1876); *Gleanings of Past Years* (7 vols., 1879); *The Irish Question* (1886); *Landmarks of Homeric Study* (1890); *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* (1890); *Odes of Horace,* a translation, (1894).

ABOUT HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography is commonly interesting; but there can, I suppose, be little doubt that, as a general rule, it should be posthumous. The close of an active career supplies an obvious exception. I have asked myself many times during the present year [1869] whether peculiar combinations of circumstances might not afford a warrant at times for departure from the general rule, so far as some special passage of life is concerned; and whether I was not myself now placed in one of these special combinations. The motives which incline me to answer these questions in the affirmative are mainly two. *First,* that the great and glaring change in my course of action with respect to the Established Church of Ireland is not the mere eccentricity, or even perversion, of an individual mind, but connects itself with silent changes which are advancing in the very bed and basis of modern society. *Secondly,* that the progress of a great cause, signal as it has been and is, appears liable nevertheless to suffer in

point of credit, if not of energy and rapidity, from the real or supposed delinquencies of a person with whose name for the moment it happens to be specially associated. . . .

One thing I have not done, and shall not do. I shall not attempt to laugh off the question or to attenuate its importance. In theory at least, and for others, I am myself a purist with respect to what touches the consistency of statesmen. Change of opinion, in those to whose judgment the public looks more or less to assist its own, is an evil to the country, although a much smaller evil than their persistence in a course which they know to be wrong. It is not always to be blamed. But it is always to be watched with vigilance; always to be challenged, and put upon its trial. It can hardly escape even cursory observation that the present century has seen a great increase in the instances of what is called political inconsistency. . . .

If it is the office of law and of institutions to reflect the wants, and wishes of the country (and its wishes must ever be a considerable element in its wants), then as the nation passes from a stationary into a progressive period, it will justly require that the changes in its own condition and views should be represented in the professions and actions of its leading men. For they exist for its sake, not it for theirs. It remains indeed their business, now and ever, to take honor and duty for their guides, and not the mere demand or purpose of the passing hour; but honor and duty themselves require their loyal servant to take account of the state of facts in which he is to work; and, while ever laboring to elevate the standard of opinion of those around him, to remember that his business is not to construct, with self-chosen materials, an Utopia or a republic of Plato, but to conduct the affairs of a living and working community of men, who have self-government recognized as in the last resort as the moving spring of their political life, and of the institutions which are its outward vesture. . . .

Let me now endeavor to state the offence of which I am held guilty. *Ille ego qui quondam:* I the person who have now accepted a foremost share of the responsibil-

ity of endeavoring to put an end to the existence of the Irish Church as an establishment, and also the person who, of all men in official, perhaps in public life, did, until the year 1841, recommend, upon the highest and most imperious grounds its resolute maintenance.—*A Chapter of Autobiography.*

THE BOOK ON STATE AND CHURCH.

The book entitled *The State in its Relations to the Church,* was printed during the autumn of 1838, while I was making a tour in the South of Europe, which the state of my eyesight had rendered it prudent to undertake. Three editions of it were published without textual change; and in the year 1841 a fourth, greatly enlarged, though in other respects little altered, issued from the press. All interest in it had, however, even at that time, long gone by, and it lived for nearly thirty years only in the vigorous and brilliant, though not, in my opinion, entirely faithful picture, drawn by the accomplished hand of Lord Macaulay. During the present year, as I understand from good authority, it has again been in demand, and in my hearing it has received the emphatic suffrages of many, of whose approval I was never made aware during the earlier and less noisy stages of its existence.

The distinctive principle of the book was supposed to be that the State had a conscience. But the controversy really lies not in the existence of a conscience in the State, so much as in the extent of its range. Few would deny the obligation of the State to follow the moral law. Every treaty, for example, depends upon it. The true issue was this: Whether the State in its best condition, has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and error; and in particular, whether the State of the United Kingdom, at a period somewhat exceeding thirty years ago, was or was not so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country. The work attempted to survey the actual state of the relations between the State and the Church;

to show from History the ground which had been defined for the National Church at the Reformation; and to inquire and determine whether the existing state of things was worth preserving and defending against encroachment from whatever quarter. This question is decided emphatically in the affirmative. . . .

Faithful to logic, and to its theory, my work did not shrink from applying them to the crucial case of the Irish Church. It did not disguise the difficulties of the case, for I was alive to the paradox which it involved. But the one master idea of the system, that the State, as it then stood, was capable in this age — as it had been in ages long gone by — of assuming beneficially a responsibility for the inculcation of a particular religion, carried me through all. My doctrine was, that the Church, as established by law, was to be maintained for its truth; that this was the only principle on which it could be properly and permanently upheld; that this principle, if good for England, was good also for Ireland; that truth is of all possessions the most precious to the soul of man; and that to remove — as I then erroneously thought we should remove — this priceless treasure from the view and the reach of the Irish people, would be meanly to purchase their momentary favor at the expense of their permanent interests, and would be a high offence against our own sacred obligations.

These, I think, were the leading propositions of the work. In one important point, however, it was inconsistent with itself: it contained a full admission that a State might, by its nature and circumstances, be incapacitated from upholding and propagating a definite form of religion: "There may be a state of things in the United States of America — perhaps in some British colonies there does actually exist a state of things — in which religious communions are so equally divided, or so variously subdivided, that the government is itself similarly chequered in its religious complexion, and thus internally incapacitated by disunion from acting in matters of religion; or, again, there may be a State in which the members of Government may be of one faith or persuasion, the mass of subjects of another, and hence there may

be an external incapacity to act in matters of religion."

The book goes on to describe that incapacity, however produced, as a social defect and calamity. But the latter part of the work, instead of acknowledging such incapacity as a sufficient, and indeed commanding plea for abstention, went beyond the bounds of moderation, and treated it as if it must in all cases be a sin; as though any association of men in civil government or otherwise, could be responsible for acting beyond the line of the capabilities determined for it by its constitution and composition. My meaning, I believe, was to describe only cases in which there might be a deliberate renunciation of such duties as there was the power to fulfil. But this line is left too obscurely drawn between this wilful and wanton rejection of opportunities for good, and the cases in which the state of religious convictions, together with the recognized principles of government, disable the civil power from including within its work the business of either directly or indirectly inculcating religion, and mark out for it a different line of action.— *A Chapter of Autobiography.*

SOME AFTER-THOUGHTS.

I believe that the foregoing passages describe fairly, if succinctly, the main propositions of *The State in its Relations to the Church,* so far as the book bears upon the present controversy. They bound me hand and foot: they hemmed me in on every side. My opinion of the Established Church of Ireland is now the direct opposite of what it was then. I then thought it reconcilable with civil and national justice; I now think the maintenance of it grossly unjust. I then thought its action was favorable to the interests of the religion which it teaches; I now believe it to be opposed to them. . . .

An establishment that does its work in much, and has the hope and likelihood of doing it in more; an establishment that has a broad and living way open to it into the hearts of the people; an establishment that can command the services of the present by the recollections and traditions of a far-reaching past; an establishment able to

appeal to the active zeal of the greater portion of the people and to the respect or scruples of almost the whole; whose children dwell chiefly on her actual living work and service, and whose adversaries — if they have them — are in the main content to believe that there will be a future for them and their opinion: — such an establishment should surely be maintained.

But an establishment that neither does nor has the hope of doing work except for a few — and those few the portion of the community whose claim to public aid is the smallest of all; an establishment severed from the mass of the people by an impassable gulf, and by a wall of brass; an establishment whose good offices, could she offer them, would be intercepted by a long, unbroken chain of painful and shameful recollections; an establishment leaning for support upon the extraneous aid of a State, which becomes discredited with the people by the very act of lending it: — such an establishment will do well for its own sake, and for the sake of its creed, to divest itself as soon as may be of gauds and trappings, and to commence a new career, in which, renouncing at once the credit and the discredit of the civil sanction, it shall seek its strength from within, and put a fearless trust in the message that it bears.— *A Chapter of Autobiography.*

However much Mr. Gladstone may have found reason to change his views as to the Established Church in Ireland, he never changed his view in respect to the Established Church of England. He indeed was wont to act as a "Lay-reader" in the church of which one of his sons is rector. The following passage is from his *Church Principles,* published in 1841:

ANTICIPATIONS FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

And here I close this review of the religious position of the Church of England under the circumstances of the day [1840]: of course not venturing to assume that these

pages can effect in any degree the purpose with which they are written, of contributing to her security and peace; but yet full of the most cheerful anticipations of her destiny, and without the remotest fear either of schism among her children, or of any permanent oppression from the State, whatever may befall the State herself. She has endured for ten years, not only without essential injury, but with a decided and progressive growth in her general influence as well as in her individual vigor, the ordeal of public discussion, and the brunt of many hostile attacks, in a time of great agitation and disquietude, and of immense political changes. There was a period when her children felt no serious alarms for her safety: and then she was in serious peril. Of late their apprehensions have been violently and constantly excited; but her dangers have diminished; so poor a thing, at best, is human solicitude. Yes, if we may put any trust in the signs that are within her and upon her — if we may at all rely upon the results of the patient and deliberate thought of many minds, upon the consenting testimony of foes and friends — the hand of her Lord is over her for good, to make her more and more a temple of His spirit and an organ of His will. Surely He will breathe into her anew, and more and more, the breath of life, and will raise up in her abundantly power in the midst of weakness, and the sense of power in the midst of the sense of weakness: — of weakness in so far as she is an earthen vessel; of power inasmuch as He is a heavenly treasure abiding therein. The might that none can withstand, the wisdom that none can pierce, the love that none can fathom, the revelation of truth whose light faileth not, the promise that never can be broken: — those are the pillars of her strength whereon she rests, we may trust, not more conspicuous by their height than secure upon their deep foundations. — *Church Principles in Their Results.*

THE HOMERIC VIEW OF THE FUTURE STATE.

The picture of the future state of man in Homer is eminently truthful as a representation of a creed which

had probably fallen into dilapidation, and of the feelings which clustered about it; and it is perhaps unrivalled in the perfectly natural but penetrating force with which it conveys the effect of dreariness and gloom. It does not appear to be in all respects coherent and symmetrical; and while nothing betokens that this defect is owing to the diversity of the sources from which the traditions are drawn, it is such as might be due to the waste wrought by time and change on a belief which had at an earlier date been self-consistent.

The future life, however, is in Homer used with solemnity and force as a sanction of the moral laws, especially in so far as the crime of perjury is concerned. The Erinnues dwell in the Underworld, and punish perjurers. As the Erinnues are invoked with reference to other offences, we may therefore presume them also to have been punishable in the Underworld. The world to come is exhibited to us by Homer in three divisions:

I. — There is the Elysian Plain, apparently under the government of Rhadamanthus, to which Menelaos will be conducted — or rather, perhaps, translated — in order to die there; not for his virtues, however, but because he is the husband of Helen, and so the son-in-law of Zeus. The main characteristic of this abode seems to be easy and abundant subsistence, with an atmosphere free from the violence of winter, and from rain and snow. Okeanos freshens it with zephyrs; it is therefore apparently on the western border of the world. Mr. Max Muller conjectures that *Elysiam* (ἦλυθον) may be a name simply expressing *the future*. The whole conception, however, may be deemed more or less ambiguous inasmuch as the Elysian state is antecedent to death.

II. — Next comes the Underworld proper — the general receptacle of human spirits. It nowhere receives a territorial name in Homer, but is called the abode of Aïdes, or of Aïdes and Persephone. Its character is chill, drear, and dark; the very gods abhor it. Better serve for hire, even for a needy master, says the Shade of Achilles, than to be lord over the Dead. It reaches, however, under the crust of the earth; for in the *Theomachy*, Aïdoneus

dreads lest the earthquake of Poseidon should lay open his domain to gods and men. Minos administers justice among the dead as a king would on earth. But they are in general under no penal infliction. Three cases alone are mentioned as cases of suffering: those of Tituos, Tantalos, and Sisuphos. The offence is only named in the case of Tituos; it was violence offered to the goddess Leto. Heracles suffers a strange discerption of individuality; for his *Eidolon,* or "Shade," moves and speaks here, while "he himself is at the banquets of the Immortals." Again Castor and Pollux are here and are alive on alternate days, while they enjoy on earth the honors of deities. Here, then, somewhat conflicting conditions appear to be combined. Within the dreary region seems to be a palace, which is in a more special sense the residence of its rulers. The access to the Underworld is in the far East by the ocean river, at a full day's sail from the Euxine, in the country of the cloud-wrapped Kimmerioi. From this point the way lies, for an indefinite distance, up the Stream, to a point where the beach is narrow, and where Persephone is worshipped in her groves of poplar and of willow.

III. — There is also the region of Tartaros, as far below that of Aïdes as Aïdes is below the earth. Here dwell Iapetos and Kronos, far from the solar ray. Kronos has a band of gods around him, who have in another place the epithet of sub-Tartarean, and the name of Titans. It does not appear whether these are at all identified with the deposed dynasty of the Nature-power, whose dwelling is in the Underworld, and with whom the human Dead had means of communication; for Achilles charges the Shade of Patroclos with a communication to the river Sphercheios.

The line, therefore of communication between the realm of Aïdes and the dark Tartaros is obscurely drawn; but in general we may say that, while the former was for men, the latter was for deposed or condemned Immortals. We hear of the offences of Eurumedon and the Giants with their ruler; and though their place is not named, we may presume them, as well as Otos and Ephialtes, to be in Tartaros, in addition to the deities

already named. Hither it is that Zeus threatens to hurl down refractory divinities of the Olympian Court. This threefold division of the unseen world is in some kind of correspondence with the Christian, and with what may have been the patriarchal tradition; as is the retributive character of the future State, however imperfectly developed, and the continuance there of the habits and propensities acquired on earth.— *Juventus Mundi, Chap. IX.*

HOMER'S HABITAT AND DATE.

I must confess it to be a common assumption repeated in a multitude of quarters, that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, living after the great Eastward Migration. The number and credit of its adherents has been such that I might have been abashed by their authority, but for the fact that the adhesion seems to have been very generally no more than the mechanical assent which is given provisionally, as it were, to any current tradition, before it comes to be subjected to close examination. At the point to which my endeavors to examine the text of the Poems have led me, when I confront the opinion that he was an Asiatic Greek, born after the Dorian conquest, I can only say to it, "Aroint thee." I could almost as easily believe him an Englishman, or Shakespeare a Frenchman, or Dante an American.

In support of this proposition I have met with but little of serious argument. The elegant but very slight treatise of Wood adopted it, and occupied the field in this country at a period (1775) when the systematic study of the text had not yet begun. The passage in *Il.* iv., 51, requires, I think, no such conclusion. But if it did (though this remedy is not one to be lightly adopted) it ought itself, as I hold, to be rejected without hesitation. I will only here mention a few of the arguments against the opinion which denies to Homer a home in Achaian Greece; only premising that he lived under the voluntary system, sang for his bread, and therefore had to keep himself in constant sympathy

with the prevailing and, so to speak, uppermost sympathies of his audience.

1. — It is the Achaian name and race to which the Poems give constant and paramount glory. But after the invasion of the Heraclids the Achaians had sunk to be one of the most insignificant, and, for the time, discredited portions of the Greek people.

2. — Conversely, if Homer had sung at such a period, the Dorians supreme in the Greek Peninsula, and the Ionians rising in Attica, or distinguished and flourishing in Asia Minor, could not have failed to hold a prominent and favorable position in the Poems. Whereas, while the older names of *Argeioi* and *Danaoi* are constantly put forward, the Dorian name, but twice causually mentioned, is altogether insignificant; and the Ionian name, besides being obscure, is coupled with the epithet ἑλκεχίτωνες, "tunic-trailing," or, as we translate it in a more friendly spirit, "with tunics that swept the ground," in the one place where the Ionian soldiery are introduced. This is surely a disparaging designation for troops.

3. — Not less important are the considerations connected with the Aiolian title. In the later Greek tradition we have numerous notices of Aiolians as settled in various parts of Greece. But none of these can be considered as historical in the form they actually bear. When we go back to Homer, whom many have called an Aiolian Greek, we find that he was not even conscious of the existence of *Aiolians,* but only of *Aiolids.* He brings before us a variety of persons and families, holding the highest stations, and playing important parts in the early history of the country, who are descended from or connected with an Aiolos. This Aiolos has every appearance of a mythical Eponymist. But though Homer knows perfectly well the Dorians and the Ionians, while the Achaians are his main theme, of an Aiolian tribe he is profoundly ignorant. And this we perfectly understand if (as I contend) he was an Achaian Greek, or a Greek anterior to the Dorian Conquest. If Homer were an Aiolian Greek or an Asiatic Greek at all, Aiolis having been a principal Greek conquest in Asia, and the oldest among them, how could

he have been ignorant of the Aiolian name? How could he have effectively denied the existence of that name by giving us Aiolids — scattered members of a particular family, very few in number, very illustrious in position, but no community or tribe? the distinction is a vital one; for as he knows nothing of a tribe in the Aiolian case, so he knows nothing of an Eponymist or family in the Dorian or Achaian cases.

4.— This portion of the argument becomes yet more cogent when we consider that in the Aiolis of the period following the Dorian conquest were included the Plain and Site of Troy. Now if Homer had been an Aiolian Greek, or a Greek of the later Ionic migration, he must have sung among people many of whom were familiar with the topography of the spot. But I hold it to be certain that, while he has given us the local features of the Site and Plain, sufficiently for a large indication, he has handled them loosely and at will in points of detail. He has treated the Plain without any assumption of a minute acquaintance with it, just as one who was sketching, boldly but slightly, a picture for his hearers, and not as one who laid his scene in a place with which they were already personally familiar, and which formed by far the most famous portion of the country they inhabited.

10.— But this strong negative reasoning is less strong than the positive argument: *What* is it — what men, what manners, what age is it that Homer sings of? I aver that they are Achaian men, Achaian manners, an Achaian age. The atmosphere which he breathes is Achaian. It is all redolent of the youth and health of the nation, its hope, its ardor, and its energy. How could the Colonies of Asia Minor have supplied him with his ideas of free yet kingly government? What do we know of any practice of oratory there, such as could have inspired his great speeches and debates? He shows us the Achaian character in the heroic form, with its astonishing union of force and even violence, with gentleness and refinement; how did he learn of this but by observation of those among whom, and whose representatives he lived? There is an entireness and

an originality in that Achaian life, a medium in which all its figures move, which was afterward vaguely and faintly embodied by poets in the idea of an heroic age, such as hardly could have been, and such as we have not the smallest reason to suppose was, reproduced on a new soil, and in profoundly modified circumstances, after the Migration.

11.— In truth, the traditions about the birthplace of Homer are covered with marks truly mythical. That is, they are just such as men, in the actual course of things, were likely to forge. If he had lived and sung amidst an Achaian civilization, yet that civilization was soon and violently swept away. But during all the time of their banishment from the Peninsula, these poems may well have had an enduring continuous currency among the children of those whose sires in recent generations had so loved to hear them, and whose remoter heroes had, or were thought to have, received from them the gift of immortality. This by a natural progression, as these poems were for the time Asiatic, as relating to them — and most of all the Singer — came to be claimed as Asiatic too. In the verse " Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens," we have set forth as candidates for the honor of having given them birth — cities of which only one (Argos) has a considerable interest in the action of the *Iliad,* but most of which, as the seat of an after civilization and power, had doubtless harbored and enjoyed the works. Such, as it appears to me, is no unnatural explanation of the growth and progress of an opinion which, when tried upon its merits only, must, I think, seem a strange one to those who have at all tried to measure truly the extraordinary nearness of association and close and ardent sympathy between Homer and the men and deeds he celebrates.— *Homeric Synchronisms.*

GLASGOW, Ellen Anderson Gholson, an American novelist; born at Richmond, Va., April 22, 1874. She was educated by private tutors. Her novels, most of which deal with Southern life and character, include *The Descendant* (1899); *Phases of an Inferior Planet* (1900); *The Voice of the People* (1901); *The Battleground* (1902); *The Deliverance* (1904), and *The Wheel of Life* (1905).

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The field of trampled clover looked as if a windstorm had swept over it, strewing the contents of a dozen dismantled houses. There were stacks of arms and piles of cooking utensils, knapsacks, half emptied, lay beside the charred remains of fires, and loose fence rails showed red and white glimpses of playing cards, hidden, before the fight, by superstitious soldiers.

Groups of men were scattered in dark spots over the field, and about them stragglers drifted slowly back from the road to Centreville. There was no discipline, no order — regiment was mixed with regiment, and each man was hopelessly inquiring for his lost company.

As Dan stepped over the fallen fence upon the crushed pink heads of the clover, he came upon a circle of privates making merry over a lunch basket they had picked up on the turnpike — a basket brought by one of the Washington parties who had gayly driven out to watch the battle. A broken fence rail was ablaze in the centre of the group, and as the red light fell on each soiled and unshaven face, it stood out grotesquely from the surrounding gloom. Some were slightly wounded, some had merely scented the battle from behind the hill — all were drinking rare wine in honour of the early ending of the war. As Dan looked past them over the darkening meadow, where the returning soldiers drifted aimlessly across the patches of red light, he asked himself almost impatiently if this

were the pure and patriotic army that held in its ranks the best born of the South? To him, standing there, it seemed but a loosened mass, without strength and without cohesion, a mob of schoolboys come back from a sham battle on the college green. It was his first fight, and he did not know that what he looked upon was but the sure result of an easy victory upon the undisciplined ardour of raw troops — that the sinews of an army are wrought not by a single trial, but by the strain of prolonged and strenuous endeavour.

"I say, do you reckon they'll lemme go home termorrow?" inquired a slightly wounded man in the group before him. "Thar's my terbaccy needs lookin' arter or the worms 'ull eat it clean up 'fo' I git thar." He shook the shaggy hair from his face, and straightened the white cotton bandage about his chin. On the right side, where the wound was, his thick sandy beard had been cut away, and the outstanding tuft on his left cheek gavé him a peculiarly ill-proportioned look.

"Lordy! I tell you we gave it ter 'em!" exclaimed another in excited jerks. "Fight! Wall, that's what I call fightin', leastways it's put. I declar' I reckon I hit six Yankees plum on the head with the butt of this here musket."

He paused to knock the head off a champagne bottle, and lifting the broken neck to his lips drained the foaming wine, which spilled in white froth upon his clothes. His face was red in the firelight, and when he spoke his words rolled like marbles from his tongue. Dan, looking at him, felt a curious conviction that the man had not gone near enough to the guns to smell the powder.

"Wall, it may be so, but I ain't seed you," returned the first speaker, contemptuously, as he stroked his bandage. "I was thar all day and I ain't seed you raise no special dust."

"Oh, I ain't claimin' nothin' special," put in the other, discomfited.

"Six is a good many, I reckon," drawled the wounded man, reflectively, "and I ain't sayin' I settled six on 'em hand to hand — I ain't sayin' that." He spoke with conscious modesty, as if the smallness of his assertion was

equalled only by the greatness of his achievements. "I ain't sayin' I settled more'n three on 'em, I reckon."

Dan left the group and went on slowly across the field, now and then stumbling upon a sleeper who lay prone upon the trodden clover, obscured by the heavy dusk. The mass of the army was still somewhere on the long road — only the exhausted, the sickened, or the unambitious drifted back to fall asleep upon the uncovered ground.

As Dan crossed the meadow he drew near to a knot of men from a Kentucky regiment, gathered in the light of a small wood fire, and recognizing one of them, he stopped to inquire for news of his missing friends.

"Oh, you wouldn't know your sweetheart on a night like this," replied the man he knew — a big handsome fellow, with a peculiar richness of voice. "Find a hole, Montjoy, and go to sleep in it, that's my advice. Were you much cut up?"

"I don't know," answered Dan, uneasily. "I'm trying to make sure that we were not. I lost the others somewhere on the road — a horse knocked me down."

"Well, if this is to be the last battle, I shouldn't mind a scratch myself," put in a voice from the darkness, "even if it's nothing more than a bruise from a horse's hoof. By the bye, Montjoy, did you see the way Stuart rode down the Zouaves? I declare the slope looked like a field of poppies in full bloom. Your cousin was in that charge, I believe, and he came out whole. I saw him afterwards."

"Oh, the cavalry gets the best of everything," said Dan, with a sigh, and he was passing on, when Jack Powell, coming out of the darkness, stumbled against him, and broke into a delighted laugh.

"Why, bless my soul, Beau, I thought you'd run after the fleshpots of Washington!" His face was flushed with excitement and the soft curls upon his forehead were wet and dark. Around his mouth there was a black stain from bitten cartridges. "By George, it was a jolly day, wasn't it, old man?" he added warmly.

"Where are the others?" asked Dan, grasping his arm in an almost frantic pressure.

"The others? they're all right — all except poor Welch,

who got a ball in his thigh, you know. Did you see him when he was taken off the field? He laughed as he passed me and shouted back that he 'was always willing to spare a leg or two to the cause!'"—*The Battleground* (Copyright 1902 by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY).

GLEIG, GEORGE ROBERT, a British historian and biographer; born in Scotland in 1796; died in 1888. He studied at Glasgow, and entered Balliol College, Oxford, at fifteen. In 1812 he left the University, and received a commission in the army, serving on the Peninsula, and afterward in America, being present at the capture and burning of the city of Washington and at the battle of New Orleans. Of these military operations in America he wrote a narrative, *Campaigns in America* (1821), which is the best account of these events which we have from British sources. After the restoration of peace in Europe he re-entered the University of Oxford, took orders in the Anglican Church, and received several important benefices. In 1844 he was made Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, and in 1846 Chaplain-General of the forces, a position which he resigned in 1875. His writings are very numerous, including several novels and sketches of life and character, and works in history and biography. Among the most important of those of the latter class are *The Campaigns in America; The Story of the Battle of Waterloo; The Life of Lord Clive; The Life of Warren Hastings; Life of the Duke of Wellington; Traditions of Chelsea College; The Family History of England;* and *The Military History of Great Britain.*

THE CAPTURE, BURNING, AND EVACUATION OF WASHINGTON.

As the distance from Bladensburg to Washington does not exceed four miles, there appeared to be no further obstacle in the way to prevent its immediate capture. An opportunity so favorable was not endangered by any needless delay. While the two brigades which had been engaged at Bladensburg remained upon the field to recover their order, the third, which formed the reserve, and was consequently unbroken, took the lead, and pushed forward at a rapid rate toward Washington.

As it was not the intention of the British government to attempt permanent conquest in this part of America; and as the General was well aware that, with a handful of men he could not pretend to establish himself for any length of time in the enemy's capital, he determined to lay it under contribution, and to return quietly to the shipping. Nor was there anything unworthy of the character of a British officer in their determination. By all the customs of war, whatever public property may chance to be in a captured town becomes confessedly the just spoil of the conqueror; and in thus proposing to accept a certain sum of money in lieu of that property, he was showing mercy rather than severity to the vanquished.

Such being the intention of General Ross, he did not march the troops immediately into the city, but halted them upon a plain, in its vicinity, whilst a flag of truce was sent in with terms. But whatever his proposal might have been, it was not so much as heard; for scarcely had the party bearing the flag entered the street, than they were fired upon from the windows of one of the houses, and the horse of the General himself, who accompanied them, killed. All thoughts of accommodation were instantly laid aside; the troops advanced forthwith into the town, and having first put to the sword all who were found in the house, from which the shots were fired, and reduced it to ashes, they proceeded without a

moment's delay to burn and destroy everything in the most distant degree connected with the government.

In this general devastation were included the Senate-house, the President's palace, an extensive dock-yard and arsenal, barracks for two or three thousand men, several large store-houses filled with naval and military stores, some hundreds of cannon of different descriptions, and nearly 20,000 stand of small arms. There were also two or three public rope-works which shared in the same fate; a fine frigate, pierced for sixty guns, and just ready to be launched; several gun-brigs and armed schooners, with a variety of gun-boats and small craft. The powder magazines were of course set on fire, and exploded with a tremendous crash, throwing down many houses in their vicinity, partly by pieces of the walls striking them, and partly by the concussion of the air; whilst quantities of shot, shell, and hand-grenades, which could not otherwise be rendered useless, were thrown into the river. . . . All this was as it should be; and had the arm of vengeance been extended no farther there would not have been room given for so much as a whisper of disapprobation. But unfortunately it did not stop here. A noble library, several printing offices, and all the public archives were likewise committed to the flames, which though undoubtedly the property of the government, might better have been spared. . . .

I need scarcely observe that the consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and that to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been in the success of their troops that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses or abandoning the city. Nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say; but, according to my informant, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible than he began to discover that his pres-

ence was more wanted in the senate than with the army; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers.

When the detachment sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house entered his dining parlor, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the sideboard; plateholders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons were arranged for immediate use. In short, everything was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other ordinary utensils, upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. It may be readily imagined that these preparations were beheld by a party of hungry soldiers with no indifferent eyes. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civil feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would probably have escaped their rival gourmands, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

But as I have just observed, this was a night of dismay to the inhabitants of Washington. They were taken

completely by surprise; nor could the arrival of the Flood be more unexpected to the natives of the antediluvian world than the arrival of the British army to them. The first impulse, of course, tempted them to fly, and the streets were in consequence crowded with soldiers and senators, men, women, and children; horses, carriages and carts loaded with household furniture all hastening toward a wooden bridge which crosses the Potomac. The confusion thus occasioned was terrible, and the crowd upon the bridge was such as to endanger its safety. But Mr. Madison, having escaped among the first, was no sooner safe on the opposite bank of the river than he gave orders that the bridge should be broken down; which being obeyed, the rest were obliged to return, and to trust to the clemency of the victors.

In this manner was the night passed by both parties, and at day-break the next morning the light brigade moved into the city, while the reserve fell back to a height about half a mile in the rear. Little, however, now remained to be done, because everything marked out for destruction was already consumed. Of the Senate-house, the President's palace, the barracks, the dock-yard, etc., nothing could be seen except heaps of smoking ruins; and even the bridge, a noble structure, upward of a mile in length, was almost wholly demolished. There was, therefore, no further occasion to scatter the troops, and they were accordingly kept together as much as possible on the Capitol Hill. But it was not alone on account of the completion of their destructive labors that this was done. A powerful army of Americans already began to show themselves upon some heights at the distance of two or three miles from the city; and as they sent out detachments of horse even to the very suburbs, for the purpose of watching our motions, it would have been unsafe to permit more straggling than was absolutely necessary. The army which we had overthrown on the day before, though defeated, was far from annihilated; and having by this time recovered from its panic, began to concentrate itself in our front, and presented quite as formidable an ap-

pearance as ever. We learned also that it was joined by a considerable force from the back settlements, which had arrived too late to take part in the action, and the report was that both combined amounted to nearly 12,000 men.

Whether or not it was their intention to attack, I cannot pretend to say, because it was noon before they showed themselves; and soon after, when something like a movement could be discerned, the sky grew suddenly dark, and the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the oldest inhabitants of the place came on. When the hurricane had blown over, the camp of the Americans appeared to be in as great a state of confusion as our own, nor could either party recover themselves sufficiently during the rest of the day to try the fortune of a battle. Of this General Ross did not fail to take advantage. He had already attained all that he could hope, and perhaps more than he originally expected to attain; consequently, to risk another action would only be to spill blood for no purpose. Whatever might be the issue of the contest, he could derive from it no advantage. If he were victorious, it would not destroy the necessity which existed for evacuating Washington; if defeated, his ruin was certain. To avoid fighting was therefore his object; and perhaps he owed its accomplishment to the fortunate occurrence of the storm. Be that, however, as it may, a retreat was resolved upon; and we now only waited for night to put the resolution into practice.

As soon as darkness had come on, the third brigade, which was posted in the rear of our army, began its retreat. Then followed the guns; afterward the second, and last of all the light brigade — exactly reversing the order which had been maintained during the advance. It being a matter of great importance to deceive the enemy, and to prevent pursuit, the rear of the column did not quit its ground upon the Capitol Hill till a late hour. During the day an order had been issued that none of the inhabitants should be seen in the streets after eight o'clock, and as fear renders most men obedient, this order was punctually attended to.

All the horses belonging to different officers had likewise been removed to drag the guns, nor was any one allowed to ride, lest a neigh, or even the trampling of hoofs, should excite suspicion. The fires were trimmed, and made to blaze bright; and fuel enough left to keep them so for some hours; and finally, about half-past nine o'clock, the troops formed in marching order, and moved off in the most profound silence. Not a word was spoken, nor a single individual permitted to step one inch out of his place; and thus they passed along the streets perfectly unnoticed, and cleared the town without any alarm being given.— *Campaigns in America.*

REFLECTIONS UPON THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The primary cause of our defeat may be traced to the disclosure of our designs to the enemy. How this occurred, I shall not take it upon me to declare. The attack upon New Orleans was professedly a secret expedition; so secret, indeed, that it was not communicated to the inferior officers and soldiers in the armament till immediately previous to our quitting Jamaica. To the Americans, however, it appears to have been known long before; and hence it was that instead of taking them unawares, we found them fully prepared for our reception. But it is past, and cannot be recalled; and therefore to point out errors on the part of my countrymen can serve no good end. That the failure is to be lamented no one will deny, since the conquest of New Orleans would have been the most valuable acquisition that could be made to the British dominion throughout the whole western hemisphere. In possession of that post, we should have kept the entire southern trade of the United States in check, and furnished means of commerce to our own merchants of incalculable value. . . .

Should another war break out between Great Britain and America, there is but one course by which it can be successfully carried on by us. To penetrate up the country amidst pathless forests and boundless deserts, and to aim at permanent conquest, is out of the ques-

tion. America must be assaulted only on her coasts. Her harbors destroyed, her shipping burned, and her seaport towns laid waste, are the only evils which she has reason to dread; and were a sufficient force embarked with these orders, no American war would be of long continuance.

To the plan which I propose, of making desert the whole line of coasts, it may be objected that by so doing we should distress individuals and not the government. But they who offer this objection forget the nature both of the people whose cause they plead, and of the government under which they live. In a democratical government, the voice of the people must at all times prevail. I admit that in some absolute monarchies, where war is more properly the pastime of kings than the desire of subjects, non-combatants ought to be dealt with as humanely as possible. Not so, however, in states governed by popular assemblies. By compelling the constituents to experience the real hardships and miseries of warfare, you will soon compel the representatives to a vote of peace. There are few men who would not rather endure a raging fever for three days than a slow and lingering disease for three months. So it is with a democracy at war. Burn their houses, plunder their property, block up their harbors, and destroy their shipping in a few places, and before you have time to proceed to the rest, you will be stopped by entreaties for peace.

Should another war break out between Great Britain and the United States, this is the course to be adopted by the former. Besides this, I humbly conceive that a second attempt should be made upon New Orleans; since the importance of the conquest would authorize any sacrifice for its attainment, and when once gained it could easily be defended. The neck of land on which that city is built extends in the same manner above it as below; and therefore the same advantages which it holds out to its present defenders it would likewise hold out to us. A chain of works thrown across it from the river to the marsh would render it inaccessible from above; while by covering the lakes and the Mississippi

with cruisers, all attacks from below would be sufficiently guarded against.— *Campaigns in America.*

GLOUCESTER, Robert of, an English chronicler and poet, who flourished about 1290, living during the reign of Henry III. and Edward I. He was a monk of Gloucester. His principal work is a rhymed *Chronicle of England,* from the legendary age of Brut down to the close of the reign of Henry III. (1272). He also wrote poems on the *Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket* and the *Life of St. Brandan and other Saints.* His own language is mainly Anglo-Saxon, although the Norman-French was prevalent in England in his time. In the following extracts his language has been considerably modernized, both in spelling and in the words themselves.

ENGLAND AND THE NORMANS.

Thuse come, lo! Engelond into Normannes honde;
And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche,
And speke French as due atom, and here chyldren dude al so teche;
So that heymen of thys lond, that of her blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hem nome;
Vor bote a man couthe French me tolth of hym wel lute;
Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss and to her kunde speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none
That ne noldeth to her kunde speche bot Engelond one.

Ac wel me wot vor to conne both wel yt ys;
Bor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.
Thus came, lo! England into Normans' hand;
And the Normans could speak them but their own speech,
And spake French as [they] did at home, and their children did also teach;
So that high men of this land, that of their blood come,
Hold all the same speech that they of them took;
For but [except] a man know French men tell of him well little;
But low men hold to English and to their natural speech yet.
I wene there not be man in world countries none
That not holdeth to their natural speech but England alone.
But well I wot for to know both well it is;
For the more that a man knows, the more worth he is.

THE MUSTER FOR THE FIRST CRUSADE, 1095.

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that hecht Urban
That preached of the creyserie, and creysed mony man.
Therefore he send preachers through all Christendom,
And himself a-this-side the mounts and to France comes;
And preached so fast and with so great wisdom,
That about in each lond the cross fast me none.
In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
This great creyserie began, that long was i-seen.
Of so much folk nyme the cross, ne to the holy lond go,
Me ne see no time before, ne suth nathemo.
For self women ne beleved, that they ne wend thither fast,
Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while the voyage y-last.
So that Robert Carthose thitherward his heart cast,
And, among other good knights, ne thought not be the last,
He wends here to Englond for the creyserie,
And laid William his brother to wed Normandy,

And borrowed of him thereon an hundred thousand mark,
To wend with to the holy lond, and that was some-deal stark. . . .
The Earl Robert of Flanders mid him wend also,
And Eustice Earl of Boulogne, and mony good knight thereto.
There wend the Duke Geoffrey, and the Earl Baldwin there,
And the other Baldwin also, that noble men were,
And kings syth all three of the holy lond.
The Earl Stephen de Blois wend eke, that great power had on hond,
And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to wive.
There wend yet other knights, the best that were alive;
As the Earl of St. Giles, the good Raymond,
And Niel the king's brother of France, and the Earl Beumond.
And Tancred his nephew, and the Bishop also
Of Podys, and Sir Hugh the great Earl thereto;
And folk also without tale of all this west end
Of Englond and of France, thitherward gan wend,
Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Britain,
Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,
Of Province and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
Of Scotlond and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitain.

GLOVER, RICHARD, an English poet; born at London in 1712; died there, November 25, 1785. He was the son of a London and Hamburg merchant, and followed the vocation of his father; but he devoted much of his time to letters, and was considered one of the best Greek scholars of his day. In 1737 he wrote an epic poem, *Leonidas,* which was very popular in its day. This was fol-

lowed by a continuation entitled *Athenaid.* He wrote two tragedies, *Boadicea* and *Medea,* constructed upon Greek models. He was returned to Parliament in 1760, and gained considerable reputation as a speaker, and by his knowledge of commercial matters. As a poet his memory is preserved not by his epics, but by his ballad of *Admiral Hosier's Ghost,* written in 1739 with a view to excite the English against the Spaniards.

"Glover endeavored," says the London *Quarterly Review,* "to imitate the ancients, but wanted strength to support the severe style which he had chosen. He has, however, many and great merits; this especially, among others, that instead of treading in the sheep-track wherein the writers of modern epics, till his time, *servum pecus,* had gone one after the other, he framed the stories of both his poems to their subject, without reference to any model, or any rule but that of propriety and good sense."

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Portobello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all glorious,
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,

And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale band was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders — not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none:
But with twenty ships had done

What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrong prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves forever mourning,
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England — shamed in me."

E. L. GODKIN.

GODKIN, Edwin Lawrence, an American journalist and essayist; born at Moyne, Wicklow, Ireland, October 2, 1831; died in England, May 20, 1902. He was educated at a grammar school near Wakefield, England, and at Queen's College, Belfast, from which he graduated in 1851. From 1854 to 1856 he was the Crimean War correspondent of the London *Daily News.* In the fall of 1856 he came to the United States, and the following winter he made a tour of the Southern States, an account of which appeared in letters to the London *Daily News.* He studied law and was admitted to the bar and practiced for a few years. He was the war correspondent for the London *Daily News,* and for the New York *Times* during the Civil War in the United States. In 1865 he became editor of the *Nation* and in 1866 its proprietor. In 1881 the *Nation* was made the weekly issue of the New York *Evening Post* and Mr. Godkin became one of the editors and proprietors of the joint publication. He was the author of a *History of Hungary* (1856); a work on *Government* in the *American Science Series* (1871); *Henry G. Pearson: a Memorial Address* (1894); *Reflections and Comments* (1895); and *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy* (1898).

"As an editor," says *The Bookman,* "Mr. Godkin, so far from being swayed by the breath of public favor, has, perhaps, too often gone to the other extreme, and, by what appears to many to be a kind of perversity, has exulted in it, setting himself in direct opposition to the popular tide. In this way there have been times when his aggressive independence has

put in jeopardy a worthy cause, and has not infrequently estranged some of its most conscientious supporters. Yet in the main, as his attitude has become better understood, it has often at last been triumphantly vindicated; and some very marked revolutions in the national mind can be traced unmistakably to the persistent and powerful hammering of Mr. Godkin upon the door of the national conscience.

"His style is ease and simplicity itself. It is crisp and neat; the sentences are short and to the point, oftentimes wholly colloquial; but the ease is not that of a loafer in his shirt-sleeves, but of a gentleman in the easy-chair of his club. His irony is a weapon that he uses with consummate mastery. Its touch is light, yet it can make the apparently imposing cause of an adversary shrivel like a leaf. Anything more intensely exasperating than some of his strokes cannot well be conceived of; and we believe that he is the only journalistic opponent who has ever been able to rouse the veteran Dana to serious wrath."

COMMENCEMENT ADMONITIONS.

It is quite evident that with the multiplication of colleges, which is very rapid, it will, before long, become impossible for the newspapers to furnish the reports of the proceedings in and about commencements which they now lay before their readers with such profuseness. The long letters describing with wearisome minuteness what has been described already fifty times will undoubtedly before long be given up. So also, we fancy, will the reports of the "baccalaureate sermons," if these addresses are to retain their value as pieces of parting advice to young men. There is nothing in the newspaper literature, on the whole, less edifying, and sometimes more amusing, than the reporter's *précis* of pulpit discourses, so thoroughly does he deprive them of force

and vigor and point, and often of intelligibility. The ordinary sermon addressed on Sunday to the ordinary congregation deals with a great variety of topics, and from many different points of view, and with more or less diversity of method. The baccalaureate sermon, on the other hand, consists, from the necessity of the case, in the main of advice to youths at their entrance on life, and the substance of such discourses can, in the nature of things, undergo no great change from year to year, and must be strikingly similar in all the colleges. Any freshness they may have they must owe to the rhetorical powers of particular preachers, and even these cannot greatly vary in dealing with so familiar a theme. What the old man has to say to the young man, the teacher to the pupil, the father to the son, at the moment when the gates of the great world are flung open to the college graduate, has undergone but little modification in a thousand years, and has become very well known to all collegians long before they take their degree. To make the parting words of warning and encouragement tell on ears that are now eager for other and louder sounds, everything that can be done needs to be done to preserve their freshness and their pathos, and certainly nothing could do as much to deprive them of both one and the other as hashing them up annually in a slovenly report as part of the news of the day. —*Reflections and Comments.*

THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR.

The first which struck one, and it was a most agreeable one, was what I may call the emancipation which conversation and social intercourse with Northerners had undergone. In 1857 the tone of nearly everybody with whom I came in contact, however veiled by politeness, was in some degree irritable and defiant. My host and I were never long before the evening fire without my finding that he was impatient to talk about slavery, that he suspected me of disliking it, and yet that he wished to have me understand that he did not care, and that nobody at the South cared two cents what I thought about it, and that it was a little impertinent in me, who

knew so little of the negro, to have any opinion about it at all. I was obliged, too, to confess inwardly that there was a good deal of justification for his bad temper. There was I, a curious stranger, roving through his country and eating at his board, and all the while secretly or openly criticising or condemning his relations with his laborers and servants, and in fact, the whole scheme of his domestic life. He looked at everything in politics and society from what might be called the slave-holder's point of view, and suspected me, on the other hand, of disguising reprobation of the South and its institutions in any praise of the North or of France or England which I might utter.

In Virginia of to-day I was conscious of a curious change in the atmosphere, as if the windows of a close room had been suddenly opened. The negro, too, about whom I used to have to be so careful, with whom I used to make it a point of honor not to talk privately or apart from his master when I was staying on a plantation, was wandering about loose, as it were, and nobody seemed to care anything about him any more than about any poor man. I found every Southerner I spoke to as ready to discuss him as to discuss sheep or oxen, to let you have your own views about him just as you had them about sheep or oxen. Moreover, I found instead of the stereotyped orthodox view of his place and capacity which prevailed in 1857, a great variety of opinion about him, mostly depreciatory, it is true, but still varying in degree as well as in kind. In short, as one Southerner expressed it to me on my mentioning the change, "Yes, sir, we have been brought into intellectual and moral relations with the rest of the civilized world." All subjects are now open at the South in conversation.—*Reflections and Comments.*

GODWIN, MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, an English essayist; born at Hoxton, April 27, 1759; died at London, September 10, 1797. By her own exertions she fitted herself for teaching. Two years before her mother's death, in 1780, she left home to earn her own living, and for a number of years was successively companion, teacher, and governess. About 1777 she was introduced to Dr. Johnson, and shortly after became his literary adviser, he having previously purchased her *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters,* and she now began translating. Among her translations are Salzmann's *Elements of Morality* and Lavater's *Physiognomy.* In 1791 she published her answer to *Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution,* and soon after her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman,* a work far in advance of the age, a plea for equality of education for men and women, and for national education. In it she argued that true marriage must be based upon intellectual companionship. In 1792 she went to Paris, and remained during the Reign of Terror, witnessing its atrocities, and collecting material for her able book, *Historical and Moral View of the French Revolution,* of which only one volume was published. She returned to London, and in 1796, while supporting herself by her literary labors, she met William Godwin, a novelist, and they were married the same year. She died in 1797, a few days after the birth of a daughter, who afterward became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Her most important published works in addition to those already mentioned are *Original Stories from*

Real Life (1791); *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1793); *Mary, a Fiction* (1796); *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark* (1796); *Posthumous Works,* 4 vols. (1798). She was buried in Old St. Pancras, but her remains were afterward removed to St. Peter's, Bournemouth, by her grandson, Sir Percy Shelley.

THE RIGHTS AND INVOLVED DUTIES OF MANKIND.

In the present state of society it appears necessary to go back to first principles in search of the most simple truths, and to dispute with some prevailing prejudice every inch of ground. To clear my way, I must be allowed to ask some plain questions, and the answers will probably appear as unequivocal as the axioms on which reasoning is built; though, when entangled with various motives of action, they are formally contradicted, either by the words or conduct of men.

In what does man's pre-eminence over the brute creation consist? The answer is as clear as that a half is less than the whole; in Reason.

What acquirement exalts one being above another? Virtue; we spontaneously reply.

For what purpose were the passions implanted? That man by struggling with them might attain a degree of knowledge denied to the brutes; whispers Experience.

Consequently the perfection of our nature and capability of happiness, must be estimated by the degree of reason, virtue, and knowledge, that distinguish the individual, and direct the laws which bind society; and that from the exercise of reason, knowledge and virtue naturally flow, is equally undeniable, if mankind be viewed collectively.

The rights and duties of man thus simplified, it seems almost impertinent to attempt to illustrate truths that appear so incontrovertible; yet such deeply rotted prejudices have clouded reason, and such spurious qualities have assumed the name of virtues, that it is necessary

to pursue the course of reason as it has been perplexed and involved in error, by various adventitious circumstances, comparing the simple axiom with casual deviations.

Men, in general, seem to employ their reason to justify prejudices, which they have imbibed, they cannot trace how, rather than to root them out. The mind must be strong that resolutely forms its own principles; for a kind of intellectual cowardice prevails which makes many men shrink from the task, or only do it by halves. Yet the imperfect conclusions thus drawn, are frequently very plausible, because they are built on partial experience, on just, though narrow, views.

Going back to first principles, vice skulks with all its native deformity, from close investigation; but a set of shallow reasoners are always exclaiming that these arguments prove too much, and that a measure rotten at the core may be expedient. Thus expediency is continually contrasted with simple principles, till truth is lost in a mist of words, virtue, in forms, and knowledge rendered a sounding nothing, by the specious prejudices that assume its name.— *Vindication of the Rights of Woman.*

UNNATURAL DISTINCTIONS ESTABLISHED IN SOCIETY

It is a melancholy truth, yet such is the blessed effect of civilization! The most respectable women are the most oppressed; and, unless they have understandings far superior to the common run of understandings, taking in both sexes, they must, from being treated like contemptible beings, become contemptible. How many women thus waste life away the prey of discontent, who might have practiced as physicians, regulated a farm, managed a shop, and stood erect, supported by their own industry, instead of hanging their heads surcharged with the dew of sensibility, that consumes the beauty to which it at first gave lustre; . . .

How much more respectable is the woman who earns her own bread by fulfilling any duty, than the most accomplished beauty? — beauty did I say? — so sensible

am I of the beauty of moral loveliness, or the harmonious propriety that attunes the passions of a well-regulated mind, that I blush at making the comparison.—*Vindication of the Rights of Woman.*

GODWIN, PARKE, an American journalist; born at Paterson, N. J., February 25, 1816; died at New York, January 7, 1904. He graduated from Princeton College in 1834; studied law, but did not enter upon legal practice. He married a daughter of William Cullen Bryant, and from 1837 to 1853 was editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post.* Besides writing largely for various periodicals, he in 1856 published a collection of some of his papers, under the title of *Political Essays.* In 1865 he again became connected with, and later managing editor of, the *Evening Post.* His works include *A Popular View of the Doctrines of Charles Fourier* (1844); *Constructive Democracy* and *Vala, a Mythological Tale* (1851); *Handbook of Universal Biography* (1851); *History of France,* of which only the first volume relating to ancient Gaul has been published (1861); *Out of the Past,* a volume of Essays (1870); *Commemorative Addresses* (1895); and *A New Study of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (1900). He edited the works of *William Cullen Bryant,* with a biography (6 vols., 1883, 1884).

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT OF 1855.

In the year 1850 it was decreed by conventions of the Whig and Democratic parties, representing three-fifths at least of the people who concern themselves with pol-

PARKE GODWIN.

itics, that the "Compromise Measures" were a final settlement, "in principle and in substance," of the question of slavery. Mr. Webster, who had contributed so much talent and reputation to their success, as he drew near to his death, congratulated himself and the country that there was then no part of the territory of the United States in which this subject had not been disposed of by positive law. The President of the nation, even in his first Message, was impelled to speak of those measures as having "given renewed vigor to our institutions, and restored a sense of repose and security to the public mind throughout the Confederacy;" and he promises that this "repose should suffer no shock, if he had the power to avert it, during his administration."

Yet those measures had scarcely been promulged, their great advocate of Massachusetts was hardly cold in his grave, the President himself was but warm in his chair, when the agitation of the slavery question broke forth anew, with a universality and earnestness of feeling never before equalled. Slavery became at once the real and vital question of the day. It vibrated in every heart, and burned on every tongue. Older issues were dropped in the intense excitement it occasioned; the ancient rallying cries, once so potent in marshalling the electoral lieges around the standards of their leaders, grew as charmless as the blasts of fish-horns; and the freshest of political frenzies, the "Know-nothing" excitement, which a year before swept over the land like a torrent, was arrested and broken into foam by the opposing waves of this greater agitation. The hopes of a long era of political quiet, engendered by the reconciling action of Congress and the conventions, were dashed to the ground, and the flames of former feuds — extinguished for a brief time — were kindled once more into a livelier energy and glow.

But there is a peculiarity in the revived commotion which it is impossible not to remark. During the earlier periods of the anti-slavery excitement, it was mainly confined to men of ardent temperaments and extreme opinion — to abolitionists, strictly so-called; but as things

are now, it is shared by men of tempered and conservative disposition. The cautious and the wiseheads silvered over with age, and hearts which experience has taught to beat in measured pulses, arejoined with more enthusiastic spirits in a common cause. It is indeed no exaggeration to describe the feeling at the North as general. If we except the small joint-stock association which draws the udders of the Federal Government, and a score or two of effete politicians, who, like the elder Bourbons, forget nothing and learn nothing, there is not a thinking man among us who is not absorbed in this subject of the domination and spread of slavery.

Whence this change? Why are the halcyon expectations, which gathered about the compromises as a halo, dispersed? Why are minds the least quick to catch the impulses of the times, carried away by the prevailing sentiment. Why are they compelled into coalition with those for whom, a little while ago, they felt no sympathy, and whose plans of policy they disapproved? Is it that the hereditary anti-slavery sentiment of the North has received some new and mysterious access of violence, like a fever which recurs in a more malignant type? Is it that the people of the North have been suddenly seized with some irrational animosity toward their brethren of the South, and rush forward blindly to the perpetration of an unprovoked injustice? Not at all. There is nothing thoughtless or unkind in the present movement. It is a legitimate fruit of circumstances — a natural and normal development of events, which any sagacious student of cause and effect might have predicted, and which indeed was predicted by many in the deepest lull of 1850.

In the first place, there can be no finality in politics except in the establishment of justice and truth. Where society is divided on a principle, and that principle involves, besides its moral issues, vast practical interests, no parliamentary device or legislative expedient can put a stop to the discussion of it; no compromising adjustment can settle it forever. The very attempt to settle it in this way, though it may succeed in quelling an existing vehemence of agitation, will in the end provoke a

more vehement reaction. For the mind of man is in its nature vital and irrepressible. You may force it down, but you cannot keep it there; its inherent elasticity will cause it to spring back; and in that spring, perhaps, it will tear into shreds the cords by which it was bound. When the compromisers of 1850 therefore undertook to suppress the discussion of slavery, they undertook what was plainly impossible; and much of exacerbation which has since arisen must be referred to a natural revolt against that impracticable enterprise.

But in the second place, there is to be remarked a special cause for the late outbreak of anti-slavery feeling, and particularly for its appearance among those classes which have not heretofore manifested a strong tendency in that direction. It is this: that a gigantic fraud has been committed in the name of slavery, which has aroused a keen sense of wrong, and filled the dullest understandings with apprehensions for the security of our future liberties. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which repealed the Missouri Compromise — sprung like a trap, as it was, upon a Congress not chosen in reference to it; hurried through the forms of legislation, under whip and spur, by a temporary majority; alleging a falsehood in its very terms, and having the seizure of a vast province, secured to freedom by thirty years of plighted faith, as its motive — was the fatal signal which after astounding the nation by its audacity, rallied it to battle.— *Political Essays: 1856.*

THE ORIGIN OF "THANATOPSIS."

While Bryant was striving to keep his business well in hand, and for that purpose to detach his mind completely from literature, the Fates were arranging it otherwise. Some time in June, 1817, his father wrote to him from Boston that Mr. Willard Phillips desired him to contribute something to his new *Review.* "Prose or poetry," said the father, "will be equally acceptable. I wish, if you have leisure, you would comply, as it might be the means of introducing you to notice in the capital. Those who contribute are generally known to the *literati*

in and about Boston." The younger Bryant was not tempted, or was too busy to reply; and so the ambitious father undertook to push the matter in his own way. While his son was yet at Bridgewater, he had discovered the manuscripts of *Thanatopsis,* the *Fragment,* and a few other poems, carefully hidden away in a desk. A tradition in the family runs that, when he read the first of these, he carried it to a lady in the neighborhood, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and exclaimed: "Oh! read that; it is Cullen's." Mrs. Howe in her *Reminiscences* relates that, "during Cullen's residence in Bridgewater, Dr. Bryant brought us two manuscript poems — *Thanatopsis* and *The Waterfowl.* We were greatly delighted with them, and so was the father, who enjoyed our commendations of them very much." He was so much delighted with them that he resolved to carry them to Boston, to subject them to the judgment of his friend Phillips, whose new literary enterprise, called *The North American Review,* though but recently established, had already acquired some name.

Dr. Bryant carried his wares to Phillips, because Phillips some years before (1804) had been a country neighbor. As *Thanatopsis* in the first draft was full of erasures and interlineations, he had transcribed it; but the other pieces were left in their original state. Mr. Phillips was not at home when he called, and so he left his package with his name. When it was put into the editor's hands, he read the poems with an absorbed interest, saw at once their superiority to those he had been in the habit of receiving, and he hastened with them to his fellows in Cambridge, to take their opinions. They listened attentively to his reading of them, when Dana, at the close, remarked, with a quiet smile: "Ah! Phillips, you have been imposed upon; no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses."

It is easy to imagine the surprise with which these editors — whose best contributions before had been indifferent translations from Martial or Boileau, or original pieces merely imitative of some reigning English favorite — listened to the sombre but majestic roll, as of the sea, in *Thanatopsis* or to the low, soft music, as of

wind through innumerable leaves, in the *Fragment.* Dana, indeed, having just written a review of Washington Allston's *Sylphs of the Season,* in which he speaks of it as "a cause of grief and mortification' that it was the only exception in a wide waste of feebleness and nullity, we cannot wonder at his exclamation. But Phillips rejoined with some spirit, that he had not been imposed upon: "I know," he said, "the gentleman who wrote the best of them, at least, very well; an old acquaintance of mine — Dr. Bryant — at this moment sitting in the State-House in Boston as Senator from Hampshire County."

"Then," responded Dana, "I must have a look at him;" and putting on his clogs and his cloak, he trudged over to Boston. "Arrived at the Senate," said Mr. Dana in a conversation afterward with the Rev. Robert C. Waterson, "I caused the Doctor to be pointed out to me. I looked at him with profound attention and interest; and while I saw a man of striking presence, the stamp of genius seemed to be wanting. It is a good head," I said to myself, "but I do not see *Thanatopsis* in it;" and he went back a little disappointed.

The two poems were published in September; but prefixed to *Thanatopsis* were four stanzas on the subject of Death which, though accidentally contained in the same bundle, had no connection with it, and were not intended for publication. In the immediate circle of the reviewers the excellence of both poems was acknowledged, and father and son were solicited to become regular contributors. Mr. Phillips, writing to the son, says: "I recollect the epitome of your present self, and with pleasure renew the acquaintance through your father. Your *Fragment* was exceedingly liked here. Among others, Mr. Channing, the clergyman, spoke very highly of it, and all the best judges say that it and your father's *Thanatopsis* are the very best poetry that has been published in this country." Some months afterward Dr. Bryant wrote to his son: "With respect to *Thanatopsis,* I know not what led Phillips to imagine that I wrote it, unless it was because it was transcribed by me. I left it at his house when he was absent, and did

not see him afterward. I have, however, set him right on that subject." But if Phillips was set right others were not, for Edward Channing, nearly a year later still refers to the poem as Dr. Bryant's; and Mr. Dana was under the same impression in 1821, when Mr. Bryant first went to Boston.—*Biography of William Cullen Bryant.*

GODWIN, WILLIAM, an English novelist and historian; born at Wisbeach, March 3, 1756; died at London, April 7, 1836. He was the son of a dissenting clergyman, and was himself for a while a dissenting minister. For some time he carried on business as a bookseller, under the assumed name of "Edward Baldwin," publishing a number of small histories and books for children, some of which were written by himself. In 1796 he married Mary Wollstonecraft.

Godwin's earliest work of any importance was the *Inquiry Concerning Political Justice* (1793), in which he urged "an intellectual republic founded upon universal benevolence." His latest work was *Thoughts on Man, His Nature, Productions, and Discoveries.* During his literary life he wrote an immense number of books in almost very department of literature. The most important of his strictly historical works is the *History of the Commonwealth* (4 vols., 1824–28). A posthumous work, *The Genius of Christianity Unveiled,* was published in 1873. His *Autobiography, Memoirs, and Correspondence* was published in 1874. *William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries,* by C. Kegan Paul, appeared in 1876. Of Godwin's

novels only two, *Caleb Williams* (1794) and *St. Leon* (1799), have decided merit. The former of these has been many times reprinted.

CALEB WILLIAMS AND FALKLAND.

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr. Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in, in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colorless, his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one had dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed with all practicable expedition to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay

the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr. Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began:

"Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word: I would brave the consequences — I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr. Falkland, himself, forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr. Falkland well knows — I affirm it in his presence — how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fulness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successful surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me; it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, and led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence — why did you not continue in confidence? . . .

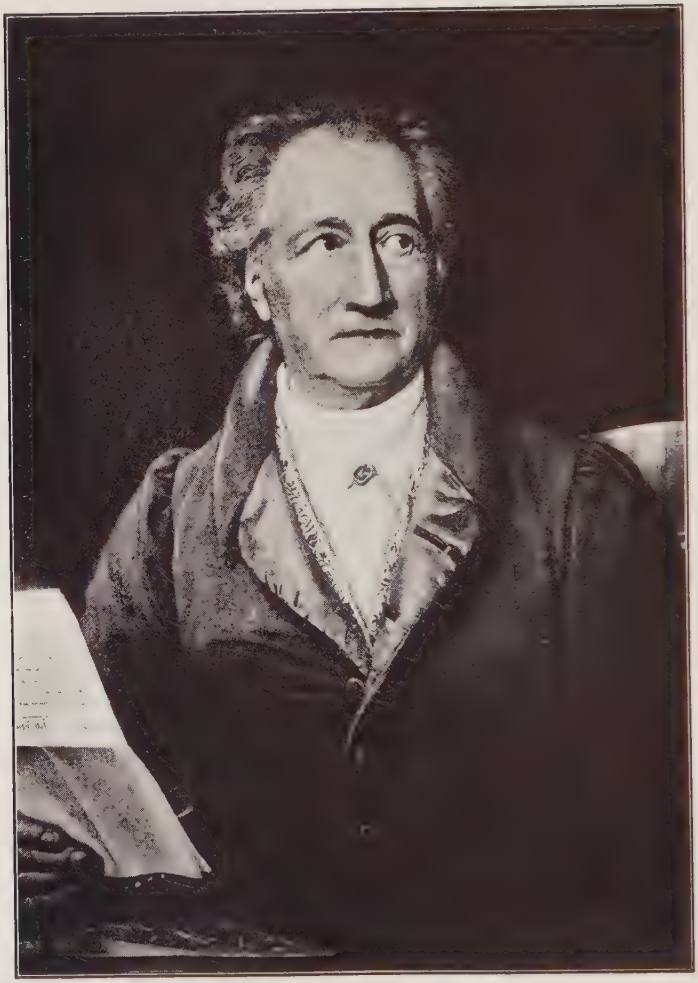
"I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation, I, for the first time, attempted,

by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr. Falkland showed humanity toward me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention: he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must have ultimately depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to

have sought his safety — in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and fervor in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me and imbitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting I have been a murderer — a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favor. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!"

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardor with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavored to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this



GOETHE.

should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment toward him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and — to my infinite astonishment — threw himself into my arms!

"Williams," said he, "you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is forever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be forever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now" — turning to the magistrate — "and now do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law." — *Caleb Williams.*

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, a German poet and critic; born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749; died at Weimar, March 22, 1832. His father, the son of a prosperous

tailor, was raised to the dignity of Imperial Counsellor, and at the age of thirty-eight was married to the seventeen-year-old daughter of Johann Wolfgang Textor, the chief magistrate of the city. Their son, named after his maternal grandfather, was destined to follow in the footsteps of his father, and become in due time an official in the staid city of Frankfort; but he early marked out for himself a quite different career. At sixteen he was sent to the University of Leipsic, and two years later to that of Strasburg to complete his studies in jurisprudence. In 1772 he went to the little town of Wetzlar, then the seat of the Imperial Court of Justice, in order to enter formally into the legal profession.

Before this time he had begun that long series of "attachments," of which he gives some account in his idealized autobiography, *Dichtung und Wahrheit aus Meinem Leben*. Of these attachments nothing need here be said, except in so far as they have a direct relation to some of his writings. They appear to have come to an unromantic conclusion in his fortieth year. He had just broken off a long intimacy with Frau von Stein, when he accidentally met Christine Vulpius, a pretty, clever, but uneducated girl of sixteen. She became his nominal servant, and the mother of his son. Nearly twenty years afterward — in 1806 — he married her in order to legitimatize their son (born in 1788, died in 1830).

While at Wetzlar, in 1772, Goethe fell in love with Charlotte Buff, who was betrothed to his friend Ketzner. Her heart, as one of Goethe's biographers ambiguously phrases it, "was large enough to hold both of them;" but Goethe suddenly withdrew from the intimacy — which on the part of Charlotte seems

to have been one of mere liking and friendship — and she and Ketzner were soon after married. It happened that among the students at Wetzlar was one named Jerusalem, who fell desperately in love with a married woman; and, finding his passion unreciprocated, blew out his brains with a pistol borrowed from Ketzner. Goethe combined his own love-story and that of Jerusalem into the romance *Die Leiden des Jungen Werther,* known in English as *The Sorrows of Werther,* which was published in 1774, and created an immense sensation not only in Germany but throughout Europe. *Werther,* however, was not the first work of Goethe. Besides a couple of dramatic pieces in which he depicted some of his own amatory experiences, he had in 1773 published the romantic drama of *Götz von Berlichingen,* the hero of which was a predatory baron of the sixteenth century, whose wont was to "take from the rich and give to the poor." This piece was in 1799 translated into English by Walter Scott, then a young Edinburgh lawyer. The celebrity attained by *Werther* brought Goethe to the notice of Charles Augustus, Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar — a man of literary and artistic proclivities — who in 1775 invited Goethe to spend a few weeks at his Court. The result was that the petty Court at Weimar was thenceforward the residence of Goethe, who became the bosom friend of the Grand-Duke, and virtually Prime-Minister; his official function being mainly that of Director of Amusements, and acting Manager of the Theatre. The current of his life at Weimar was interrupted by a two years' visit to Italy (1786–87), which he describes in his *Italiänische Reise.* Another episode occurred in 1792, when he accompanied the Prussian army in the

expedition to France which was brought to a close by the battle of Valmy — one of Mr. Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles. Of the inglorious campaign Goethe wrote a graphic account.

During the twenty years from 1775 to 1795 Goethe gave much thought to scientific subjects. He wrote much which is still regarded of high value upon Optics, upon the Theory of Colors, upon Comparative Anatomy, and upon the Metamorphoses of Plants. A notable incident in his life was the acquaintanceship which he formed in 1794 with Schiller, an acquaintanceship which grew into a close personal and literary friendship, which was terminated only by the death of Schiller in 1805.

The First Part of *Wilhelm Meister* — "The Apprenticeship" — appeared in 1795. This is known to English readers by Carlyle's spirited translation. The Second Part — "The Travels" — was also translated by Carlyle; but this part was so much altered by Goethe that Carlyle's translation very inadequately represents the work as finally given forth by the author. *Wilhelm Meister* was a work of slow growth; we find incidental mention that he was engaged upon it as early as 1780 — fifteen years before the publication of the First Part. *Faust* — of which more will be said — was also of slow growth. The minor poems of Goethe were written from time to time during the course of fully sixty years. A large part of these have been fairly translated into English by Edgar A. Bowring. His principal works, with the approximate dates of their first publication, are as follows: *Götz von Berlichingen* (1773); *Die Leiden des Jungen Werther* (1774); *Clavigo* (1774); *Iphigenia auf Tauris* (1779); *Jery and Bätely* (1789); *Torquato*

Tasso (1786); *Die Italiänische Reise* (1788); *Egmont* (1788); *Reinecke Fuchs* (1793); *Farbenlehre* (1794); *Wilhelm Meister* (Part I., 1795); *Hermann und Dorothea* (1797); *The Achilleis* (1797); *Faust* (Part I., 1805); *Wilhelm Meister* (Part II., 1808); *Wahlverwandschaften* (1809); *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (1812). *Faust* (Part II., 1831). Numerous volumes of Goethe's Correspondence with men of letters have been published. The most important of these are that with Schlegel and the brothers Humboldt, and that with Schiller, translated by George H. Calvert (1845). The earliest uniform German edition of the *Works* of Goethe appeared in 1827–31, in forty volumes, to which were soon added fifteen volumes of *Posthumous Works.* The best editions are those of Cotta (30 vols. 12mo, or 8 vols. 8vo, 1856–60). Among the numerous translations into English are *Götz von Berlichingen,* by Scott; *Wilhelm Meister,* by Carlyle; *Hermann und Dorothea,* by Ellen Frothingham and Edgar Bowring; *Dichtung und Wahrheit,* by Parke Godwin; and *Faust,* by John Anster and Bayard Taylor.

THE BOY AND THE PUPPETS.

In well-adjusted and well-regulated houses — continued Wilhelm Meister — children have a feeling not unlike what I conceive rats and mice to have; they keep a sharp eye on all crevices and holes where they may come at any forbidden dainty; they enjoy it also with a fearful, stolen satisfaction, which forms no small part of the happiness of childhood. More than any other of the young ones, I was in the habit of looking out attentively to see if I could notice any cupboard left open, or key standing in its lock. The more reverence I bore in my heart for these closed doors, on the outside of which I had to pass by for weeks and months, catching

only a furtive glance when our mother now and then opened the consecrated place to take something from it, the quicker was I to make use of any opportunities which the forgetfulness of our housekeeper at times afforded me.

Among all the doors that of the store-room was of course the one which I watched most narrowly. Few of the joyful anticipations in life can equal the feeling which I used to have when my mother happened to call me that I might help her to carry out anything, after which I might pick up a few dried plums, either with her kind permission, or by help of my own dexterity. The accumulated treasures of this chamber took hold of my imagination by their magnitude; the very fragrance exhaled by so multifarious a collection of sweet-smelling spices produced such a craving effect on me that I never failed, when passing near, to linger for a little, and regale myself on the unbolted atmosphere. At length, one Sunday morning, my mother, being hurried by the ringing of the church-bells, forgot to take the precious key with her on shutting the door, and went away, leaving all the house in a deep Sabbath stillness. No sooner had I marked this oversight than, gliding softly once or twice to and from the place, I at last approached very gingerly, opened the door, and felt myself, after a single step, in immediate contact with these manifold and long-wished for means of happiness. I glanced over glasses, chests and bags, and drawers and boxes, with a quick and doubtful eye, considering what I ought to choose and take; turned finally to my dear withered plums, provided myself also with a few dried apples, and completed the forage with an orange-chip.

I was quietly retreating with my plunder when some little chests, lying one over another caught my attention — the more so as I noticed a wire, with hooks at the end of it, sticking through the joints of the lid in one of them. Full of eager hopes, I opened this singular package; and judge of my emotions, when I found my glad world of heroes all sleeping within. I meant to pick out the topmost, and having examined them, to

pull up those below. But in this attempt the wires got very soon entangled, and I fell into a fright and flutter, more particularly as the cook just then began making some stir in the kitchen, which lay close by; so that I had nothing for it but to squeeze the whole together the best way I could, and to shut the chest, having stolen from it nothing but a little written book which happened to be lying above, and contained the whole drama of Goliath and David, which I had twice seen enacted by these puppets. With this booty I made good my retreat into the garret.

Henceforth all my stolen hours of solitude were devoted to perusing the play, to learning it by heart, and picturing in thought how glorious it would be, could I but get the figures to make them move along with it. In idea, I myself became David and Goliath by turns. In every corner of the courtyard, of the stables, of the garden, under all kinds of circumstances, I labored to stamp the whole piece upon my mind; laid hold of all the characters, and learned their speeches by heart, most commonly, however, taking up the parts of the chief personages, and allowing all the rest to move along with them — but as satellites — across my memory. Thus day and night the heroic words of David, wherewith he challenged the braggart giant Goliath of Gath, kept their place in my thoughts. I often muttered them to myself, while no one gave heed to me except my father, who frequently observing some such detached exclamation, would in secret praise the excellent memory of his boy, that had retained so much from only two relations. By this means, growing always bolder, I one evening repeated the entire piece before my mother, whilst I was busied in fashioning some bits of wax into players. She observed it, questioned me hard, and I confessed.— *Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

MIGNON.

In the meantime, Mignon's form and manner of existence was growing more attractive to Wilhelm every day. In her whole system of proceedings there was

something very singular. She never walked up or down stairs, but jumped. She would spring along by the railing, and before you were aware, would be sitting quietly above on the landing. Wilhelm had observed, also, that she had a different sort of salutation for each individual. For himself it had of late been with her arms crossed upon her breast. Often for a whole day, she was mute. At times she answered various questions more freely, yet always strangely; so that you could not determine whether it was caused by shrewd sense or ignorance of the language; for she spoke in broken German, interlaced with French and Italian. In Wilhelm's service she was indefatigable, and up before the sun. On the other hand, she vanished early in the evening, went to sleep in a little room upon the bare floor, and could not by any means be induced to take a bed, or even a paillasse. He often found her washing herself. Her clothes too were kept scrupulously clean, though nearly all about her was two or three plies thick. Wilhelm was moreover told that she went every morning early to hear mass. He followed her on one occasion, and saw her kneeling down with a rosary in a corner of the church, and praying devoutly. She did not observe him; and he returned home, forming many a conjecture about the appearance, yet unable to arrive at any probable conclusion.— *Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

MIGNON'S SONG.

Knowest thou the land where the citron blows?
'Mid the dark leaves the golden orange glows;
From the blue heavens breathe the zephyrs bland,
Hoveless the myrtles and high laurels stand.
Dost thou not know it?
There, oh there,
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare!

Knowest thou the house? On columns rests the dome,
There glimmers every hall, there glistens every room.
And marble figures stand and look at me:

"What have they done, alas poor child to thee?"
Dost thou know it?
There, oh there,
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare!

Knowest thou the mountain, with its cloud bridged height?
The mule seeks there through mists its way aright;
In caverns dwell the dragon's ancient brood;
Down sheers the rock, and o'er it pours the flood.
Dost thou know it?
There, oh there,
There lies our way, oh father, let us fare!
—*Translation of* ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

One morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her; but was informed that she had gone out early. After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the Harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in, and sang what we have just given above. The music and general expression of it pleased him extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas, and explain them; he wrote them down, and translated them into German. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar; its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was incomparable.

She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention toward something wonderful — as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line her tones became deeper and gloomier, the "Dost thou not know it?" was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the "There, oh there!" lay a boundless longing; and her "Would with thee fare!" she modified at

each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade. On finishing her song for the second time she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him —

"Knowest thou the land?"

"It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm; "where didst thou get the little song?"

"Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air; "if thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here."

"Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.— *Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

THE ADVANTAGES OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Thrice happy are they to be esteemed whom their birth of itself exalts above the lower stages of mankind; who do not need to traverse those perplexities — not even to skirt them — in which many worthy men so painfully consume the whole period of life. Far-extending and unerring must their vision be, on that higher station, easy each step of their progress in the world. From their very birth they are placed, as it were, in a ship which, in the voyage we have all to make, enables them to profit by the favorable winds, and to ride out the cross ones; while others, bare of help, must wear their strength away in swimming; can derive little profit from the favorable breeze; and in the storm must soon become exhausted, and sink to the bottom. What convenience, what ease of movement, does a fortune we are born to confer upon us. How securely does a traffic flourish, which is founded on solid capital, where the failure of one or many enterprises does not of necessity reduce us to inaction. Who can better know the worth and worthlessness of earthly things than he that has had within his choice the enjoyment of them from youth upward? and who can earlier guide his mind to the useful, the necessary, the true, than he that may convince himself of so many errors in an age when his

strength is yet fresh to begin a new career?"— *Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

Conceive a prince such as I have painted him, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son, he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably forever. He is now poor in goods and favor, and a stranger in the scene which from his youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more — that he is less — than a private nobleman. He offers himself as the servant of everyone. He is not courteous and condescending; he is needy and degraded. His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him, to present his condition in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful, tender son had yet a mother, when his father passed away. He hoped, in the company of his surviving noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed. But his mother too he loses; and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image which a good child loves to form of its parents is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is woman, and her name is "Frailty," like that of all her sex. Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness in life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective and sorrowful by nature,

reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation. It is thus we see him enter upon the scene.

Figure to yourselves this youth — this son of princes; conceive him vividly; bring his state before your eyes; and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks. Stand by him in the terror of the night, when the venerable ghost appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge and the piercing oft-repeated prayer, "Remember me!"

And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man; he grows bitter against smiling villains; swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation:—

> "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to be composed. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shivered.—*Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF PLANTS.

Thou art confused, my beloved, at seeing the thousandfold union
Shown in this flowery troop over the garden dispersed.

Many a name dost thou hear assigned; one after another
Falls on thy listening ear with a barbarian sound.
None resembleth another, yet all their forms have a likeness;
Therefore a mystical law is by the chorus proclaimed;
Yes, a sacred enigma! Oh, dearest friend, could I only
Happily teach thee the word which may the mystery solve!

Closely observe how the plant, by little and little progressing
Step by step guided on, changeth to blossom and fruit!
First from the seed it unravels itself, as soon as the silent
Fruit bearing womb of the earth kindly allows its escape,
And to the charms of the light, the holy, the ever-in-motion
Trusteth the delicate leaves, feebly beginning to shoot.
Simply slumbered the force in the seed; a germ of the future.
Peacefully locked in itself, 'neath the integument lay,
Leaf and root and bud still void of color, and shapeless;
Thus doth the kernel, while dry, cover that motionless life.

Upward then strives it to swell, in gentle moisture confiding,
And from the night where it dwelt, straightway ascendeth to light.
Yet simple remaineth its figure, when first it appeareth;
And 'tis a token like this points out the child 'neath the plants.
Soon a shoot, succeeding it riseth on high, and reneweth,
Piling up, node upon node, ever the primitive form;

Yet not ever alike; for the following leaf, as thou seest,
Ever produceth itself, fashioned in manifold ways:
Longer, more indented, in points and in parts more divided.
Which all-deformed until now, slept in the organs below.
So at length it attaineth the noble and destined perfection,
Which in many a tribe fills thee with wondering awe.
Many-ribbed and toothed on a surface juicy and swelling,
Free and unending the shoot seemeth in fulness to be.

Yet here nature restraineth, with powerful hands, the formation.
And to a perfected end guideth with softness its growth;
Less abundantly yielding the sap, contracting the vessels,
So that the figure erelong gentle effects doth disclose:
Soon and in silence is checked the growth of the vigorous branches,
And the rib of the stalk fuller becometh in form.
Leafless, however, and quick the tenderer stem then up-springeth,
And a miraculous sight doth the observer enchant:
Ranged in a circle, in numbers that are now small, and then countless,
Gather the smaller-sized leaves, close by the side of their like;
Round the axis compressed the sheltering axis unfoldeth,
And, as the perfectest type, brilliant-hued coronals form.
Thus doth Nature bloom in glory still nobler and fuller,
Showing in order arranged, member on member upreared.

Wonderment fresh dost thou feel, as soon as the stem rears the flower,
Over the scaffolding frail of the alternating leaves.
But this glory is only the creation's foreteller:
Yes, the leaf with its hues feeleth the hand all divine,
And on a sudden contracteth itself; the tenderest figures,
Twofold as yet, hasten on, destined to blend into one.
Lovingly now the beauteous pairs are standing together,
Gathered in countless array, there where the altar is raised.
Hymen hovereth over them, and scents delicious and mighty
Stream forth their fragrance so sweet, all things entwining around,
Presently, parcelled out, unnumbered germs are seen swelling,
Sweetly conceived in the womb where is made perfect the fruit.
Here doth Nature close the ring of her forces eternal;
Yet doth a new one at once cling to the one gone before,
So that the chain be prolonged forever through all generations,
And that the whole may have life, e'en as enjoyed by each part.

— *Translation of* EDGAR A. BOWRING.

THE BARD AND THE BARON.

I, poor devil, Lord Baron,
Must envy you your coat of arms,
The coach you ride in, coat you've on,
Your copses, ponds, and rack-rent farms,
Your father's polished ashlar house,
And all his hounds, and hares, and grouse.

Me, poor devil, Lord Baron,
You envy my small shred of wit;
Because it seems, as things have gone,
Old Nature had a hand in it:

She made me light of heart and gay,
With long-necked purse, not brain of clay.

Look you now, dear Lord Baron,
What if we both should cease to fret
You being his Lordship's eldest son,
And I being mother Nature's brat?
We live in peace, all envy chase,
And heed not which of the two surpasses.
I in the herald's book no place,
You having none about Parnassus.

— *Translation of* CARLYLE.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon Wealth:
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health,
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here—
Away it went there!

I set my heart upon sounding Fame;
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry:
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon War.
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat:
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame
(And some of our friends fared quite the same.)
I lost a leg for Fame.

I set my heart upon Woman next:
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplext;
But, ah!
The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and out,
The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon Travels grand:
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old Fatherland;
But, ah!
Nought seemed to be just the thing it should —
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food!
My tastes misunderstood!

Now I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me:
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we will have one good bout:
Come, drink the lees all out!

— *Translation of* JOHN S. DWIGHT.

THE PARIAH.

I.— The Pariah Woman's Prayer.

Dreaded Brama, Lord of Might!
All proceed from thee alone;
Thou are he who judgeth right;
Dost thou none but Brahmins own?

Do but Rajahs come from thee?
  None but those of high estate?
  Did'st thou not the Ape create?
Aye, and even such as we?

We are not of noble kind,
  For with woe our lot is rife;
And what others deadly find
  Is our only source of food,
Let this be enough for men,
  Let them, if they will, despise us:
  But thou, Brama, thou shouldst prize us,
All are equal in thy ken.

Now that, Lord, this prayer is said,
  As thy child acknowledge me;
Or let one be born instead,
  Who may link me on to thee!
Did'st thou not a Bayadere
  As a goddess heavenward raise?
  And we too, to swell thy praise,
Such a miracle would hear.

II.— The Pariah Woman's Thanks.

Mighty Brama, now I'll bless thee!
  'Tis from thee that worlds proceed.
As my ruler I confess thee,
  For all thou takest heed.

All thy thousand ears thou keepest
  Open to each child of earth;
We, 'mongst mortals sunk the deepest,
  Have from thee received new birth.

Bear in mind the woman's story,
  Who through grief, divine became;
Now I'll wait to view his glory,
  Who omnipotence can claim.

— *Translation of* EDGAR A. BOWRING.

PROMETHEUS TO ZEUS.

Cover thy spacious heavens, Zeus,
With clouds of mist,
And like the boy who lops
The thistles' heads,
Disport with oaks and mountain peaks;
Yet thou must leave
My hearth still standing;
My cottage, too, which was not raised by thee;
Leave me my hearth,
Whose kindly glow
By thee is envied.

I know nought poorer
Under the sun than ye gods!
You nourish painfully,
With sacrifices,
And votive prayers,
Your majesty;
Ye would e'en starve
If children and beggars
Were not such trusting fools.
While yet a child,
And ignorant of life,
I turned my wandering gaze
Up toward the sun, as if with him
There were an ear to hear my wailings;
A heart, like mine,
To feel compassion for distress.

Who helped me
Against the Titans' insolence?
Who rescued me from certain death —
From slavery?
Didst thou not do all this thyself,
My sacred, glowing heart?
And glow'dst young and good,
Deceived with grateful thanks
To yonder slumbering one?

I honor thee! and why?
Hast thou ever lightened the sorrows
Of the heavy-laden?
Hast thou ever dried up the tears
Of the anguish-stricken?
Was I not fashioned to be a man
By omnipotent Time,
And by eternal Fate —
Masters of me and thee?
Didst thou not ever fancy
That life I should learn to hate,
And fly to deserts,
Because not all
My blossoming dreams grew ripe?

Here sit I forming mortals
After my image;
A race resembling me,
To suffer, to weep,
To enjoy, to be glad,
And thee to scorn,
As I!

Translation of EDGAR A. BOWRING.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

Give me, oh give me back the days
When I — I too — was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh, happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays —
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever-flowing;
Then as I wandered free,
In every field for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing.
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown —
In every bud a mystery,

Magic in everything unknown;
The fields, the grove, the air, were haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted!
Yes! give me back the days of youth
Poor, yet how rich! — my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance! —
Give me, oh give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind:—
Give me my youth again!

— *Prelude of Faust; translation of* ANSTER.

EPILOGUE TO SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL." *

"To this city joy reveal it!
Peace as its first signal peal it!"

And so it proved! The nation felt, erelong,
That peaceful signal, and with blessings fraught,
A new-born joy appeared: in gladsome song
To hail the youthful princely pair we sought;
While in a living, ever-swelling throng
Mingled the crowds from every region brought;
And on the stage, in festal pomp arrayed,
"The Homage of the Arts" we saw displayed.

When lo! a fearful midnight sound I hear,
That with a dull and fearful echo rings,
And can it be that of our friend so dear
It tells, to whom each wish so fondly clings?
Shall death o'ercome a life that all revere?
How such a loss to all confusion brings!
How such a parting we must ever rue!
The world is weeping — shall not we weep too?

He was our own! How social, yet how great
Seemed in the light of day his noble mind!

* Composed in 1815, ten years after the death of Schiller, upon the occasion of the representation on the stage of the *Song of the Bell.*

How was his nature, pleasing yet sedate,
  Now for glad converse joyously inclined,
Then swiftly changing, spirit-fraught elate,
  Life's plan with deep-felt meaning it designed,
Fruitful alike in counsel and in deed:
This have we proved — this tasted, in our need.

He was our own? O may that thought so blest
  O'ercome the voice of wailing and of woe!
He might have sought the Lasting — safe at rest
  In harbor, when the tempest ceased to blow.
Meanwhile his mighty spirit onward pressed
  Where Goodness, Beauty, Truth, forever grow;
And in his rear, in shadowy outline, lay
The vulgar — which we all, alas, obey.

Now doth he deck the garden-turret fair
  Where the stars' language first illumed his soul,
As secretly, yet clearly, through the air
  On the eterne, the living sense it stole;
And to his own, and our great profit, there
  Exchangeth he the seasons as they roll:
Thus doth he nobly vanquish, with renown,
The twilight and the night that weigh us down.

Brighter now glowed his cheek, and still more bright
  With that unchanging, ever-youthful glow —
That courage which o'ercomes in hard-fought fight
  Sooner or later, every earthly foe;
That faith which soaring to the realms of light,
  Now boldly presseth on, now bendeth low,
So that the Good may work, wax, thrive amain —
So that the Day the noble may attain.

Yet though so skilled — of such transcendent worth —
  This boarded scaffold doth he not despise;
The fate that on its axis turns the earth
  Now day to night, here shows he to our eyes,
Raising, through many a work of glorious birth,
  Art and the artist's fame up toward the skies.

He fills with blossoms of the noblest strife —
With Life itself — this effigy of Life.

His giant step, as ye full surely know,
Measured the circle of the Will and Deed,
Each country's changing thoughts and mortals too;
The darksome book with clearness could be read;
Yet how he — breathless 'midst his friends so true —
Despaired in sorrow, scarce from pain was freed.
All this have we, in sadly happy years —
For he was ours — bewailed with feeling tears.

When from the agonizing weight of grief
He raised his eyes upon the world again,
We showed him how his thoughts might find relief
From the uncertain Present's heavy chain;
Gave his fresh-kindled mind a respite brief,
With kindly skill beguiling every pain;
And e'en at eve, when setting was his sun,
From his wan cheek, a gentle smile we won.

Full early had he read the stern decree;
Sorrow and death to him, alas, were known;
Ofttimes recovering, now departed he:
Dread tidings, that our hearts had feared to own!
Yet his transfigured being now can see
Itself, e'en here on earth, transfigured grown.
What his own age reproved, and deemed a crime,
Hath been ennobled now by Death and Time.

And many a soul that with him strove in fight,
And his great merit grudged to recognize,
Now feels the impress of his wondrous might,
And in his magic fetters gladly lies.
E'en to the highest hath he winged his flight,
In close communion linked with all we prize.
Extol him then! What mortals, while they live
But half receive, posterity shall give.

Thus is he left us, who so long ago —
Ten years, alas, already — turned from earth;

We all, to our great joy, his precepts know:
O may the world confess their priceless worth!
In swelling tide toward every region flow
The thoughts that were his own peculiar birth.
He gleams like some departing meteor bright,
Combining, with his own, eternal light.

— *Translation of* EDGAR A. BOWRING.

THE ERL-KING.

Who rideth so late through the night-storm wild?
The father it is, with his darling child;
He holdeth the boy firmly clasped in his arm,
He holds him securely, he keeps him warm.

"Wherefore, my son, thy face dost thou hide?" —
"Look, father, the Erl-King is at our side.
The Erl-King there, with his crown and his train!" —
"My son, it is but a meteor vain."

"Oh, come, dear infant! oh come thou with me!
Full many a glad game I'll play with thee;
Lovely flowers in my land their blooms unfold,
My mother shall deck thee in garb of gold."

"My father, my father, dost thou not hear
The words that the Erl-King breathes in mine ear?"
"Be calm, dear child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;
'Tis the wind that sighs through the withering leaves."

"Wilt go, dear infant, wilt go with me there?
My daughters shall tend thee with loving care;
My daughters by night their festival keep,
They'll dance thee, rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, dost thou not see
How the Erl-King brings his daughters to me?" —
"Darling, my darling, I see it aright:
'Tis the old gray willows that cheat thy sight."

GOETHE'S HOUSE, FRANKFORT, GERMANY.

"I love thee, I love thee, thou beauteous boy:
If thou'rt not willing, I must force employ." —
"Father, my father, he gripeth me fast;
The Erl-King hath sorely hurt me at last."

The father gallops on, with terror wild,
He holds in his arm the quivering child.
When into the courtyard his steed has sped,
The child in his arms lies quiet and dead.

—*Translation of* ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

Faust is confessedly the greatest of the works of Goethe. German critics give it a place among the four great poems of the world, the *Iliad,* the *Divina Commedia,* and *Paradise Lost* being the other three; and there are not wanting those who assign the first place to *Faust.* To the first part, as published in 1805 — the year of Schiller's death — the following dedicatory stanzas were prefixed:

THE DEDICATION TO "FAUST."

Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me?
Still bend to mists and vapors, as ye seem?
Nearer ye come! — I yield me as ye found me
In youth your worshipper: and as the stream
Of air that folds you in its magic wreaths
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms and loved ones ye are with you bringing
And dearest images of happier days;
First-love and friendship in your path up-springing,
Like old tradition's half-remembered lays;
And long-slept sorrow waked, whose dirge-like singing
Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze;
And names the heart-mourned, many a stern doom
Ere their year's Summer, summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first — my Spring-time friends have gone;
And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger crowds, my listeners since are beating,
Since to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing,
For the far Spirit-World o'erpowers me now.
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough;
And my changed heart throbs warm, no more denying
Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow:
The Near afar off seems, the Distant nigh,
The Now a dream, the Past reality.

—*Translation of* FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The drama of *Faust* opens with a "Prologue in Heaven," which in a manner foreshadows the design of the entire work; though it gives slight indications of what its action is to be. The *dramatis personæ* of the prologue are: The Lord, the Archangels Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael; and Mephistopheles, the mocking spirit — the Satan of the Book of Job.

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

Raphael.

The Sun-orb sings in emulation
'Mid brother-spheres his ancient round:
His path predestined through creation
He ends with a lip of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say.
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

Gabriel.

And swift and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful night's intense profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled.

Michael.

And rival storms abroad are singing,
From these the angels draw their power,
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way.
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy day.

The Three.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in creation's hour.

Mephistopheles.

Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself were fain,
Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest
Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned!
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter
If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted;
How men torment themselves is all I've noted;

The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.
Life somewhat better might content him
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou has lent him:
He calls it Reason — thence his power's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.
Would he still lay among the grass he grows in
Each bit of dung he seeks, to lay his nose in.

The Lord.

Hast thou then nothing more to mention?
Com'st ever, thus, with ill intention?
Find'st nothing right on earth eternally?

Mephistopheles.

No, Lord! I find things there still bad as they can be.
Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;
I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

The Lord.

Know'st thou Faust?

Mephistopheles.

The Doctor Faust?

The Lord.

My servant he!

Mephistopheles.

Forsooth! He serves you after strange devices:
No earthly food or drink the fool suffices:
His spirit's ferment far aspireth;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,

The fairest stars of Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,
And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

The Lord.

Though still confused his service unto Me,
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while he buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

Mephistopheles.

What will you bet? There's still a chance to gain him,
If unto me full leave you give
Gently upon *my* road to lead him!

The Lord.

As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition.
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.

Mephistopheles.

My thanks! I find the dead no acquisition,
And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks whose ruddy blood is leaping,
And when a corpse approaches, close my house:
It goes with me, as with the cat the mouse.

The Lord.

Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;
To trap him let thy snares be planted,
And him with thee be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou are forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.

Mephistopheles.

Agreed! but 'tis a short probation.
About my bet I feel no trepidation.
If I fulfill my expectation,
You'll let me triumph with a swelling breast:
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
As did a certain Snake — my near relation.

The Lord.

Therein thou'rt free according to thy merits;
The like of thee have never moved My hate.
Of all the bold denying Spirits,
The waggish knave least trouble doth create.
Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave;
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, excites, and must create, as Devil.

Be ye God's sons in love and duty,
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wave inconstant gleams,
Fit in its place with thoughts that stand forever!
(*Heaven closes: the Archangels separate.*)

Mephistopheles, solus.

I like at times to hear The Ancient's word,
And have a care to be most civil:
It's really kind of such noble Lord
So humanely to gossip with a Devil.
— *Translation of* Bayard Taylor.

Faust may perhaps be best characterized as a "Drama of Human Life and Individual Development." Goethe himself, at the age of fourscore, thus gives his own estimate of the poem:

GOETHE UPON "FAUST."

The commendation which the work has received far and near, may perhaps be owing to this quality — that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and made happy by all that which it desires. The author is at present far removed from such conditions: the world, likewise, has to some extent other struggles to undergo: nevertheless the state of men, in joy and sorrow remains very much the same; and the latest-born will still find cause to acquaint himself with what has been enjoyed and suffered before him, in order to adapt himself to that which awaits him.

The Second Part of the involved drama of *Faust* closes with a grand chorus of absolved penitents, among whom are one "formerly Margaret," and "Doctor Marianus," whom critics suppose to be none other than the glorified spirit of Faust.

THE REDEEMED PENITENTS.

Margaret.

Incline, O Maiden
With Mercy laden
In light unending
Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
My loved, my lover,
His trials over
In yonder world, returns to me in this.

Blessed Boys [approaching and hovering near].

With mighty limbs he towers
Already above us;
He for this love of ours,
Will richlier love us.

Early were we removed,
Ere life could reach us,
Yet he hath learned and proved,
And he will teach us.

Margaret.

The spirit-choir around him seeing,
New to himself, he scarce divines
His heritage: a new-born being.
When like the Holy Ghost he shines.
Behold how he each band hath cloven,
The earthly life had round him thrown,
And through his garb, of ether woven,
The early force of youth is shown!
Vouchsafe me that I instruct him!
Still dazzles him the Day's new glare.

Mater Gloriosa.

Rise thou to higher spheres! Conduct him,
Who, feeling thee, shall follow there!

Doctor Marianus.

Penitents, look up, elate,
Where she beams salvation;
Gratefully to blessed fate
Grow in re-creation!
Be our souls as they have been,
Dedicate to thee!
Virgin Holy, Mother, Queen,
Goddess, gracious be.

Chorus Mysticus.

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event;
The Indescribable,

Here it is done:
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on.

— *Translation of* BAYARD TAYLOR.

GOGOL, YANOVSKY NICOLAI VASILYEVITCH, a Russian dramatist and novelist; born in the Government of Pultowa, March 31, 1809; died at Moscow, March 4, 1852. His father, who held a farm in the Government of Pultowa, was fond of reading and of theatrical entertainments, and was a marvellous story-teller. Gogol's grandfather, who remembered the Cossack wars, and knew all the legends and wonder-tales of the district, also told stories in a way that fascinated the boy, who would sit all day listening to them, "while the shudders ran down his back, and his hair stood on end."

After some preliminary study at Pultowa he entered the gymnasium of Niéjinsk in 1821. He disliked study, but had a passion for reading; and his reading awoke in him the desire to write. He first undertook a journal, which he named the *Star,* and in which he wrote all the articles. A satire entitled *Something about Niéjinsk; or, no Law for Fools,* was his next effort in authorship. He also wrote a comedy which was represented by the students of the gymnasium. He graduated in 1828. His father had been dead three years, and he went to St. Petersburg in search of employment under Government. After long waiting he obtained an insignificant clerkship. In 1829 he published an idyl which he had written in the

gymnasium. It brought him nothing but ridicule. He burned all the copies he could get hold of, and then set himself seriously to work at his *Evenings on a Farm,* now and then publishing one of the tales composing that work, under the pseudonym of Rudui Panko (*Sandy, the Little Nobleman*). These admirable pictures of Russian life appeared in 1831, and Gogol found himself in the front rank of authors.

In 1831 Gogol was appointed teacher of Russian in the Patriotic Institute, but taught history and geography instead, saying that no one could teach another to write well. He was appointed Professor of History at St. Petersburg, but, except on one or two occasions, was a dull and tedious lecturer, and in 1835 he resigned the position. The success of *Evenings on a Farm* encouraged him to write a successful comedy, *The Revisor* (The Inspector-General). In 1836 he went abroad, and lived much in Rome. *Dead Souls,* written in 1837, was published in 1842. This, his greatest work, takes its title from the fact that in the days of serfdom the wealth of Russian proprietors, instead of being estimated by the extent of their territory, was estimated by the number of serfs in their possession. The serfs were called souls, and every proprietor was taxed according to the number of souls.

Gogol's last work, *Correspondence with my Friends,* published in 1846, gave great offence to many of his admirers in Russia. They were in direct opposition to his former liberal views. He had always been subject to melancholy, and his health was completely broken. In 1848 he returned to Moscow, where he died the victim of a nervous disorder. His last days were troubled with strange hallucinations, and shortly

before his death he burned the conclusion of *Dead Souls.*

WATCHING AND PARTING.

The mother alone slept not. She bent over the pillow of her dear sons, as they lay side by side, she smoothed with a comb their carelessly tangled young curls, and moistened them with her tears. She gazed at them with her whole being, with every sense; she was wholly merged in the gaze, and yet she could not gaze enough. She had nourished them at her own breast, she had tended them and brought them up, and now to see them only for an instant! "My sons, my darling sons! what will become of you? what awaits you?" she said, and tears stood in the wrinkles which disfigured her formerly beautiful face.

In truth she was to be pitied, as was every woman of that long-past period. She lived only for a moment in love, only during the first ardor of passion, only during the first flush of youth; and then her grim betrayer deserted her for the sword, for his comrades and his carouses. She saw her husband two or three days in a year, and then, for several years, heard nothing of him. And when she did see him, when they did live together, what life was hers? She endured insult, even blows; she saw caresses bestowed only in pity; she was a strange object in that community of unmarried cavaliers, upon which wandering Zaporozhe cast a coloring of its own. Her pleasureless youth flitted by, and her splendidly beautiful cheeks and bosom withered away unkissed, and became covered with premature wrinkles. All her love, all her feeling, everything that is tender and passionate in a woman was converted in her into maternal love. She hovered around her children with anxiety, passion, tears, like the gull of the steppes. They were taking her sons, her darling sons from her — taking them from her so that she should never see them again! Who knows? Perhaps a Tartar will cut off their heads in the very first skirmish, and she will never know where their

deserted bodies lie, torn by birds of prey; and yet for each drop of their blood she would have given all of hers. Sobbing she gazed into their eyes, even when all-powerful sleep began to close them, and thought, "Perhaps Bulba, when he wakes, will put off their departure for a little day or two. Perhaps it occurred to him to go so soon because he had been drinking."

The moon from the height of heaven had long since illumined the whole courtyard filled with sleepers, the thick clump of willows, and the tall steppe-grass which hid the palisade surrounding the court. She still sat at her dear sons' pillow, never removing her eyes from them for a moment, or thinking of sleep. Already the horses, divining the approach of dawn, had all ceased eating, and lain down upon the grass; the topmost leaves of the willows began to rustle softly, and little by little the rippling rustle descended to their bases. She sat there until daylight, unwearied, and wished in her heart that the night might prolong itself indefinitely. From the steppes came the ringing neigh of the horses, and red tongues shone brightly in the sky. Bulba suddenly awoke, and sprang to his feet. He remembered quite well what he had ordered the night before. "Now, people, you've slept enough! 'tis time! 'tis time! Water the horses! And where is the old woman!" (he generally called his wife so). "Be quick, old woman, get us something to eat: the way is long."

The poor old woman, deprived of her last hope, slipped sadly into the cottage. While she, with tears, prepared what was needed for breakfast, Bulba distributed his orders, went to the stable, and selected his best trappings for his children with his own hand.

The collegians were suddenly transformed. Red morocco boots with silver heels took the place of their dirty old ones; trousers wide as the Black Sea, with thousands of folds and plaits, were supported by golden girdles; from the girdle hung a long, slender thong, with tassals, and other tinkling things, for pipes. The jacket of fiery red cloth was confined by a flowered belt; engraved Turkish pistols were thrust through the belt; their swords clanged at their heels. Their faces, already

a little sunburnt, seemed to have grown handsomer and whiter; the little black mustaches now cast a more distinct shadow on this pallor and their strong, healthy, youthful complexions. They were very handsome in their black sheepskin caps, with gold crowns. When their poor mother saw them, she could not utter a word, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Now, sons, all is ready; no delay!" said Bulba at last. "Now we must all sit down together in accordance with our Christian custom before a journey." All sat down, not excepting the servants, who had been standing respectfully at the door.

"Now, mother, bless your children," said Bulba. "Pray God that they may fight bravely, always defend their knightly honor, always defend the faith of Christ; and if not, that they may die, so that their breath may not be longer in the world."

"Come to your mother, children; a mother's prayer saves on land and sea."

The mother, weak as mothers are, embraced them, drew out two small images, and placed them, sobbing, on their necks. "May God's mother — keep you! Little sons, forget not your mother — send some little word of yourselves" — she could say no more.

"Now, children, let us go," said Bulba.

At the door stood the horses ready saddled. Bulba sprang upon his "Devil," which jumped madly back, feeling on his back a load of twelve poods, for Taras was extremely stout and heavy.

When the mother saw that her sons were also mounted on their horses, she flung herself toward the younger, whose features expressed somewhat more gentleness than those of the others. She grasped his stirrup, clung to his saddle, and, with despair in her eyes, would not loose him from her hands. Two stout Cossacks seized her carefully, and carried her into the cottage. But before they had passed through the gate, with the speed of a wild goat, quite disproportionate to her years, she rushed to the gate, with irresistible strength stopped a horse, and embraced one of her sons with mad, unconscious violence. Then they led her away again.

The young Cossacks rode on sadly, and repressed their tears out of fear of their father, who, on his side, was somewhat moved, although he strove not to show it. The day was gay, the green shone brightly, the birds twittered rather discordantly. They glanced back as they rode. Their farm seemed to have sunk into the earth. All that was visible above the surface were the two chimneys of their modest cottage, and the crests of the trees up whose trunks they had been used to climb like squirrels; before them still stretched the field by which they could recall the whole story of their lives, from the years when they rolled in its dewy grass, up to the years when they awaited in it a black-browed Cossack maiden, who ran timidly across it with her quick young feet. There is the pole above the well, with the telega wheel fastened on top, rising solitary against the sky; already the level which they have traversed appears a hill in the distance, and all has disappeared. Farewell, childhood, games, all, all, farewell! — *Taras Bulba; translation of* ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

MANILOFF AND HIS WIFE.

God alone, perhaps, can say what Maniloff's character was. There is a class of people known by the name of *people who are neither one thing nor another.* Possibly Maniloff should be counted among them. He was a well-favored man in personal appearance; his features were not lacking in agreeability, but his agreeability seemed rather too much permeated with sugar; there was something about his manners and ways which sought favor and acquaintanceship. He smiled seductively, was of light complexion, and had blue eyes. You could not help saying, the first moment you spoke with him, "What a good and agreeable man!" The next moment you would say nothing; and at the third you would say, "The deuce knows what this fellow is like!" and you would go as far away from him as possible; and if you did not retreat, you would feel bored to death. From him you expect no quick or arrogant word, such as you may hear from almost any one if you touch upon a subject which offends

him. Everybody has his hobby. One man's hobby turns to greyhounds, another thinks that he is a great lover of music, and is wonderfully sensitive to all its deep places; a third is a master of the art of dining daintily; a fourth can play a part higher than one assigned him if only by a couple of inches; a fifth, of more restricted desires, sleeps, and dreams how he may get a walk with a staff-adjutant, and show off before his friends, his acquaintances, and even those whom he does not know; a sixth is gifted with a hand which is beset with a supernatural desire to turn down the corner of some ace of diamonds or a deuce; while the hand of the seventh slips along to produce order somewhere, to get as near as possible to the persons of the post-station superintendent or of the postilion. In a word, every one has his peculiarity, but Maniloff had none. At home he said very little, and was mostly occupied in thought and meditation; but the subject of his thoughts was probably known to God alone. It is impossible to say that he busied himself with the management of his estate: he never even went into the fields, and affairs seemed to manage themselves. When the steward said, "It would be well, sir, to do so and so," "Yes; it would not be bad," was his customary reply, as he puffed away at his pipe, which had become a habit with him when he served in the army, where he was considered the most discreet, most delicate, and the most accomplished of officers. "Yes, it really would not be bad," he repeated.

When a muzhik came to him, and said, as he scratched the back of his head, "Master, let me leave my work, allow me to earn something."—"Go," he said, as he smoked his pipe; and it never even entered his head that the muzhik had gone off on a drunken carouse. Sometimes, as he gazed from the veranda at the yard and the pond, he said that it would be well if an underground passage could be made of a sudden from the house, or if a stone bridge were to be built across the pond with booths on each side, in which dealers might sit and sell the various small wares required by the peasants. At such times his eyes became particularly sweet and his face assumed a most satisfied expression. However, all these

projects were confined to words alone. There was forever something lacking in the house. In one room there was no furniture at all, though directly after his marriage he had said, "My love, we must see about putting some furniture into this room to-morrow, if only for a time."

His wife ——— however, they were perfectly satisfied with each other. In spite of the fact that they had been married more than eight years, each was constantly offering the other a bit of apple, or a sugar-plum, or a nut, and saying, in a touchingly tender voice, expressive of the most perfect affection, "Open your little mouth, my soul, and I will put this tidbit in."

In a word, they were what is called happy. But it may be observed that there are many other occupations in a house besides kisses and surprises, and many different questions might be put. Why, for instance, did matters go on so stupidly and senselessly in the kitchen? Why was the store-room so empty? Why have a thief for a housekeeper? Why were the servants dirty and intoxicated? Why did all the house-servants sleep so unmercifully, and spend all the rest of the time in playing pranks? But all these are trivial subjects, for Madame Manilora was well educated; and a good education is received in boarding-schools, as is well known; and in boarding-schools, as is well known, three principal subjects constitute the foundation of human virtue — the French tongue, which is indispensable to family happiness; the piano-forte, to afford pleasant moments to a husband; and lastly the sphere of domestic management — the knitting of purses and other surprises. Moreover, there are various perfections and changes in methods, especially at the present time: all this depends chiefly on the cleverness and qualities of the heads of the schools. In other boarding-schools it is so arranged that the piano-forte comes first, the French language next, and the domestic part last. And sometimes it is so arranged that the housekeeping department — that is to say, the knitting of surprises — is first, then French, then the piano. Methods vary.— *Dead Souls; translation of* ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

GOLDONI, Carlo, an Italian dramatist; born at Venice, February 25, 1707; died at Paris, January 6, 1793. He created the modern Italian comedy character, somewhat after the style of Molière, superseding the old conventional comedy which was played by Harlequin, Pantalone, etc. As a child of eight he sketched a play, giving evidence of a natural dramatic instinct. While a boy he ran away and joined a company of strolling Venetian players. He was liberally educated, studied law and graduated at Padua in 1731. He practised his profession at Venice for a short time, but always took more interest in the drama than law. He read the works of the Greek and Latin poets, and says in his *Memoires:* "I have told myself that I should like to imitate them in their style, their plots, their precision, but I would not be satisfied unless I succeeded in giving more interest to my works, happier issues to my plots, better-drawn characters and more genuine comedy." His first attempts at dramatic writing were tragedies, *Amalasunta* (1732) and *Belisario* (1734), which were failures. He then decided to create a comedy characteristic of Italy, delineating the realities of social life in as natural a manner as possible. His first effort in this line was *Momolo Cortesan* (Momolo the Courtier), written in Venetian dialect and based on his own experience. He renounced the profession of advocate, and, having married a Genoese lady, he gave his attention exclusively to dramatic writing. He promised to write sixteen comedies in one year, and kept his word.

In 1761 he received an advantageous offer to go

to Paris, and before leaving Venice he composed *Una Della Ultime Sere di Carnevale* (One of the Last Nights of Carnival), an allegorical comedy, in which he bade farewell to his countrymen. At the conclusion of the play the house resounded with applause and shouts of good wishes. Goldoni, at this expression of public appreciation, wept like a child. At Paris he wrote plays for the Italian actors and taught Italian to the royal princesses. For the wedding of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette he wrote in French one of his best comedies, *Le Bourru Bienfaisant,* which proved a great success. When he retired from Paris, the King granted him a pension of twelve hundred francs, of which the Revolution deprived him, but which was restored just one day before his death, by the Convention, at the request of André Chénier. Besides the plays already mentioned, Goldoni wrote *Le Trentadue Disgrazie d'Arlecchino; La Notte Critica; La Bancarotta; La Donna di Garbo; La Bottega di Caffe; La Pamela; L'Impostore; Le Baruffe Chiozzote; I Rusteghi; Todero Brontolon; Gli Innamorati; Il Ventaglio; Il Bugiardo; La Casa Nova; Il Burbero Benefico; La Locandiera; Zelinda e Lindora; Il Vecchio Bizarro; L'Adulatore,* and others, to the number of some one hundred and twenty. His *Mémoirs,* published in 1787, were pronounced by Gibbon "More comic than the best comedies of their author."

"Goldoni," says Blackwood, speaking of his *Mémoirs,* "was not an actor but a dramatist, but his life was spent in the theatre — and his autobiography is full of the freaks of the profession and the humor of its representatives. An Italian — nay, a Venetian, the most light and gayety-loving type of the modern Italian, and a genuine representative of

the eighteenth century, the book is crowded throughout with lively figures and constant movement, with adventure and airy passion, keen and short-lived, with scrapes of every kind, and lucky escapes and clever inventions." And writing on a broader subject, the overthrow of the old *commedia d'arte,* which Goldoni found in full possession of the Italian stage, William Dean Howells says: "How wisely Goldoni temporized with it while preparing its ruin, and how far he won over its friends by borrowing its own attractions, let any one who will know read that delightful autobiography of the friendly, amusing, earnest old playwright, and those delicious comedies in which constantly recur the standard masks of the *commedia d'arte.*" As to the plays themselves, Prescott expressed the opinion, in the *North American Review,* that they ought "not to be received as faithfully reflecting the national character, which they would make singularly deficient both in virtue and the principle of honor."

HIS MEMOIRS.

My life is not an interesting one. But in time to come it may happen that in a corner of an old library a collection of my works may be found, and some curious reader may perhaps then desire to know who was this singular man who set before him the project of reforming the theatre of his country, and who placed on the stage one hundred and fifty comedies in verse and prose, full of character and plot, and in his lifetime saw eighteen editions of these plays issued from the press. No doubt it will be said: This man must have been rich: Why did he leave his country? Ah! it is well that posterity should know that in France alone Goldoni found rest, tranquillity, and well-being.

This is the compendium of my life, from my birth to

the beginning of that which is called in Italy the reform of the Italian theatre. Here it will be seen how dramatic genius, which was always my ruling passion, was manifested in me, how developed; the attempts vainly made to disgust me with it, and the sacrifices I have made to this imperious idol which had drawn me after its car. This forms the first part of my memoirs. The second part comprehends the history of all my productions, the circumstances which suggested their plots and construction, the rivalries awakened by my successes, the cabals which I have scorned, the criticisms which I have respected, the satires which I have endured in silence, and the intrigues of the actors which I have overcome. Here it will be seen that human nature is the same everywhere, that jealousy is everywhere to be met with, and that everywhere a man of peaceable disposition and composed mind will succeed in gaining the affection of the public, and in wearing out the treachery of his enemies.—*From the Memoirs.*

THE BEGINNING OF HIS LITERARY CAREER.

When Lent began I went on Ash Wednesday to hear Father Cataneo, an Augustine monk, and found his sermon admirable. When I came out of church, finding that I remembered word for word the three heads of his discourse, I succeeded in rendering in fourteen lines his argument, his treatment of it, and his moral, and thought I had made of them a very passable sonnet. I took it the same day to Signor Treo, a gentleman of Udine, who was very learned in belles-lettres, and had the finest taste in poetry, and he, too, found the sonnet passable. He suggested some corrections, and encouraged me to continue. I kept always exactly to my practice, did the same every day, and found at Easter that I had compiled thirty-six excellent sermons into thirty-six sonnets, some good, some indifferent. I took the precaution to send them to press as soon as I had sufficient material for a volume; and in the octave of Easter published my little book, dedicating it to the deputies of the city. I received many acknowledgments from the preacher, gratitude from the

first magistrates, in fact, great applause generally. The novelty pleased the public, and the rapidity of the work surprised them still more. — *From the Memoirs.*

GOLDSCHMIDT, MEIER AARON, a Danish novelist; born in Seeland, October 26, 1819; died at Copenhagen, August 15, 1887. He was one of the three connecting links between Danish romanticism and the literature of the nineteenth century. His contemporaries were Parmio Carl Plough, whose work was mostly in the field of journalism, and Jens Christian Hostrup, who produced, between 1843 and 1855, a series of exquisite comedies, abounding in delicate touch and caustic wit. Goldschmidt's novels are written in the purest Danish, and there is a refined idealism in his sentiment, which renders them attractive to the highest class of readers. His principal works are *The Homeless Man* (five volumes, 1853–57) and *The Raven* (1866).

Edmund Gosse thus writes of him in the *Athenæum:* "Goldschmidt was a little, prim person, neatly shaved, with small 'mutton-chop' whiskers, and dressed always in black. There never lived a man of letters who was more solicitous to disguise his profession in his appearance. He had been a contemporary of the romantic poets with long, wild hair, and had trampled upon their vanity with his satire. He was careful to look as much as possible like a respectable tradesman. To thousands of English people his face must have been vaguely familiar, for his visits to London were incessant, and he knew

the town like a Londoner. He was a very delightful companion, a rapid talker, full of experience, and none the less charming because of his periodical fits of mystery. He was absorbed, however, in a kind of new religion — a system of theism on a fresh basis of belief — which I cannot pretend to have comprehended."

"The aim," he himself writes, "of my essay on Nemesis is to prove, through history and the science of language, that all our ideas, the religious ones especially, have grown up like a plant from the simplest roots, and that the power of life, that has made and makes them grow, is the breath of God (The Egyptian Nun). The divine breath, that pervades the Universe and rules all things, was the Egyptian Nemt, the Greek Nemesis. Before finishing my work, I consulted Dr. Birch, and Dr. Louth at Munich. In short, my Life is written solely to show the power of Nemesis on that living quality of Existence, that developed me to see and feel Nemesis, the divine Breath. In order to be condemned as heresy or atheism, my theistic notions need only to be laid before the theological world."

KAREN AND THE PROFESSOR.

The man who owned the farm was called Træskopeer, "Pattenpeter," because he used to wear long boots whose lower parts were pattens when he was a poor boy peddling wool. He prospered, and got the daughter on the farm where he used to board. He got the farm too; and then the nickname was dropped and he was called "John Gray," from the name of the farm; but his real name was "Peer Jakobsen." He had several children, of whom the one next to the youngest, Karen, was now fourteen; and she seemed to be growing up a very pretty girl, and when

in summer time learned people were calling, asking the farmer where the chapel was, she often was sent down there with them.

Once a gentleman came accompanied by several persons; they called him "Professor," and seemed to think highly of him. He preached a kind of sermon to them, Karen thought, but, he not being their own pastor, she did not listen attentively until suddenly his clear blue eyes met hers, and he went on looking into her eyes, as if he was speaking to her only. She was so scared that she wanted to hide behind the stones; but she could not help looking again, trying to understand what he said. Still it was all mixed up to her. When he had finished, he went over to her; and passing his hand caressingly over her head he said: "Can you now take us round to Bækgaard, my good little girl?" Never before had she felt such a soft hand; she felt it all over; and he said "dear little girl" as if he knew her and really meant it. She could have gone through fire for him, not to say anything of showing him the way to Bækgaard, a few hundred yards beyond the road. The only thing that puzzled her was, that he himself could not find Bækgaard, though he knew all about it.

They crossed the road, the heath, and a hill that slopes down toward the river bed, which just then was almost dry, then passed over it and stood opposite to Bækgaard, a very modest place. A little behind the house a long dyke is running from northeast to southwest, and beyond this the natural hills are forming a curve. The farmer came out, and the professor asked him about the name of that long dyke.

"We call it Knapsdiget," answered the farmer.

"Do you never call it Koksnapsdiget?" asked the professor.

"Not that I know of," answered the farmer.

The professor explained to his company that some scholars had discovered that the dyke here was called "Koksnapsdiget," and they explained it as a corrupt pronunciation of "Kongslagsdiget," and built on this the hypothesis that the battle between King Svend and King Valdemar had chiefly been fought here. He now added

a great deal that Karen did not understand at all; but she understood, to her great wonder, this much, that the tract had looked quite different years ago; there had been a forest here, another there; knights had rushed against each other, and in one place some peasants in gray homespun had been taken for iron-clad men; that Svend was a base tyrant who had been defeated, and that a great magnificent king in golden armor had carried the day.

When everything was told, and the visitors were leaving, the professor once more passed his hand with that strange power over her head, and said: "Do you know, little Karen, that you live on the farm of that peasant who killed King Svend?"

No, she did not know that, but she knew it now, and she came home confounded by thoughts she could not master. This was the most wonderful, and the only wonderful, event in Karen's youth. She was just then preparing for confirmation; and the pastor noticed that Karen at once grew bright and quick, but it did not appear in such a striking way that he should pay great attention to it, still less so that he should make any investigations on that account. — *From Den Vœgelsindede paa Graahede.*

GOLDSMITH, Oliver, a British novelist and poet; born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728; died at London, April 4, 1774. His father was a poor clergyman of the Established Church but some of his relatives were in good circumstances and contributed funds to send him to Dublin University as a *sizar,* or "poor scholar." He entered in 1744, and took his degree five years after. He went home, ostensibly to study for the Church. In two years he presented himself as

a candidate for ordination, but was rejected. He tried tutorship, and several other things, with no result. An uncle gave him £50 to go to London, where he proposed to study law. He got as far as Dublin, where he lost all his money at the gaming-table, and went back to his friends for a while. Toward the end of 1752 they sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. He ran through his money, and fled to the Continent. He attended lectures on medicine at Leyden, and afterward went to Paris, whence he started for a pedestrian tour on the Continent. It is certain that he made an extended tour, with little or no means of support except his fiddle. Among the places which he visited was Padua, where he claimed to have received his degree as Doctor of Medicine. His "Story of the Philosophical Vagabond," in *The Vicar of Wakefield,* is held to be more or less autobiographical.

Early in 1756 Goldsmith, now about eight-and-twenty, made his way back to London, ragged and penniless. During the next two or three years we catch glimpses of him as assistant to an apothecary; as a "corrector of the press" for Richardson, the novelist; as usher in a school; and finally as a "hack-writer" for the *Monthly Review.* Once we find him an unsuccesful applicant at the College of Surgeons for the position of hospital-mate. In 1759 he published a small volume entitled *An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.* This attracted some notice, and made the author known among literati and publishers. He wrote for several newspapers, among them the *Public Ledger,* to which he furnished a series of *Chinese Letters,* which were soon republished under the title of *The Citizen of the*

World. Goldsmith was now able to escape from his humble garret. He made the acquaintance of men of the highest rank in literary circles, notable among whom were Garrick, Burke, and Johnson. He now earned a fair income by literary work; but he always managed to spend more than he earned.

About the middle of 1761 he found himself considerably in arrears to his widowed landlady, who gave him the choice between three courses: to pay his bill, to go to prison, or to marry her. Goldsmith applied to Dr. Johnson to extricate him from his predicament; and put in his hand a bundle of manuscript. The Doctor took the manuscript, sold it to a bookseller, and handed the money to Goldsmith, thus saving him from going to prison or marrying the Widow Fleming. That manuscript, which was not published until six years after, was *The Vicar of Wakefield.* During the last dozen years of his life Goldsmith performed an immense amount of literary labor. Among these works — mainly compilations — are a *History of England;* a *History of Greece;* a *History of Rome;* the *History of Animated Nature; Life of Beau Nash;* a *Short English Grammar;* and a *Survey of Experimental Philosophy.* He also wrote several very clever comedies, among which is *She Stoops to Conquer.* His fame in literature, however, rests mainly upon the novel *The Vicar of Wakefield,* and the two poems, *The Traveler* (1765) and *The Deserted Village* (1770).

Goldsmith seems to have been half the pet and half the butt of the famous literary club of which Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick were members. One night he was tardy in his appearance at the club and the others amused themselves by com-

posing epitaphs upon him as "The Late Dr. Goldsmith." These were read to him when he made his appearance. Upon returning to his lodging, he set about writing his good-natured response, *Retaliation:*

THE DISHES AT THE BANQUET.

Of old when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself — and he brings the best dish.
Our Dean shall be venison just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavor,
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savor;
Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;
That Hickey's a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! Let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunder encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

— *Retaliation.*

EPITAPH FOR EDMUND BURKE.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient;*
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
— *Retaliation.*

EPITAPH FOR DAVID GARRICK.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings — a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce — he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish, grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please,
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave;
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

— *Retaliation.*

EPITAPH FOR SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland.
Still born to improve us in every part —
His pencil our faces, his manner our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled. . . .

— *Retaliation.*

The poem here closes abruptly in the middle of a line. For while it was in process of composition Goldsmith was seized with a fever which proved fatal. Many a wiser and perhaps better man has been less missed and less mourned than was Oliver Goldsmith. A cenotaph was erected to him in Westminster Abbey, for which Johnson composed a Latin epitaph, which, translated into English, runs thus:

JOHNSON'S EPITAPH UPON GOLDSMITH.

He left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn; of all the passions (whether smiles were to be moved or tears) a powerful yet gentle master; in genius sublime, vivid, versatile; in style elevated, clear, elegant. The love of companions, the fidelity of friends, and the veneration of readers, have by this monument honored his memory.

AN ENGLISH ELECTION.

The English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the Parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our [Chinese] Feast of the Lanterns in magnificence and splendor; it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me. Had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys which upon this occasion die for the good of their country. To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the English assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out the public charity assemble and eat upon it; nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor until they had previously satisfied their own.

But in the election of magistrates the people seem to exceed all bounds. The merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantity of his beef and brandy. And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a good deal when he gets it for nothing. But what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good humor. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these

occasions I have seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was the general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbor without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This, then, furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home. — *The Citizen of the World.*

ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAISE.

Good people all, with one accord
  Lament for Madame Blaise,
Who never wanted a good word —
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
  And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor —
  Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
  With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways —
  Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
  And hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew —
  But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her —
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead —
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more —
She had not died to-day.

LADY BLARNEY AND THE HON. MISS SKEGGS.

Michaelmas Eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortification had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lambs'-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who is a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling a story was not quite so well. They were very long — and very dull, and about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's-buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next; questions-and-commands followed that; and last of all they sat down to hunt-the-slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon

the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town — Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs.

Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement. The two ladies had been at our house to see us; and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses."

At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told that the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again.

Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent,

admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggardly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation:

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this — it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as a fact, that the next day my Lord Duke cried out three times, to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan! bring me my garters!'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out, "*Fudge!*"— an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion."

"*Fudge!*"

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?"

"*Fudge!*"

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about with me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the lowest stuff in nature: not a bit of high life among them."

"*Fudge!*"

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there. But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"

"*Fudge!*"

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach; and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read and write, and behave in company. As for the chits about town, there's no bearing them about one."

"*Fudge!*"

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in a day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"

"*Fudge!*"

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year make fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all of which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own the truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our own daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family.

"I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pre-

tend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting our children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education: at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast up accounts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross-and-change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, work upon cat-gut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards."

"*Fudge!*"

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few moments in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from what opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments.

"But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.—*The Vicar of Wakefield.*

FROM "THE TRAVELER."

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still,
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amid the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam.
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find,
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother, kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
Those rocks by custom turn to beds of down,
From Art more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, Commerce, Honor, Liberty, Content,
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where Wealth and Freedom reign, Contentment fails
And Honor sinks where Commerce long prevails.
Hence every State, to one loved blessing prone,
Confirms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
Till, carried to excess, in each domain,

This favorite good begets peculiar pain. . . .
Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though tyrants reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave Reason, Faith, and Conscience all our own.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm —
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath their spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,

And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that loved to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,

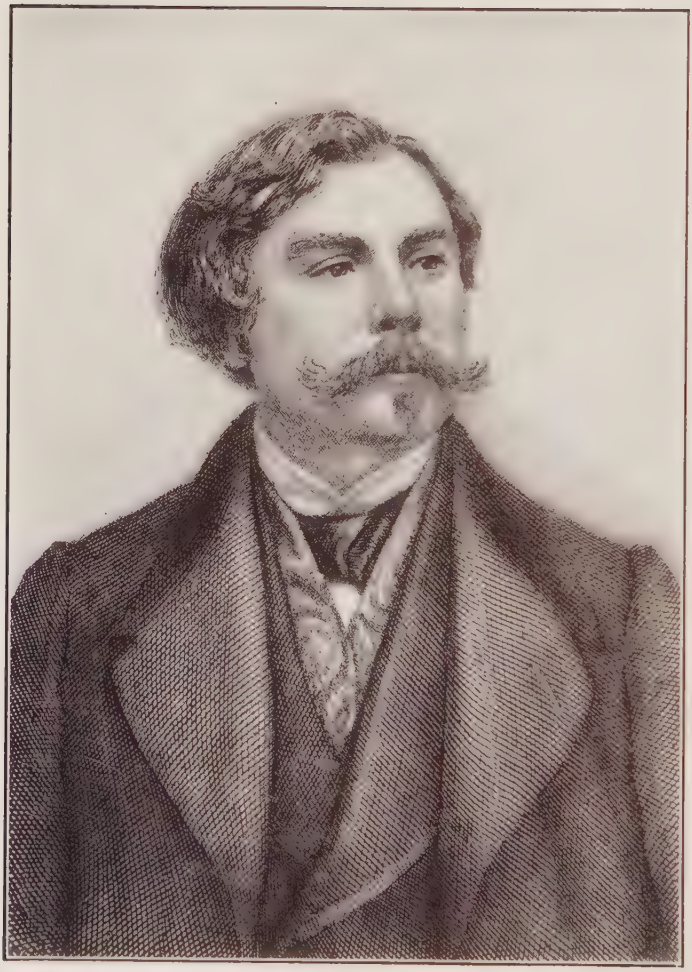
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind.
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmur fluctuates in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy blush of life is fled. . . .
Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart has learned to prize —
More bent to raise the wicked than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,

His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's joy exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. . . .

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retired.
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place: —
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door
The chest contrived a double debt to pay —
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain, transitory splendor! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. . . .

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Betwixt a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore,
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied: —
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds,
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth.
His seat, where solitary spoils are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies
For all the luxuries the word supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendor, feebly waits its fall. . . .
O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decrees
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound
Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done.
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessels spread the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move — a melancholy band;
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet poetry — thou loveliest maid,



EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

Still first to fly where sensual joys invade —
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame!
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so!
Thou nurse of every virtue — fare thee well!
Farewell! and oh, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side —
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow —
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
And slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away,
While self-dependent power can Time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GONCOURT, Edmond Louis Antoine Huot de and Jules Alfred Huot de, brothers and joint authors of numerous historical works. They were born in France; Edmond at Nancy, May 26, 1822, and Jules at Paris, December 17, 1830; the former died July 16, 1896; the latter died June 20, 1870. Among the joint productions of the brothers are *En 18* — (1851); *Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Revolution et sous la Directoire* (1854–55); *La Peinture à l' Exposition Universelle de* (1855); *Une Voiture de Masques* (1856), republished

in 1876 as *Créatures de ce Temps; Portraits Intimes du XVIII^me Siècle* (1856 and 1858). *Histoire de Marie Antoinette* (1858); *Les Maîtresses de Louis XV.* (1860); *Les Hommes de Lettres* (1861), republished under the title of *Charles Demailly* (1861); *La Femme au XVIII^me Siècle* (1862); *Rénée Mauperin* (1864); *Idées et Sensations* (1866); *Manette Salomon* (1867); *L'Art de XVIII^me Siècle* (1874). Among the works of E. Goncourt are *L'Œuvre de Prudhon* (1877) and *Les Frères Zemganno,* a novel (1879). After the death of his brother, Edmond Goncourt published *L' Œuvre de Watteau* (1876); *La Fille Eliza* (1878); *La Maison d'un Artiste* (1881); *Chérie* (1884); *Madame Saint-Huberti* (1885); *Mademoiselle Clairon* (1890). Alfred Haserick's translation of *Armande,* an account by the brothers Goncourt of the adventures of the beautiful actress, was published in 1894.

"Having traversed several schools," said Reclus in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1878, "and having learned something of each, they in their turn have become masters, and have acquired a style peculiar to themselves. It is a style of a secondary sort. In order to rank among the first, they require more strongly accentuated qualities and defects than they possess. Such as it is, their art is delicate rather than powerful, and perhaps the reader must be himself an artist to be able fully to appreciate it."

TRAINING A GYMNAST.

Stephanida Roudak had felt for her first-born son neither tenderness nor love. Neither did she feel any happier when he was near her. She had fulfilled a mother's duty toward him, but she had done nothing more.

All the fierce, wild, motherly love which had been pent up in the bosom of the Bohemian was lavished upon Nello, who had come into the world twelve years after his brother. And she not only embraced and caressed him, but she pressed him to her breast with frantic love, and almost stifled him with kisses.

Gianni, who had a loving nature beneath a cold exterior, suffered from this unequal distribution of affection, but it did not awaken any feelings of jealousy toward his younger brother. He thought that his mother's preference was a very natural one, he felt that he was not beautiful, and that there was nothing in his personal appearance to flatter the pride of his mother. His youth had been somewhat sad, he said but little, and his mother had not been in a state of mind to encourage any gayety around her. Besides, he was awkward in the expression of his filial love toward her. His little brother, on the contrary, was graceful and beautiful, and had little charming, coaxing ways which caused him to be looked at with envy by other mothers, and even strangers stopped to caress him. Nello's little face was like sunshine, and he was always droll, always singing, or proposing little amusing games to make one laugh; those adorable infantile nothings, which are full of noise, and action, and jolly racket. He was one of those children who are a joy to everybody, and his laughing, rosy mouth and black eyes often made the troupe forget their small receipts and scanty suppers. The child was spoiled and petted by them all, although they sometimes scolded him; but noisy and talkative as he was, he would remain quiet a long time beside the taciturn Gianni, as if he liked his silence.

Nello's gymnastic education began when he was between four and five years old. At first he was only taught to develop his body, to extend his arms, to strengthen his legs, to expand his muscles, and the nerves of his childish members. But before his figure had become set, or his bones had lost their flexibility, the exercises to which Nello had to submit were made a little more difficult every day, and in a few months he had attained to great success. They accustomed the little gymnast to take one of his feet

in his hand, and to lift it as high as his head, and a little later to sit down and get up, still holding it. . . .

Thus, little by little, without haste or hurry, but encouraging him with bonbons, and flattering words, and compliments which pleased his vanity, the youthful gymnast who was scarcely weaned, was taught to obtain perfect control of his body. They always placed him against a wall at first to support his arms, and they taught him to walk on his hands, to strengthen his fingers, and to accustom his spinal column to the strain which was put upon it.

At the age of seven years, Nello could perform very well the *saut de carpe,* the feat in which a little boy extended flat upon his back, springs to his feet without using his hands. Then he studied those exercises which are performed by resting the hands upon the ground: the *saut en avant,* in which the child places his hands before him and turns his body over on his feet, which are again replaced by his hands. Then the *saut du singe,* in which the child makes the same movement backward: then the *saut de l'Arabe,* a motion sideways, which resembled the turning of a wheel. In all these exercises Gianni's protecting hand was always around his little brother, steadying, holding, and sustaining him, ready to catch him if he seemed likely to fall; and later, when Nello had acquired more confidence, he was attached by a cord to Gianni's belt which was loosened by degrees as his work became more perfect.

The son of the Bohemian was not of a stern disposition, and he had, like his father and his brother, a singular aptitude for gymnastics. When scarcely eight years old, he could leap to a height which surpassed all his little companions, although they were all much older than he was. Old Bescape, who was looking on one day, seeing Nello leap, said to Stephanida: "Wife, do you see that?" and then he showed her the child's heels, and said, "Ah, well, some day this little one will jump like a monkey."—*The Zemganno Brothers.*

GOODALE, Elaine and Dora Read, American poets; born at Sky Farm, Mount Washington, Berkshire County, Mass., the former October 9, 1863, and the latter October 24, 1866. Elaine was appointed a teacher of the Indians in the Hampton Institute in 1883, and in 1886 government teacher at White River Camp, Dakota. In 1878 they published a volume of poems entitled *Apple Blossoms.* They have since published two other volumes of poetry, *All Round the Year* and *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers.* A volume of prose by Elaine Goodale, entitled *The Journal of a Farmer's Daughter,* was published in 1881. In 1891 Elaine married Charles A. Eastman, an educated Sioux Indian.

James Payn, the English novelist and journalist, confessed, in *The Gentleman's Magazine,* that in reading the poems of the Goodale children in 1880, "so far from being prepossessed in favor of them by reason of their tender years, I have had to surmount a prejudice. I had made up my mind not to like the verses of these child-poets. But their unlooked-for merit has extorted my admiration. What strikes me as very remarkable about these poems is, that they are not echoes; the subjects are not merely imagined, but have presented themselves to the outward eyes of the writers. The two young people sing of nature; the seasons; the flowers; the clouds and the sunshine; and the birthdays of their parents and their friends. The poems have the air of natural effusion, and possess, in many cases, a melody that has been well described as 'the true bird-note.' It behooves those who have the guardianship of these little songsters

to keep them from the bird-fanciers, to see that they are not lionized, or too much noticed. It would be a pity indeed if Elaine and Dora were to grow up Bluestockings."

ASHES OF ROSES.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie —
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

INDIAN PIPE.

Death in the wood —
Death, and a scent of decay:
Death and a horror that creeps with the blood,
And stiffens the limbs to clay;
For the rains are heavy and slow,
And the leaves are shrunken and wan,
And the winds are sobbing weary and low,
And the life of the year is gone.

Death in the wood —
Death in its fold over fold,
Death —that I shuddered and sank where I stood,
At the touch of a hand so cold —
At the touch of a hand so cold,
And the sight of a clay-white face,
For I saw the corse of the friend I loved,
And a hush fell over the place.

Death in the wood —
Death, and a scent of decay,
Death, and a horror but half understood,
Where blank as the dead I lay;
What curse hung over the earth,
What woe to the tribes of men,
That we felt as a death what was made for a birth —
And a birth sinking deathward again!

Death in the wood —
In the death-pale lips apart,
Death in a whiteness that curdled the blood,
Now black to the very heart:
The wonder by her was found
Who stands supreme in power;
To show that life by the spirit comes,
She gave us a soulless flower.

WHAT IS LIFE.

The trees are barren, cold and brown,
The snow is white on vale and hill,
The gentian, aster, too, are gone,
Is there no blossom with us still?

Oh, look upon the hazel bough!
The flowers there are bright as gold,
Though all is cold and wintry now,
Their little petals still unfold.

The apples red have fallen down,
And silent is the joyous rill;
The robin and the thrush have flown —
Is there no bird to glad us still?

Hark! don't you hear a gladsome song,
A merry chirp from tiny throat? —
The snow-bird all the winter long
Will cheer us with his happy note.

A STORM AT NIGHT.

Gray, broken clouds along the showery skies
  Lie dim behind the broad horizon line;
The night-wind through the outer darkness flies;
  Amid the green the fitful fireflies shine.

The lightning tears the heavens with sudden shock —
  Each separate leaf stands clear against the light —
The thunder crashes down from rock to rock
  Across the broken silence of the night.

The earth leaps up beneath the buried glare,
  One second all its midnight grace reveals —
Then drops the darkness on the stifling air
  That lifts and opens to the thunder-peals.

And through the moment's throbbing hush between
  The flash of lightning and the wild refrain,
You hear, amid the maple's shifting green,
  The drip and patter of the summer rain.

Now the long echoings mutter far away,
  Like some great organ, strong in gracious might —
A voice which Nature's forces must obey,
  A grand compelling power along the night.

Lower and lower sinks the mighty tone,
  Faint are the lines of fire along the sky;
The night is left in darkness and alone;
  The storm has died — and darkness too shall die!

The robins chirp within the rocking nest,
  The eastern skies are flushing far away;
The phantom moon hangs waning in the west,
  The birds are singing at the break of day.

GOODRICH, Samuel Griswold ("Peter Parley"), an American editor, essayist and poet; born at Ridgefield, Conn., August 19, 1793; died at New York, May 9, 1860. He became a publisher, and from 1828 to 1842 edited *The Token,* an illustrated annual, to which he contributed many articles. In 1841 he established *Merry's Museum* and *Parley's Magazine,* which he edited until 1854. He was United States Consul at Paris (1848–52), and published there, in French, *Les Etats Unis; Aperçu Statistique; Historique; Géographique, Industriel et Social.* Mr. Goodrich was the author or editor of nearly two hundred volumes. Among them are *Peter Parley's Winter Evening Tales* (1829); *Stories for Long Nights* (1834); *Sketches from a Student's Window* (1836); *Sow Well and Reap Well* (1838); *The Outcast, and Other Poems* (1841); *Persevere and Prosper* (1843); *Wit Bought: or, the Adventures of Robert Merry* (1844); *Tales of Sea and Land* (1850); *Poems* (1851); *Recollections of a Lifetime: or, Men and Things I Have Seen* (1857), and *Illustrated Natural History of the Animal Kingdom* (1859).

AN OLD-TIME FARM-HOUSE.

The home of this, our neighbor B—, was situated on the road leading to Salem, there being a wide space in front occupied by the wood-pile, which in these days was not only a matter of great importance, but of formidable bulk. The size of the wood-pile was indeed in some sort an index to the rank and condition of the proprietor. The house itself was a low edifice, forty feet long, and of two stories in front; the rear being what was called a *breakback,* that is, sloping down to a height of ten feet;

this low part furnishing a shelter for garden tools and various household instruments. The whole was constructed of wood; the outside being of the dun complexion assumed by unpainted wood, exposed to the weather for twenty or thirty years, save only that the roof was tinged of a reddish-brown by a fine moss that found sustenance in the chestnut shingles.

To the left was the garden, which in the productive season was a wilderness of onions, squashes, cucumbers, beets, parsnips, and currants, with the never-failing tansy for bitters, horse-radish for seasoning, and fennel for keeping old women awake in church-time. A sprig of fennel was in fact the theological smelling-bottle of the tender sex, and not unfrequently of the men, who, from long sitting in the sanctuary — after a week of labor in the field, found themselves too strongly tempted to visit the forbidden land of Nod — would sometimes borrow a sprig of fennel, and exorcise the fiend that threatened their spiritual welfare.

The interior of the house presented a parlor with plain, whitewashed walls, a home-made carpet upon the floor, calico curtains at the window, and a mirror three feet by two against the side, with a mahogany frame; to these must be added eight chairs and a cherry table, of the manufacture of Deacon Hawley. The keeping or sitting room, had also a carpet, a dozen rush-bottom chairs, a table, etc. The kitchen was large — fully twenty feet square — with a fireplace six feet wide and four feet deep. On one side it looked out upon the garden, the squashes and cucumbers climbing up and forming festoons over the door; on the other a view was presented of the orchard, embracing first a circle of peaches, pears, and plums, and beyond, a widespread clover-field, embowered with apple trees. Just by, was the well, with its tall sweep, the old oaken bucket dangling from the pole. The kitchen was in fact the most comfortable room in the house; cool in summer, and perfumed with the breath of the garden and the orchard: in winter with its roaring blaze of hickory, it was a cosey resort, defying the bitterest blasts of the season. Here the whole family assembled at meals, save only when the presence of company made it proper to serve tea in the parlor.

The chambers were all without carpets, and the furniture was generally of a simple character. The beds, however, were of ample size and well filled with geese-feathers, these being deemed essential for comfortable people. I must say, by the way, that every decent family has its flock of geese, of course, which was picked thrice a year, despite the noisy remonstrances of both goose and gander. The sheets of the beds, though of home-made linen, were as white as the driven snow. . . .

The farm I need not describe in detail; but the orchard must not be overlooked. This consisted of three acres, covered, as I have said, with apple-trees, yielding abundantly, as well for the cider-mill as for the table, including the indispensable winter apple-sauce, according to their kinds. At springtime it is the paradise of the bees and the birds; the former filling the air with their gentle murmurs, and the latter celebrating their nuptials with all the frolic and fun of an universal jubilee. How often have I ventured into Uncle Josey's ample orchard at this joyous season, and stood entranced among the robins, blackbirds, woodpeckers, bluebirds, jays and orioles — all seeming to me like playmates, racing, chasing, singing, rollicking, in the exuberance of their joy, or perchance slyly pursuing their courtships, or even more slyly building their nests, and rearing their young.— *Recollections of a Lifetime.*

BOSTON AS A CENTRE OF CULTURE.

In 1824 Boston was notoriously the literary metropolis of the Union — the admitted "Athens of America." Edward Everett had given permanency to the *North American Review;* and though he had just left the editorial chair, his spirit dwelt in it, and his fame lingered around it. Richard H. Dana, Edward T. Channing, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, and others, were among the rising lights of the literary horizon. The newspaper press presented the witty and caustic *Galaxy,* edited by Buckingham; the dignified and scholarly *Daily Advertiser,* conducted by Nathan Hale; the frank, sensible, manly *Centinel,* under the editorial patriarch, Benjamin Russell. Channing was in the pulpit, and Webster at the bar. Society was

strongly impressed with literary tastes; genius was respected and cherished; a man in those days, who had achieved literary fame, was at least equal to a president of a bank or a treasurer of a manufacturing company. The pulpit shone bright and far with the light of scholarship radiated from the names of Beecher, Greenwood, Pierpont, Lowell, Palfrey, Doane, Stone, Frothingham, Gannett. The bar also reflected the glory of letters through H. G. Otis, Charles Jackson, William Prescott, Benjamin Gorham, Willard Phillips, James T. Austin, among the older members; and Charles G. Loring, Charles P. Curtis, Richard Fletcher, Theophilus Parsons, Franklin Dexter, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Edward G. Loring, Benjamin R. Curtis, among the younger. The day had not yet come when it was glory enough for a college professor to marry a hundred thousand dollars, or when it was the chief end of a lawyer to become the attorney of an insurance company. Corporations without souls had not yet become the masters and moulders of the soul of society.

Books with a Boston imprint had a prestige equal to a certificate of good paper, good print, good binding, and good matter. Since the period I speak of, Prescott, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whipple, Holmes, Lowell, Hillard, have joined the Boston constellation of letters.— *Recollections of a Lifetime.*

GORDON, CHARLES WILLIAM ("RALPH CONNOR"), a Canadian clergyman and novelist; born in Glengarry in 1860. He was graduated from the Toronto University in 1883, and from Knox college in 1887. In the following year he was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry, and from 1890 to 1894 was a missionary in the mining and lumbering region of Northwest Canada. In 1894 he became pastor of St. Stephen's church of Winnipeg, Mani-

C. W. GORDON.

toba, and began writing novels of western life, which have met with wide popularity. His works include *Beyond the Marshes* (1898); *Black Rock* (1899); *Given's Canon* (1900); *The Sky Pilot* (1901); *Ould Michael* (1902); *The Man from Glengarry* (1903); *Glengarry School Days* (1903); and *The Prospector* (1904).

Professor George Adam Smith wrote the following introduction for *Black Rock:*

"I think I have met Ralph Connor. Indeed, I am sure I have — once in a canoe on the Red River, once on the Assiniboine, and twice or thrice on the prairies of the West. That was not the name he gave me, but, if I am right, it covers one of the most honest and genial of the strong characters that are fighting the devil and doing good work for men all over the world. He has seen with his own eyes the life which he describes in this book, and has himself, for some years of hard and lonely toil, assisted in the good influences which he traces among its wild and often hopeless conditions. He writes with the freshness and accuracy of an eye-witness, with the style — as I think his readers will allow — of a real artist, and with the tenderness and hopefulness of a man not only of faith but of experience, who has seen in fulfillment the ideals for which he lives.

"The life to which he takes us, though far off and very strange to our tame minds, is the life of our brothers. Into the north-west of Canada the young men of Great Britain and Ireland have been pouring — I was told — sometimes at the rate of forty-eight thousand a year. Our brothers who left home yesterday — our hearts can not but follow them. With these pages Ralph Connor enables our eyes and our minds to follow, too; nor do I think there is any one who shall read this book and not find also that his conscience is quickened. There is a warfare appointed unto man upon earth, and its struggles are nowhere more intense, nor the victories of the strong, nor the succors

brought to the fallen, more heroic, than on the fields described in this volume."

Mr. Gordon has written a preliminary note to *Black Rock,* in which he says:

"The story of the book is true, and chief of the failures in the making of the book is this: that it is not all the truth. The light is not bright enough, the shadow is not black enough to give a true picture of that bit of Western life of which the writer was some small part. The men of the book are still there in the mines and lumber camps of the mountains, fighting out that eternal fight for manhood, strong, clean, God-conquered. And, when the west winds blow, to the open ear the sounds of battle come, telling the fortunes of the fight."

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

It was due to a mysterious dispensation of Providence, and a good deal to Leslie Graeme, that I found myself in the heart of the Selkirks for my Christmas Eve as the year 1882 was dying. It had been my plan to spend my Christmas far away in Toronto, with such Bohemian and boon companions as could be found in that cosmopolitan and kindly city. But Leslie Graeme changed all that, for, discovering me in the village of Black Rock, with my traps all packed, waiting for the stage to start for the Landing, thirty miles away, he bore down upon me with resistless force, and I found myself recovering from my surprise only after we had gone in his lumber sleigh some six miles on our way to his camp up in the mountains. I was surprised and much delighted, though I would not allow him to think so, to find that his old-time power over me was still there. He could always in the old 'varsity days — dear, wild days — make me do what he liked. He was so handsome and so reckless, brilliant in his class work, and the prince of half-backs on the Rugby field, and with such power of fascination as would "extract the heart out of a wheelbarrow," as Barney Lundy used to say. And thus it was that I found myself just three weeks later — I was to

have spent two or three days — on the afternoon of the 24th of December, standing in Graeme's Lumber Camp No. 2, wondering at myself. But I did not regret my changed plans, for in those three weeks I had raided a cinnamon bear's den and had wakened up a grizzly — But I shall let the grizzly finish the tale; he probably sees more humor in it than I.

The camp stood in a little clearing, and consisted of a group of three long, low shanties with smaller shacks near them, all built of heavy, unhewn logs, with door and window in each. The grub camp, with cook-shed attached, stood in the middle of the clearing; at a little distance was the sleeping-camp with the office built against it, and about a hundred yards away on the other side of the clearing stood the stables, and near them the smiddy. The mountains rose grandly on every side, throwing up their great peaks into the sky. The clearing in which the camp stood was hewn out of a dense pine forest that filled the valley and climbed half-way up the mountain-sides, and then frayed out in scattered and stunted trees.

It was one of those wonderful Canadian winter days, bright, and with a touch of sharpness in the air that did not chill, but warmed the blood like draughts of wine. The men were up in the woods, and the shrill scream of the blue jay flashing across the open, the impudent chatter of the red squirrel from the top of the grub camp, and the pert chirp of the whisky-jack, hopping about on the rubbish heap, with the long, lone cry of the wolf far down the valley, only made the silence felt the more.

As I stood drinking in with all my soul the glorious beauty and the silence of mountain and forest, with the Christmas feeling stealing into me, Graeme came out from his office, and, catching sight of me, called out, "Glorious Christmas weather, old chap!" And then, coming nearer, "Must you go to-morrow?"

"I fear so," I replied, knowing well that the Christmas feeling was on him too.

"I wish I were going with you," he said, quietly.

I turned eagerly to persuade him, but at the look of suffering in his face the words died at my lips, for we both were thinking of the awful night of horror when all his

bright, brilliant life crashed down about him in black ruin and shame. I could only throw my arm over his shoulder and stand silent beside him. A sudden jingle of bells roused him, and, giving himself a little shake, he exclaimed:

"There are the boys coming home."

Soon the camp was filled with men talking, laughing, chaffing, like light-hearted boys.

"They are a little wild to-night," said Graeme; "and to-morrow they'll paint Black Rock red."

Before many minutes had gone, the last teamster was "washed up," and all were standing about waiting impatiently for the cook's signal — the supper to-night was to be "something of a feed" — when the sound of bells drew their attention to a light sleigh drawn by a buckskin broncho coming down the hill-side at a great pace.

"The preacher, I'll bet, by his driving," said one of the men.

"Bedad, and it's him has the foine nose for turkey!" said Blaney, a good-natured, jovial Irishman.

"Yes, or for pay-day, more like," said Keefe, a black-browed, villainous fellow countryman of Blaney's, and, strange to say, his great friend.

Big Sandy McNaughton, a Canadian Highlander from Glengarry, rose up in wrath. "Bill Keefe," said he, with deliberate emphasis, "you'll just keep your dirty tongue off the minister; and as for your pay, it's little he sees of it, or any one else, except Mike Slavin, when you're too dry to wait for some one to treat you, or perhaps Father Ryan, when the fear of hell-fire is onto you."

The men stood amazed at Sandy's sudden anger and length of speech.

"*Bon!* Dat's good for you, my bully boy," said Baptiste, a wiry little French-Canadian, Sandy's sworn ally and devoted admirer ever since the day when the big Scotsman, under great provocation, had knocked him clean off the dump into the river, and then jumped in for him.

It was not till afterward I learned the cause of Sandy's sudden wrath which urged him to such unwonted length of speech. It was not simply that the Presbyterian blood carried with it reverence for the minister and contempt

for Papists and Fenians, but that he had a vivid remembrance of how, only a month ago, the minister had got him out of Mike Slavin's saloon and out of the clutches of Keefe and Slavin and their gang of blood-suckers.

Keefe started up with a curse. Baptiste sprung to Sandy's side, slapped him on the back, and called out:

"You keel him!" I'll hit (eat) him up, me."

It looked as if there might be a fight, when a harsh voice said, in a low, savage tone:

"Stop your row, you blank fools. Settle it, if you want to, somewhere else."

I turned, and was amazed to see old man Nelson, who was very seldom moved to speech.

There was a look of scorn on his hard, iron-gray face, and of such settled fierceness as made me quite believe the tales I had heard of his deadly fights in the mines at the coast. Before any reply could be made, the minister drove up, and called out in a cheery voice:

"Merry Christmas, boys! Halloo, Sandy! *Comment ça va,* Baptiste? How do you do, Mr. Graeme?"

"First rate. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Connor, sometime medical student, now artist, hunter, and tramp at large, but not a bad sort."

"A man to be envied," said the minister, smiling. "I am glad to know any friend of Mr. Graeme's."

I liked Mr. Craig from the first. He had good eyes that looked straight out at you, a clean-cut, strong face well set on his shoulders, and altogether an upstanding, manly bearing. He insisted on going with Sandy to the stables to see Dandy, his broncho, put up.

"Decent fellow," said Graeme; "but though he is good enough to his broncho, it is Sandy that's in his mind now."

"Does he come out often? I mean, are you part of his parish, so to speak?"

"I have no doubt he thinks so; and I'm blowed if he doesn't make the Presbyterians of us think so too." And he added, after a pause, "A dandy lot of parishioners we are for any man. There's Sandy, now, he would knock Keefe's head off as a kind of religious exercise; but to-morrow Keefe will be sober, and Sandy will be drunk as a lord, and the drunker he is the better Presbyterian he'll

be, to the preacher's disgust." Then, after another pause, he added, bitterly, "But it is not for me to throw rocks at Sandy; I am not the same kind of a fool, but I am a fool of several other sorts."

Then the cook came out and beat a tattoo on the bottom of a dish-pan. Baptiste answered with a yell; but though keenly hungry, no man would demean himself to do other than walk with apparent reluctance to his place at the table. At the further end of the camp was a big fire-place, and from the door to the fire-place extended the long board tables, covered with platters of turkey not too scientifically carved, dishes of potatoes, bowls of apple-sauce, plates of butter, pies, and smaller dishes distributed at regular intervals. Two lanterns hanging from the roof, and a row of candle stuck into the wall on either side by means of slit sticks, cast a dim, weird light over the scene.

There was a moment's silence, and at a nod from Graeme, Mr. Craig rose and said:

"I don't know how you feel about it, men; but to me this looks good enough to be thankful for."

"Fire ahead, sir," called out a voice quite respectfully, and the minister bent his head and said:

"For Christ the Lord, who came to save us, for all the love and goodness we have known, and for these Thy gifts to us this Christmas night, our Father, make us thankful. Amen."

"*Bon!* Dat's fuss rate," said Baptiste. "Seems lak dat's make me hit (eat) more better for sure."

And then no word was spoken for a quarter of an hour. The occasion was far too solemn and moments too precious for anything so empty as words. But when the white piles of bread and the brown piles of turkey had for a second time vanished, and after the last pie had disappeared, there came a pause and hush of expectancy, whereupon the cook and cookee, each bearing aloft a huge, blazing pudding, came forth.

"Hooray!" yelled Blaney, "up wid ye!" and grabbing the cook by the shoulders from behind, he faced him about.

Mr. Craig was the first to respond, and seizing the cookee in the same way, called out:

"Squad, fall in! Quick march!"

In a moment every man was in the procession.

"Strike up, Batchees, ye little angel!" shouted Blaney, the appellation a concession to the minister's presence, and away went Baptiste in a rollicking French song with the English chorus:

"Then blow, ye winds, in the morning,
Blow, ye winds, ay oh!
Blow, ye winds, in the morning,
Blow, blow, blow."

And at each "blow" every boot came down with a thump on the plank floor that shook the solid roof. After the second round, Mr. Craig jumped upon the bench, and called out:

"Three cheers for Billy the cook!"

In the silence following the cheers, Baptiste was heard to say:

"*Bon!* Dat's mak me feel lak hit dat puddin' all hup mesef, me."

"Hear till the little baste!" said Blaney in disgust.

"Batchees," remonstrated Sandy, gravely, "ye've more stomach than manners."

"Fu sure! but de more stomach dat's more better for dis puddin'," replied the little Frenchman, cheerfully.

After a time the tables were cleared and pushed back to the wall, and pipes were produced. In all attitudes suggestive of comfort the men disposed themselves in a wide circle about the fire, which now roared and crackled up the great wooden chimney hanging from the roof. The lumberman's hour of bliss had arrived. Even old man Nelson looked a shade less melancholy than usual as he sat alone, well away from the fire, smoking steadily and silently. When the second pipes were well a-going, one of the men took down a violin from the wall and handed it to Lachlan Campbell. There were two brothers Campbell just out from Argyll, typical Highlanders: Lachlan, dark, silent, melancholy, with the face of a mystic, and Angus, red-haired, quick, impulsive, and devoted to his brother —

a devotion he thought proper to cover under biting, sarcastic speech.

Lachlan, after much protestation, interspersed with gibes from his brother, took the violin, and, in response to the call from all sides, struck up "Lord Macdonald's Reel." In a moment the floor was filled with dancers, whooping and cracking their fingers in the wildest manner. Then Baptiste did the "Red River Jig," a most intricate and difficult series of steps, the men keeping time to the music with hands and feet.

When the jig was finished, Sandy called for "Lochaber No More," but Campbell said:

"No, no; I cannot play that to-night. Mr. Craig will play."

Craig took the violin, and at the first note I knew he was no ordinary player. I did not recognize the music, but it was soft and thrilling, and got in by the heart, till every one was thinking his tenderest and saddest thoughts.

After he had played two or three exquisite bits, he gave Campbell his violin, saying, "Now, 'Lochaber.' Lachlan."

Without a word, Lachlan began, not "Lochaber" — he was not ready for that yet — but "The Flowers o' the Forest," and from that wandered through "Auld Robin Gray" and "The Land o' the Leal," and so got at last to that most soul-subduing of Scottish laments, "Lochaber No More." At the first strain, his brother, who had thrown himself on some blankets behind the fire, turned over on his face, feigning sleep. Sandy McNaughton took his pipe out of his mouth, and sat up straight and stiff, staring into vacancy, and Graeme, beyond the fire, drew a short, sharp breath. We had often sat, Graeme and I, in our student days, in the drawing-room at home, listening to his father wailing out "Lochaber" upon the pipes, and I well knew that the awful minor strains were now eating their way into his soul.

Over and over again the Highlander played his lament. He had long since forgotten us, and was seeing visions of the hills and lochs and glens of his far-away native land, and making us, too, see strange things out of the dim past. I glanced at old man Nelson, and was startled at the eager, almost piteous, look in his eyes, and I wished

Campbell would stop. Mr. Craig caught my eye, and, stepping over to Campbell, held out his hand for the violin. Lingeringly and lovingly the Highlander drew out the last strain, and silently gave the minister his instrument.

Without a moment's pause, and while the spell of "Lochaber" was still upon us, the minister, with exquisite skill, fell into the refrain of that simple and beautiful camp-meeting hymn, "The Sweet By and By." After playing the verse through once, he sang softly the refrain. After the first verse, the men joined in the chorus; at first timidly, but by the time the third verse was reached they were shouting with throats full open, "We shall meet on that beautiful shore." When I looked at Nelson the eager light had gone out of his eyes, and in its place was a kind of determined hopelessness, as if in this new music he had no part.

After the voices had ceased, Mr. Craig played again the refrain, more and more softly, and slowly; then laying the violin on Campbell's knees, he drew from his pocket his little Bible, and said:

"Men, with Mr. Græme's permission, I want to read you something this Christmas Eve. You will all have heard it before, but you will like it none the less for that."

His voice was soft, but clear and penetrating, as he read the eternal story of the angels and the shepherds and the Babe. And as he read, a slight motion of the hand or a glance of an eye made us see, as he was seeing, that whole radiant drama. The wonder, the timid joy, the tenderness, the mystery of it all, were borne in upon us with overpowering effect. He closed the book, and in the same low, clear voice went on to tell us how, in his home years ago, he used to stand on Christmas Eve listening in thrilling delight to his mother telling him the story, and how she used to make him see the shepherds and hear the sheep bleating near by, and how the sudden burst of glory used to make his heart jump.

"I used to be a little afraid of the angels, because a boy told me they were ghosts; but my mother told me better, and I didn't fear them any more. And the Baby, the dear little Baby — we all love a baby."

There was a quick, dry sob; it was from Nelson.

"I used to peek through under to see the little one in the straw, and wonder what things swaddling clothes were. Oh! it was all so real and beautiful!"

He paused, and I could hear the men breathing.

"But one Christmas Eve," he went on, in a lower, sweeter tone, "there was no one to tell me the story, and I grew to forget it, and went away to college, and learned to think that it was only a child's tale and was not for men. Then bad days came to me, and worse, and I began to lose my grip of myself, of life, of hope, of goodness, till one black Christmas, in the slums of a far-away city, when I had given up all, and the devil's arms were about me, I heard the story again. And as I listened, with a bitter ache in my heart — for I had put it all behind me — I suddenly found myself peeking under the shepherd's arms with a child's wonder at the Baby in the straw. Then it came over me like great waves, that His name was Jesus, because it was He that should save men from their sins. Save! Save! The waves kept beating upon my ears, and before I knew, I had called out, 'Oh, can He save me?' It was in a little mission meeting on one of the side streets, and they seemed to be used to that sort of thing there, for no one was surprised; and a young fellow leaned across the aisle to me and said, 'Why, you just bet He can!' His surprise that I should doubt, his bright face and confident tone, gave me hope that perhaps it might be so. I held to that hope with all my soul, and"— stretching up his arms, and with a quick glow in his face and a little break in his voice —"He hasn't failed me yet; not once, not once!"

He stopped short, and I felt a good deal like making a fool of myself, for in those days I had not made up my mind about these things. Graeme, poor old chap, was gazing at him with a sad yearning in his dark eyes; big Sandy was sitting very stiff, and staring harder than ever into the fire; Baptiste was trembling with excitement; Blaney was openly wiping the tears away. But the face that held my eyes was that of old man Nelson. It was white, fierce, hungry-looking, his sunken eyes burning, his lips parted as if to cry.

The minister went on. "I didn't mean to tell you this, men; it all came over me with a rush; but it is true, every word, and not a word will I take back. And, what's more, I can tell you this: what He did for me He can do for any man, and it doesn't make any difference what's behind him, and"— leaning slightly forward, and with a little thrill of pathos vibrating in his voice —"Oh, boys! why don't you give Him a chance at you? Without Him you'll never be the men you want to be, and you'll never get the better of that that's keeping some of you now from going back home. You know you'll never go back till you're the men you want to be." Then, lifting up his face, and throwing back his head, he said, as if to himself, "Jesus! He shall save His people from their sins," and then, "Let us pray."

Graeme leaned forward with his face in his hands; Baptiste and Blaney dropped on their knees; Sandy, the Campbells, and some others, stood up. Old man Nelson held his eyes steadily on the minister.

Only once before had I seen that look on a human face. A young fellow had broken through the ice on the river at home, and as the black water was dragging his fingers one by one from the slippery edges, there came over his face that same look. I used to wake up for many a night after in a sweat of horror, seeing the white face with its parting lips, and its piteous, dumb appeal, and the black water slowly sucking it down.

Nelson's face brought it all back; but during the prayer the face changed, and seemed to settle into resolve of some sort, stern, almost gloomy, as of a man with his last chance before him.

After the prayer Mr. Craig invited the men to a Christmas dinner next day in Black Rock. "And because you are an independent lot, we'll charge you half a dollar for dinner and the evening show." Then leaving a bundle of magazines and illustrated papers on the table — a godsend to the men — he said good-by and went out.

I was to go with the minister, so I jumped into the sleigh first, and waited while he said good-by to Graeme, who had been hard hit by the whole service, and seemed to

want to say something. I heard Mr. Craig say, cheerfully and confidently, "It's a true bill. Try Him."

Sandy, who had been steadying Dandy while that interesting broncho was attempting with great success to balance himself on his hind legs, came to say good-by.

"Come and see me first thing, Sandy."

"Ay! I know; I'll see ye, Mr. Craig," said Sandy, earnestly, as Dandy dashed off at a full gallop across the clearing and over the bridge, steadying down when he reached the hill.

"Steady, you idiot!"

This was to Dandy, who had taken a sudden side spring into the deep snow, almost upsetting us. A man stepped out from the shadow. It was old man Nelson. He came straight to the sleigh, and, ignoring my presence completely, said:

"Mr. Craig, are you dead sure of this? Will it work?"

"Do you mean," said Craig, taking him up promptly, "can Jesus Christ save you from your sins and make a man of you?"

The old man nodded, keeping his hungry eyes on the other's face.

"Well, here's His message to you: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.'"

"To me? To me?" said the old man, eagerly.

"Listen; this, too, is His word: 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' That's for you, for here you are, coming."

"You don't know me, Mr. Craig. I left my baby fifteen years ago because —"

"Stop!" said the minister. "Don't tell me — at least not to-night; perhaps never. Tell Him who knows it all now, and who never betrays a secret. Have it out with Him. Don't be afraid to trust Him."

Nelson looked at him, with his face quivering, and said in a husky voice:

"If this is no good, it's hell for me."

"If it is no good," replied Craig, almost sternly, "it's hell for all of us."

The old man straightened himself up, looked up at the

stars, then back at Mr. Craig, then at me, and, drawing a deep breath, said:

"I'll try Him."

As he was turning away, the minister touched him on the arm, and said, quietly:

"Keep an eye on Sandy to-morrow."

Nelson nodded, and we went on; but before we took the next turn I looked back and saw what brought a lump into my throat. It was old man Nelson on his knees in the snow, with his hands spread upward to the stars, and I wondered if there was any One above the stars, and nearer than the stars, who could see. And then the trees hid him from my sight.— *Black Rock.*

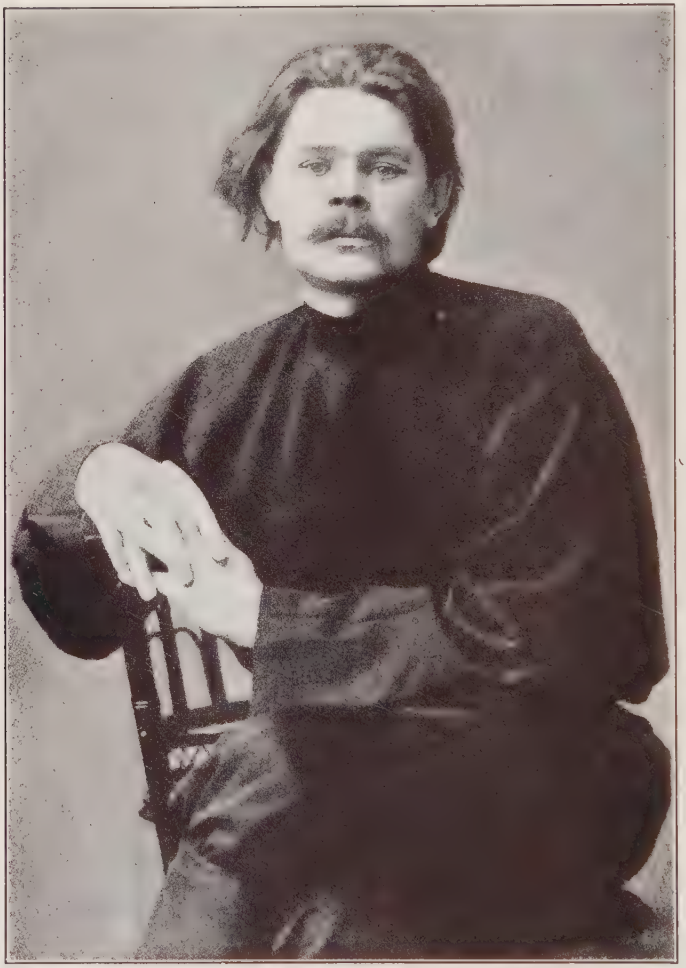
GORE, CATHERINE GRACE FRANCES MOODY, an English novelist; born at East Retford, Notts, in 1799; died at Lyndhurst, Hampshire, January 29, 1861. She was the daughter of a wine-merchant. In 1823 she married Captain Gore. Her first novel was *Theresa Marchmont,* published in 1823. It was followed by *The Bond* (1824); *Lettre de Cachet* and *The Reign of Terror* (1827); *Women as They Are* (1830), and *Mothers and Daughters* (1831. These novels were favorably received, and Mrs. Gore continued to write, frequently publishing two novels a year. She also wrote a comedy, *School for Coquettes* (1831). Among her many works, in addition to those mentioned, are *Mrs. Armytage* (1836); *Mary Raymond* and *The Adventures of a Peeress* (1838); *Cecil: The Adventures of a Coxcomb* (1841); *The Dean's Daughter; The Hamiltons; The Ambassador's Wife; Mammon; Peers and Parvenus; Preferment; The Banker's Wife; Self;*

The Soldier of Lyons, and *The Tuileries.* Her latest work was *The Two Aristocracies* (1857).

A PRUDENT WORLDLY WOMAN.

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman — a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her debut — the "best match" to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself, that the comparative proved a superlative — even a high-sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty toward herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest "good sort of man" extant throughout the three kingdoms; and the whole routine of her after-life was regulated by the same code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world; but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society nor, from her youth upward had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties.

She knew with arithmetical accuracy the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighborhood — the complement of laundry-maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity — the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality; nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday-school, as she sailed majestically along the aisle toward her tall, stately, pharisaical, squirearchical pew. True to the execution of her tasks — and her whole life was but one laborious task; true and exact as the great bell of the



MAXIM GORKY.

Beech Park turret clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue; proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers, because Sir Robert's rent-roll could afford the services of a first-rate steward and butler and house-keeper, and thus insure a well-ordered household; and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice-pudding and spelling-book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles. All went well at Beech Park; for Lady Lilfield was the "excellent wife" of "a good sort of man!"—*Women as They Are.*

GORKY, MAXIM, a Russian author, whose real name is ALEXEI MAXIMOVITCH PYESHKOFF; born at Nijni Novgorod in 1868. He served from youth at varied employments from ship's cook to lawyer's clerk. He then traveled over a large part of Russia as a tramp, and the varied scenes and persons he saw in his vagabond life among the lowest of the population, furnished him with a storehouse of rich material for his subsequent literary work. He has written several realistic novels depicting the tragic side of life. These include *Foma Gordyeeff* (1902); *Makar Chudra* (1903); *Tales* (1903); and *Dillon* (1904).

In February, 1905, during the riots at St. Petersburg, Gorky arrayed himself with the socialists and populace as against the Czar and the military, and was placed under arrest charged with insurrection. He was thrown into prison and put in solitary confinement. Gorky turned his imprisonment to good account, having written during his incarceration a new play entitled *The Children of the Sun.* The drama

deals with the revolutionary movement and is regarded by the author himself as his masterpiece.

Several of Gorky's short tales have been translated into English by C. Alexandroff, who has also written a biography of the young Russian novelist.

THE FIRST KISS.

I.

Once in the late Fall my situation grew decidedly unpleasant. I arrived in Moscow, where I had neither home nor friends, without a copeck.

After selling all parts of my wardrobe that could possibly be spared without police interference I went to the shipyards, which, in Summer time, are always full of life and people, men and women who work for their living and others. At this time, the beginning of November, the neighborhood was deserted — not a soul to be seen, not a dog or cat even. I tramped about in all directions looking for remnants of food. Indeed, in spots I dug up the wet ground with my feet, hoping against hope to find perhaps some canned goods or a little barrel of salt fish.

Did you ever reflect how much easier it is to satisfy the soul than the body? You tramp the streets — the buildings are not badly put together and, I dare say, well furnished inside, and they afford one food for much interesting thought on architecture, hygiene, economics, etc. You meet hundreds of well and warmly dressed people, marvels of politeness. They make way for the tramp and perform various other acts to ignore the fact of your sorry existence.

Evening came. It began to rain. The north wind was blowing. Abominable wind; it whistled through the empty boxes and shanties and knocked at the closed shutters at the deserted sailors' taverns; it threw great waves on the strand, one toppling over the other. In their haste to get ashore it looked as if the waves were trying to escape from the icy fetters the wind was forg-

ing for them. Unspeakable desolation, unfathomable shadows all around, everything and everybody dead or dying. I alone retaining a glimmer of life. I was eighteen then.

I tramped and tramped over the cold, wet ground, singing an anthem to hunger with my chattering teeth. Suddenly as I bent over a box to make sure that nothing eatable escaped me, I saw a female figure, much the worse for rain and mud. The woman, who turned her back upon me, was digging with her bare hands at the side of the goods case.

"What are you doing there?" I asked, squatting down near her. There was an exclamation of surprise, of fear, and she jumped to her feet. When she stood up regarding me with big gray, anxious eyes, I saw a comely lass of my own age, with a face full of sweetness and poetry, but disfigured by three big black marks, one under each eye, another in the centre of the forehead. "Only an artist could do it so symmetrically," I said to myself with the brutal humor of the tramp used to suffer by his own kind and others.

II.

As the girl studied my face and ragged appearance, the look of alarm gradually faded from her eyes. Next she wiped the dirt from her hands, adjusted her calico headcloth, and said:

"So you are hungry, too? Well, go on digging. I believe that box there is full of good things. Some drayman must have dropped it. Hurry up, boy, maybe there is sausage in it."

"Sausage!" I dug and dug, and still I dug. After resting a bit, my new acquaintance crouched beside me and helped. We worked in silence. Whether I was thinking of the criminal code at the time, of good morals and the sacred rights of property — things we ought to have always in mind, according to wise and good men's notions of the proprieties — I can't tell now. But I do know that I was determined to get at the box's bottom and expected to find it full of sausage, bread, sweetmeats

and macaroni; the latter I used to chew raw in those days.

Dusk found us still at work with the cold, the damp and the flood of heaven's tears increasing. Louder and louder the rain drops drummed on the boards of the goods cases. Somewhere in the distance a watchman's rattle was going.

"Has this box a bottom, or not?" asked my partner.

I gave it up. Few women have good ideas, but this one had.

"Let's break off the lock — we might as well go to jail for one thing as for the other," she said.

I broke the lock with a stone and my friend crawled in.

She began stock taking. "A basket of soda water bottles, an empty valise, a sun umbrella, a piece of carpet —"

"Nothing to eat?" I felt my hopes dashed to the ground. Suddenly she cried: "Hi, here it is."

"What, the sausage?"

The bread rolled to the ground, and after it my comrade.

Seeing that I was munching before she had had a show herself, she cried impatiently: "Let me have a bit, too, greedy." And then: "We can't stay here and live. What shall we do?" She looked inquiringly in all directions. Nothing but darkness and wet.

"I saw a turned-up boat on shore. I think I can find it again. Shall we try that?"

Instead of answer my companion took me by the arm. I had hold of the bread, breaking off chunks as our mouths got empty.

The rain was increasing, the river howled, the wind alternately groaned and sobbed. Then a loud, ear-splitting whistle, the whistle of a full belly, surely, who didn't care a farthing for the sufferings of the starving. It hurt me, but didn't affect my appetite nor the girl's.

"What's your name?" I asked at last, ashamed of working my jaws without interruption.

"Natascha," replied the girl, with a mouth full of bread.

III.

The rain beat incessantly upon the boat that sheltered us, the water trickling in through numerous cracks; the icy wind, too, made itself felt with cutting severity. At the beam end was a hole as big as your fist. There a puppy had crawled in, merciless Boreas following.

Doggy whined as if his heart would break. And with the regularity of clockwork the waves broke on shore. A monotonous, hopeless story they told with a thousand mouths. Full of sorrow and darkness was their tale; they loathed it, but had to repeat it just the same.

At times it sounded as if the sighs of an evil spirit wafted past the roof of our poor lodgings, a long, endless wail of some one tired of the eternal sameness of things. And the wind continued to sing hymns of sorrow and desolation.

Our lodgings were neither as comfortable as a stable nor as cheerful as many a dug-out I have known; they were narrow, damp, malodorous and cold.

We sat silent and trembling; my eyes were heavy with sleep. Natascha, leaned with her back against the side of the boat, making herself as small as possible in an effort to keep at least some warmth in her body. Her chin rested on her knees, 'round which her arms were drawn, while her wide open eyes stared into space. She never stirred and her mute immobility had in it the shadow of awe. Half frightened, I thought of speaking to her, but didn't know what. She began herself.

"What a wretched existence the like of us lead!" It was not said in a spirit of complaint — there was far too much indifference in her tone for that! As I agreed with Natascha I saw no reason for reply. "If one could only make an end of it all," she continued slowly and thoughtfully, again without a shade of regret. Evidently this girl, young as she was, had come to the conclusion that, to escape the hardships of life, it was best to give up life itself.

When I heard her words and reflected upon them, the

tears rose to my eyes. But as Natascha scorned to blubber, it would have been unseemly for me to do so.

"Who beat you?" I asked after a while.

"Who else but Paschka, my lover — we are to be married next Spring."

"Was it the first time he beat you?"

"No, no," she replied, making haste to correct so foolish an impression. "He thrashes me every time he gets full of wodka." And she moved up closer. She was a servant out of work, he a baker, had a red mustache and played delightfully on the hurdy-gurdy. Clean he was; his Sunday clothes cost him fifteen rubles, his bootlegs had red tops; in short, he was a "prize." Natascha loved him and gave him all she earned. He accepted, got drunk, and beat her. The beating she didn't mind, but that he flirted with other girls — that was unbearable.

"This afternoon I found him with that hussy, Dunka, and upbraided him. He knocked me down. He trampled upon me, dragged me around the sidewalk by my hair. But that wasn't the worst. He tore my best suit of clothes — the only one left, for I had to sell the rest to live. Tore it to tatters, dress and jacket and headcloth. What am I to do?" she cried suddenly, out into the night. "I daren't go after a place, for the police will arrest me. Now, what can I do?"

The wind blew faster and faster, colder and colder. As in the afternoon, when my stomach was absolutely empty, my teeth chattered. Natascha bent lower under the frost.

"Man is a beast, all men are beasts," she observed after an interval in a matter of fact way, and her quietude, the absence of violent anger, or hatred, impressed me more than words can tell. There was the difference between witnessing death's agony and reading about it. I groaned and ground my teeth.

At that moment I felt two small, cold hands, one upon my neck, the other patting my face. And an anxious, sweet, gently caressing voice queried: "What ails you?" Before I could say a word Natascha continued: "Are you cold? May the Holy Mother of Kasan pro-

tect you from freezing — it's a horrible death, they say." Then, somewhat peremptorily: "Answer, Maxim; don't sit there like an owl." And again, caressingly: "Now, confess, what's your trouble? Why did you lose your place? Was it for drunkenness, or did you steal something? A few copecks, perhaps, or a lump of sugar? You didn't do it? Of course not, Maxim, my boy; of course not."

And so she went on, consoling, encouraging me, saving my moral and physical life.

What irony, a philosopher of my imaginary magnitude solaced and comforted by an ignorant servant maid, for, let it be known, at that period of my life I was extremely busy reconstructing society and changing the political and ethical aspects of the world, being at the same time firmly convinced that the future belonged to me and that I was preparing for a great historical role.

For a while it seemed like a dream, but the raindrops gliding down my neck told another story. The wind, too, had come up again, howling and wailing and rocking the boat and kicking it with invisible great boots, and we both trembled with the cold.

But she continued speaking — spoke only as a woman can! Under the influence of her naïve and consoling words I felt something burst within me — the icy crust of egotism that held my heart in bondage. Then I could cry and my tears washed away much stored-up anger, a great amount of stupidity, sorrow and vain-gloriousness.

Natascha spoke again:

"Stop crying, dearest — believe me, better days are coming, the Holy Mother loves youth, and I will pray to her on your behalf; yes, I will. You will get another job, you will want a suit costing fifteen, nay, twenty rubles, and high boots. You will be happy."

And then she kissed me — the first kiss from girlish lips I ever received.

And as I was dozing away I heard her say: "All will be well — will be well, for God and the Holy Mother are with you — Maxim."

In the morning the sun rose brighter and more glori-

ous than usual at that season of the year, and Natascha and I said good-by, never to meet again.— *Translation of* C. ALEXANDROFF.

GOSSE, EDMUND WILLIAM, an English poet and critic; born at London, September 21, 1849. In 1867 he was appointed an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum, and in 1875 translator to the Board of Trade. In 1872 and 1874 he visited Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and in 1877 Holland, for the purpose of studying the literature of those countries. He is the author of *Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets* (1870); *On Viol and Flute* (1873); *King Erik,* a tragedy (1876); *The Unknown Lover* (1878); *New Poems* (1879); *Studies in Northern Literature* (1879); *Life of Gray* (1882); *From Shakespeare to Pope; Seventeenth Century Studies,* critical essays on Literature; *Firdausi in Exile, and Other Poems,* and *Raleigh,* in the "English Men of Letters" series (1886); *A Life of Congreve* (1888); *History of Eighteenth Century Literature* (1889); *Gossip in a Library* (1891); *The Secret of Narcisse,* romance (1892); *Questions at Issue,* essays (1893); *The Jacobean Poets* (1894); *In Russet and Silver,* poems (1894); *Collected Poems* (1896). He also contributed numerous essays to "Ward's English Poets" (1880–81).

CHARACTER OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In character Andersen was one of the most blameless of human creatures. A certain irritability of manner

that almost amounted to petulance in his earlier days, and which doubtless arose from the sufferings of his childhood, became mellowed, as years went on, into something like the sensitive and pathetic sweetness of a dumb animal. There was an appeal in his physical appearance that claimed for him immunity from the rough ways of the world, a childlike trustfulness, a tremulous and confiding affectionateness that threw itself directly upon the sympathy of those around.

His personality was somewhat ungainly: a tall body, with arms of very unusual length, and features that recalled, at the first instant, the usual blunt type of the blue-eyed, yellow-haired Danish peasant. But it was impossible to hold this impression after a moment's observation. The eyes, somewhat deeply set under arching eyebrows, were full of mysterious and changing expression, and a kind of exaltation which never left the face entirely, though fading at times into reverie, gave a singular charm to a countenance that had no pretension to outward beauty. The innocence and delicacy, like the pure, frank look of a girl-child, that beamed from Andersen's face, gave it an unique character hardly to be expressed in words. Notwithstanding his native shrewdness, he seemed to have gone through the world not only undefiled by, but actually ignorant of its shadow-side.

The one least pleasing feature of his character was his singular self-absorption. It was impossible to be many minutes in his company without his referring in the naïvest way to his own greatness. The Queen of Timbuctoo had sent him this; the Pacha of Many Tails had given him such an Order; such a little boy in the street had said, "There goes the great Hans Andersen!" These reminiscences were incessant, and it was all the same to him whether a little boy or a great queen noticed him, so long as he was favorably noticed. If, however, the notice was unfavorable, he was inconsolable for the time being, and again in this case it mattered nothing from what source the censure came. The Norwegian poet Welhaven used to relate that he was once in a Copenhagen coffee-house with Anderson, when the

latter, glancing at one of the lowest and most ribald publications of the hour, became suddenly excessively agitated. With trembling hands he pointed out to Welhaven a passage in which some miserable penny-a-liner had printed a coarse jest with an allusion to Andersen's appearance. "Is it possible," Welhaven asked, "that you, with a European reputation, care what such a man says of you in such a place?" "Yes," replied Andersen, with tears in his eyes, "I do — a little!"

This intense craving for perpetual laudation, no matter from whom, was an idiosyncrasy in Andersen's character not to be confounded with mere vulgar vanity. It sometimes assumed really magnificent proportions, as when he once said to a friend of mine, an old friend of his own, in deprecation of some fulsome praise from abroad. "It is true that I am the greatest man of letters now living, yet the praise should not be to me, but to God who has made me so." It was a strange and morbid characteristic, to be traced, no doubt, to the distressing hardships of his boyhood. It was harmless and guileless, but it was none the less fatiguing, and it was so strongly developed that no biographical sketch of him can be considered fair that does not allude to it. During his lifetime, it would have been inhuman to vex his pure spirit by dwelling on a weakness that was entirely beyond his own control; but it is only just to his own countrymen, who have been so harshly blamed for their want of sympathy with him, to mention the fact which made Andersen's constant companionship a thing almost intolerable. In a small community like that of Copenhagen, a little personal peculiarity of this kind is not so easily overlooked as in a wider circle.— *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe.*

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Last night I woke and found between us drawn —
  Between us, where no mortal fear may creep —
  The vision of Death dividing us in sleep:
And suddenly I thought, Ere light shall dawn
  Some day, the substance, not the shadow, of Death

Shall cleave us like a sword. The vision passed,
But all its new-born horror held me fast,
And till day broke I listened for your breath.
Some day to wake, and find that colored skies,
And pipings in the woods, and petals wet,
Are things for aching memory to forget;
And that your living hands and mouth and eyes
Are part of all the world's old histories! —
Dear God! a little longer, ah, not yet! —
— *Firdausi in Exile.*

A PLEA.

The preacher who hath fought a goodly fight,
And toiled for his great Master all day long,
Grows faint and harassed after even song,
And harshly chides the eager proselyte;
The sage who strode along the even height
Of narrow Justice severing wrong from wrong,
Stumbles and sinks below the common throng,
In pits of prejudice forlorn of light.
But thou, within whose veins a cooler blood
Runs reasonably quiet, brand not thou
With name of hypocrite each sunken brow;
To every son of man on earth who would
The Graces have not given it to be good,
And virtuous fruit may break the laden bough.
— *Firdausi in Exile.*

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

He lives within the hollow wood,
From one clear dell he seldom ranges;
His daily toil in solitude
Revolves, but never changes.

A still old man, with grizzled beard,
Gray eye, bent shape, and smoke-tanned features,
His quiet footstep is not feared
By shyest woodland creatures.

I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labor builds above it;
I track the woodland by his fire,
And, seen afar, I love it.

It seems among the serious trees
The emblem of a living pleasure,
It animates the silences
As with a tuneful measure.

And dream not that such humdrum ways
Fold naught of nature's charm around him
The mystery of soundless days
Hath sought for him and found him.

He hides within his simple brain
An instinct innocent and holy,
The music of a wood-bird's strain
Not blithe, nor melancholy.

He knows the moods of forest things,
He holds in his own speechless fashion,
For helpless forms of fur and wings,
A mild paternal passion.

Within his horny hand he holds
The warm brood of the ruddy squirrel;
Their bushy mother storms and scolds,
But knows no sense of peril.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese,
His homeward trudge the rabbits follow
He finds, in angles of the trees,
The cup-nest of the swallow.

And through this sympathy perchance,
The beating heart of life he reaches
Far more than we who idly dance
An hour beneath the beeches.

Our science and our empty pride,
  Our busy dream of introspection,
To God seem vain and poor beside
  This dumb, sincere reflection.

Yet he will die unsought, unknown,
  A nameless head-stone stand above him,
And the vast woodland, vague and lone,
  Be all that's left to love him. — *On Viol and Flute.*

THE GOLDEN ISLES.

Sad would the salt waves be,
  And cold the singing sea,
And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven-stringed lyre,
  If things were what they seem,
  If life had no fair dream,
No mirage made to tip the dull sea-line with fire.

Then Sleep would have no light,
  And Death no voice or sight,
Their Sister Sorrow, too, would be as blind as they,
  And in this world of doubt
  Our souls would roam about,
And find no song to sing and no word good to say.

Or else, in cloud and gloom
  The soul would read her doom,
And sing a rune obscure above a murky sea,
  Dark phrases that would wrong
  The crystal point of song,
For limpid as a pearl the poet's thought should be. . . .

But on the shores of time,
  Harkening the breakers' chime
Falling by day and night along our human sand,
  The poet sits and sees,
  Borne on the morning breeze,
The phantom islands float a furlong from the land.

The reverend forms they bear
Of islands famed and fair,
On whose keen rocks, of old, heroic fleets have struck,
Whose marble dells have seen
In garments pale and green
The nymphs and gods go by to bring the shepherds luck.

White are their crags, and blue
Ravines divide them through,
And like a violet shell their cliffs recede from sight;
Between their fretted capes
Fresh isles in lovely shapes
Die in the horizon pale, and lapse in liquid light. . . .

There mines of Parian be
Hid from the sun's clear eyes,
And waiting still the lamp, the hammer, and the axe:
And he who, pensive sees
These nobler Cyclades,
Forgets the ills of life, and nothing earthly lacks.

But many an one, in vain,
Puts out across the main,
And thinks to leap on land and tread that magic shore;
He comes, for all his toil,
No nearer to their soil.
The isles are floating on, a furlong still before.

The poet sits and smiles,
He knows the golden isles,
He never hopes to win their cliffs, their marble mines,
Reefs where their green sea raves,
The coldness of their caves,
The felspars full of light, their rosy corallines.

All these he oft has sought,
Led by his traveling thought,
Their glorious distance hides no inward charm from him;
He would not have their day
To common light decay,
He loves their mystery best and bids their shapes be dim.

Content to know them there,
Hung in the shining air,
He trims no foolish sail to win the hopeless coast,
His vision is enough,
To feed his soul with love,
And he who grasps too much may even himself be lost.

He knows that, if he waits,
On day the well-worn gates
Of life will ope and send him westward o'er the wave;
Then will he reach ere night
The isles of his delight,
But they must float until they anchor in the grave.

— *On Viol and Flute.*

GOSSE, PHILIP HENRY, an English naturalist; born at Worcester, April 6, 1810; died at Torquay, August 23, 1888. When seventeen years old he went to Newfoundland, and employed his leisure in collecting insects, and making colored drawings of them. After eight years in Newfoundland, he spent three years in Canada, studying zoölogy and entomology. Thence he went to Alabama. In 1839 he returned to England, and the following year published *The Canadian Naturalist.* A sojourn of eighteen months in Jamaica led to his producing *The Birds of Jamaica* and *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.* Among his other works are *A Naturalist's Ramble on the Devonshire Coast; Tenby: a Seaside Holiday* (1856); *Omphalos, an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot* (1857); *Evenings with the Microscope* (1859); *Actinologia Britannica, a History of the British Sea Anemones and Corals* (1860); *The*

Romance of Natural History, two series (1860–62); *Land and Sea, Marine Geology* (1865); *Sacred Streams: Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible; Wonders of the Great Deep,* and *The Prehensile Armature of the Papilionidæ* (1885).

A MYSTERIOUS SOUND.

In the forests of Lower Canada and the New England States I have often heard in Spring a mysterious sound, of which to this day I know not the author. Soon after night sets in, a metallic sound is heard from the most sombre forest swamps, where the spruce and the hemlock give a peculiar density to the woods known as the "black growth." The sound comes up clear and regular, like the measured tinkle of a cow-bell, or the action of a file upon a saw. It goes on, with intervals of interruption, throughout the hours of darkness. People attribute it to a bird, which they call the "Whetsaw;" but nobody pretends to have seen it, so that this can only be considered conjecture, though a highly probable one.

The monotony and pertinacity of this note had a strange charm for me, increased doubtless by the mystery that hung over it. Night after night it would be heard in the same spot, invariably the most sombre and gloomy recesses of the black-timbered woods. I occasionally watched for it, resorting to the woods before sunset, and waiting till darkness; but, strange to say, it refused to perform under such conditions. The shy and recluse bird — if bird it is — was doubtless aware of the intrusion, and on its guard. Once I heard it under peculiarly wild circumstances. I was riding late at night, and just at midnight came to a very lonely part of the road, where the black forest rose on each side. Everything was profoundly still, and the measured tramp of my horse's feet on the frozen road was felt as a relief to the deep and oppressive silence; when suddenly, from the sombre woods, rose the clear metallic tinkle of the whetsaw. The sound, all unexpected as it was, was very striking, and though it was bitterly cold, I drew

up for some time to listen to it. In the darkness and silence of the hour, that regularly measured sound, proceeding too from so gloomy a spot, had an effect on my mind solemn and unearthly, yet not unmingled with pleasure.— *The Romance of Natural History.*

GOTTSCHALL, RUDOLPH VON, a German dramatist, poet and novelist; born at Breslau, Prussia, September 30, 1823. His poems display a rich imagination and he has been a fertile writer of both comedy and tragedy. In 1842 a second edition of *Lieder der Gegenwart* (Songs of the Present Time) appeared. *Madonna and Magdalene* (1843); *Die Gottin* (The Goddess) (1852); and a drama called *Lambertine de Mericourt* (1851) added greatly to their author's fame. He also wrote other plays and some novels, as *The Heritage of Blood* (1882); *The Paper Princess* (1883), etc.

What is known in Germany as *Die Waldbusse*—"the forest fine"—is the penalty imposed for gathering wood in the forests without authority. It is the subject of one of Gottschall's popular poems.

THE FOREST FINE.

There stands the Cottage-Girl so poor,
Her thoughts the charge upon:—
"Oh, guilty is the wind alone
Which tore the branches down.

"The forest ward is all your own,
And all its trees so high;
As far as eye can range they stand;
Their glory fills the sky.

"The young birch-wood down in the vale,
Its branches white and trim;
They glimmer as the moonbeams do
When the moon is down and dim.

"This tent of oaks, so grand and old,
Their arms outstretching far;
A world of song is cradled here,
The thousand-voiced choir.

"But ours alone are the sweet gales;
The violets on the ground;
Glad songs of birds, which from the breasts
Of thickest deep resound.

"I took but what the tempest's breath
For beggars scattered wide —
A charity from tree and shrub,
Their overgrowths provide."

The keeper looked her in the face,
So sweet, so angel-pure;
Then, following duty, slowly wrote
Her name as "Trespass-Doer."

"Forbidden gatherings have you there
From out the forest-ward;
And, did I not wink at the offence,
It would with you go hard.

"And, though these eyes of mine do wink,
Forbidden gatherings yet
They gather up, which suddenly
My heart on fire have set.

"Go, go, poor maid, unfearing home,
Free pardon I impart;
Here from the book I take your name,
And write it in my heart!"

GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG, an American poet; born at Lancaster, Mass., in 1789; died at Newburyport, September 5, 1865. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, who removed with his family to Newburyport in 1800. Her first volume of poems was published in 1832, another in 1836, and another in 1841. She also published a collection of prose sketches, *Gathered Leaves* (1846); *The Diosma,* poems, original and selected (1850); *The Youth's Coronal* (1851); *The Mother's Dream and Other Poems* (1853); and *Hymns and Poems for Children* (1854). Her works are written in a simple and pleasing style.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;—
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There's none can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big round earth.
The children of men arise and pass,
Out of the world like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"
The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;

And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm nor sun
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak.
And as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said:
"A modest Acorn — never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its simple cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth:
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And, oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"—
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

IT SNOWS.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall,
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.

But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud;
It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls,
At length a mighty wing unfurls;
And then, away! but where none knows,
Or ever will. — It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then, out will come the golden sun;
And we shall see, upon the run
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus, with life, it ever goes;
'Tis shade and shine! — it snows! it snows!

THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

"Come, grandfather, show how you carried your gun,
To the field, where American freedom was won,
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,

When you rose to command, and led forward your men;
And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,
When the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirred in the veteran's breast
The embers of fires that had long been at rest.
The blood of his youth rushed anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his weary campaigns;
His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of fourscore.

"I carried my musket, as one that must be
But loosed from the hold of the dead or the free!
And fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,
In the hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame freely I felt
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt!

"I sprinkled my blood upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum I trod.
From the fort on the Hudson, our guns I depressed,
The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest.
I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes, and White Plains
And offered for freedom to empty my veins!

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st where I've
been,
Why my brow is so furrowed, my locks white and thin —
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties, and sparkle like thine;
Or why so unstable this tremulous knee,
Who bore 'sixty years since,' such perils for thee?

"What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to start?
Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart.
It has not much longer to glow with the joy
I feel thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
A man, thou'lt recall what, a babe, thou art told."

GOWER, JOHN, an English poet: born about 1325; died at Southwark, in October, 1408. He was a gentleman of good estate, studied law, and is said to have reached the dignity of Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He was a friend of Chaucer, who styles him "the moral Gower," and dedicated to him his *Troilus and Cressida.* Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis,* represents Venus as styling Chaucer "my disciple and my poete." Besides several minor poems, Gower is known to have written the *Speculum Amantis,* a treatise on married life, in French verse, which is supposed to have perished; the *Vox Clamantis,* describing in Latin elegiacs the insurrection of the Commons under Richard II., which exists only in manuscript; and the *Confessio Amantis,* a poem in English, said to have been written at the suggestion of King Richard II. This poem, finished about 1393, was first printed by Caxton in 1483. A new edition, with a Life of Gower and a Glossary, by Dr. Reinhold Pauli (3 vols., 8vo), appeared in London in 1857. The *Confessio Amantis* contains some thirty thousand lines, and as a whole is rather tedious; but it is relieved by several episodes drawn from various sources, notably from the collection of stories known as the *Gesta Romanorum.* Among these is the "Two Caskets."

THE STORY OF THE TWO CASKETS.*

In a cronique this I rede:
Aboute a king, as moste nede

* The following is a Glossary of the principal words which are either obsolete, or are used in an obsolete signification:
Afyn, at last. *Chese,* chose. *Everychon,* everyone. *Erliche,*

Ther was of knyghtes and squiers
Great route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him had hadden served,
And thoughten that they have reserved
Advancement, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but awhile agon
And they advanced were anon.
These old men, upon this thing,
So as they durst agein the king,
Among hemself compleignen ofte:
But there is nothing said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste:
The king it wiste, and als so faste,
He shope therfore an evidence
Of hem that pleignen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defalte it was;
And all within his owne entent,
That none ma wiste what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich, that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom slih;
Whan he therto his time sih,
All prively, that none it wiste,
His owne hondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perie,
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full;
That other cofre of straw and mull
With stones meynd he fild also:
Thus be they full bothé two.

early. *Fette*, fetched. *Forthy*, therefore. *Goth*, go. *Hem*, them. *Hemself*, themselves. *Her*, their. *Lese*, lose. *Lich*, like. *Meynd*, mingled. *Mull*, rubbish. *Perie*, jewels. *Reguerdon*, recompense. *Sih*, saw. *Seie*, seen. *Seith*, sayeth to. *That*, that which. *Tho*, those, or them. *Wite*, blame. *Yerd*, a rod.

So that erliche upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and faire spred:
And then he let the cofres fette
Upon the bord, and did hem sette,
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche agein him grutched so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And seide to him in this wise:
There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And God wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothe shall be proved now;
To stoppe with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the board;
Chese which you list of bothe two;
And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happe therupon
Ye shall be riche men for ever:
Now, chese, and take which you is lever,
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
Ther is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement;
For, but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your owne chance,
Al only in defalte of grace;
So shall be shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn,
That no defalte shall be myn.
They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois:
And after that they up arise,

And gon aside, and hem avise,
And at laste they accorde
(Whereof her tale to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall speke for hem alle:
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese,
Ben all avised for to chese.
Tho toke this knyght a yerd on honde.
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone
He leith his yerde upon one,
And seith the king how thike same
They chese in reguerdom by name,
And preith him that they might it have.
The king, which wolde his honor save,
When he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,
And took hem thereupon the keie;
But for he wolde it were seie
What good they have as they suppose,
He bade anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones
Thus be they served all at ones.
This king than, in the same stede
Anon that other cofre undede,
Wher as they sihen gret richesse,
Wel more than they couthen gesse,
Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthy myself I wol aquite,
And bereth ye your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused:
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king beseche.

THE STORY OF FABRICIUS.

In a Croniq I fynde thus
How that Caius Fabricius
Wich whilome was consul of Rome
By whome the lawes yede and come,
Whan the Sampnitees to him brouht
A somme of golde, and hym by sought
To done hem fauoure in the lawe,
Towarde the golde he gan hym drawe:
Whereof, in alle mennes loke,
A parte into his honde he tooke,
He put hit for to smelle and taste,
And to his ihe and to his ere,
Bot he ne fonde no comfort there:
And thanne he began it to despise,
And told unto hem in this wise:
"I not what is with golde to thryve,
Whan none of alle my wittes fyve
Fynt savour ne delite ther inne;
So is it bot a nyce sinne
Of golde to ben so coveitous.
Bot he is riche and glorious
Wich hath in his subieccion
The men which in possession
Ben riche of golde and by this skille,
For he may alday whan he wille,
Or be him leef or be him loth,
Justice don vppon hem both."
Lo thus he seide, and with that worde
He threw to fore hem on the borde
The golde out of his honde anon,
And seide hem that he wolde none
So that he kepte his liberte,
To do justice and equite
Without lucre of such richesse.

GRAHAME, JAMES, a Scottish poet; born at Glasgow, April 22, 1765; died there, September 14, 1811. He was educated at Edinburgh, studied law, and practiced his profession until 1809, when he went to England and took orders in the Anglican Church, with favorable prospects. But in two years ill-health compelled him to give up his curacy and return to Scotland. His poems all have a religious cast, and were mainly written while he was engaged in legal practice. He wrote *Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots,* a tragedy (1801); *The Sabbath* and *Sabbath Walks* (1804–5); *Birds of Scotland* (1806); *British Georgics* (1809); and *Poems on the Abolition of the Slave Trade* (1810).

Few poets have been more highly commended by eminent authorities than this genial, whole-souled Scotchman. Said his contemporary, John Wilson — "Christopher North":

> "Thou didst despise
> To win the ear of this degenerate age
> By gorgeous epithets, all idly heaped
> On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,
> By tinkling measures and unchasten'd lays,
> Warbled to pleasure and her siren-train,
> Profaning the best name of poesy."

James Montgomery, another fellow-poet, in his *Lectures on Literature,* said: "His taste was singular, and his manner correspondent. The general tenor of his style is homely, and frequently so prosaic that its peculiar graces appear in their full lustre from the contrast of meanness that surrounds them. His readers may be few; but whoever does read him will prob-

ably be oftener surprised into admiration than in the perusal of any one of his contemporaries. The most lively, the most lovely sketches of natural scenery, of minute imagery and of exquisite incident, unexpectedly developed, occur in his compositions, with ever-varying yet ever-assimilating features."

A PRESENT DEITY.

O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a present Deity in all.
It is His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream,
To think that He who hears the Heavenly choirs
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He who rolls yon solar sphere
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear His awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel His care for all that lives —
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there
Would please my sight, and tell of Thee!
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the Heavenly vault by day, by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole,
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shows forth his handiwork!"

— *The Sabbath.*

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze,
Sounds the most faint attract the ear — the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gentle down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
  But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares his heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God — not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks

In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes — yet fears presumption in the hope —
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
— *The Sabbath.*

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart! pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks:
How peaceful every sound! — the ringdove's plaint
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear —
The grasshopper's oft pausing chirp — the buzz,
Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away —
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circles gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scapes,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb
And think of some who silent-sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass;
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend — conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep; the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range —
It was not wide — no dog would bay at him;
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rustic cap and crown, or sedgy slip:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on the way!
  But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
That copse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appear,
Flowers faintly tinged and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, from the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leafed thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along and threatens to o'erflow

The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day —
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch,
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried
No step approaches to the house of prayer.
The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But now let me explore the deep-sunk dell.
No footprint, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,

Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-covered way! Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night winds sweep the gathering drift away;
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

GRAINGER, JAMES, a Scottish poet and physician; born, probably at Dunse in Berwickshire; died at Saint Christopher, West Indies, December 16, 1766. At an early age he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Edinburgh; and later obtained the appointment of surgeon to Pulteney's regiment of foot. He served in that capacity during the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, and also in Germany. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he sold his commission, and began to practice as a physician in London, but with no great success. In 1758 he was appointed physician in Saint Christopher, where he resided till his death. Grainger's best poem is his *Ode on Solitude* (1755), which was highly praised by Dr. Johnson. He wrote also a didactic poem of no great merit, called *The Sugar Cane* (1764); a translation of the *Elegies* of Tibullus (1759), which was savagely reviewed by

Smollett; the ballad of *Bryan and Pereene,* published in *Percy's Reliques;* a medical treatise entitled *Historia Febris Anomalæ Batavâe, Annorum 1746–48* (1753); and an *Essay on the More Common West Indian Diseases* (1764).

"In person," writes Gordon Goodwin, "he was tall and of a lathy make, plain-featured, and deeply marked with the small-pox. Despite a broad provincial accent his conversation was very pleasing."

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.
  Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated Empiric, puffed Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face —
Ignorant of the time and place —
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buckskins, steeped in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.
  Sage Reflection, bent with years,

Conscious Virtue, void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing, artless Modesty.
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.
You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare;
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of woe;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrach o'er Vancluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn:
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all Nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your caverned den,
And wander o'er the works of men;

But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled courses drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid gam
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfall behind.
You sink to rest,
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighboring poplar's height,
Wakes you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.
With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bauble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Man's not worth a moment's pain
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;

Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before Thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosms Thine.

GRANT, ANNE MACVICAR, a Scottish poet; born at Glasgow, February 21, 1755; died at Edinburgh, November 7, 1838. She is commonly styled "Mrs. Grant of Laggan," to distinguish her from "Mrs. Grant of Carron," the author of the song *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.* Her father was an officer in a Highland regiment, and early in his daughter's childhood was stationed at Claverack, N. Y., where he was joined by his family. The child learned to speak Dutch, was taught to read by her mother, and to write by a sergeant in her father's company. In 1762 Mrs. Schuyler became interested in her, and took the child into her household, where she remained for several years. Her father resigned his position in the army, and settled in Vermont, but broken health led him to return to Scotland when his daughter was about thirteen years old. In 1779 she married the Rev. James Grant, and removed to the parish of Laggan, in Inverness-shire. In order to be of assistance to her husband, she applied herself to the study of Gaelic, in which she could soon converse fluently. In 1801 she was left a widow with eight children, and with insufficient means for their maintenance. To aid in the support of her children she collected and published a number of poems which she had written without

thought of publication. The volume *The Highlander and other Poems* appeared in 1803, and met with a success that encouraged Mrs. Grant to continue literary work. She also undertook the education of several young girls of good family. In 1806 she published *Letters from the Mountains,* and the *Memoirs of an American Lady,* Mrs. Margarita Schuyler, in 1808. *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders* appeared in 1810. *Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen,* a volume of verses, in 1814, and *Popular Warnings for the Sons and Daughters of Industry,* in 1815. She afterward made numerous translations from the Gaelic, for one of which she received, in 1824, the gold medal of the Highland Society. A sketch of her life, begun by her when she was seventy years old, was completed and published, together with a collection of her letters, by her son, in 1844. In 1827 she was awarded a pension by the British Government. The *Memoirs of an American Lady* is an entertaining picture of life in the New World. The author's warm admiration of royalty led her in her final chapters to indulge in sad forebodings for the future of the country which freed itself from the rule of kings.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
  For thee the brake and tangled wood —
To thy protecting shade she runs,
  Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
  The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,

Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor,
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valor's crest and beauty's power
Oft hast thou decked, a favorite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant, far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

THE HIGHLAND POOR.

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest — where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,

And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honor's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes — fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace — it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confessed,
Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
And chased the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banished joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The "still small voice" of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary woe one languid smile:
Yet what they can they do — the scanty store,
So often opened for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when the evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the Spring.
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain;
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.
Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they divide a part,
Humbly they own that all they have is given,

A boon precarious, from indulgent Heaven:
And the next blighted crop or frosty spring,
Themselves to equal indigence may bring!
— *The Highlander.*

APPARITIONS.

It was in the first place, laid down as a principle, that when evil spirits were permitted to assume any visible form to disturb or dismay any individual, such permission was in consequence of some sin committed, or some duty neglected by the person so visited: sometimes want of submission, but oftenest of all want of faith, as they style it: that is, want of confidence in the divine protection and aid, which the Highlanders account a dreadful sin. Undue confidence — what they call emphatically tempting Providence — is another sin punishable with this species of dereliction. They believe, for instance, that a spirit is never seen by more than one person at a time: that these shadowy visitors are permitted to roam in the darkness, to awake terror, or to announce fate to those who do not sufficiently respect the order that obtains in this particular, either to stay in at night, or take some other person along with them for a protection. If they are commanded by any one whom they are bound to obey, to go out at night, they are less liable to these visitations. At all times, if they mark the approach of the apparition, and adjure it in the name of the Trinity to retire, it can do them no hurt. But then, these spectres sometimes approach so suddenly, that they are seized with breathless terror, which prevents articulation. Or the spirit appearing in some familiar form, is mistaken for a living person till it is too late to recede.

In the stillness of noon, or in a solitary place, at the instant one is speaking of them, the dead are sometimes seen in the day-time, passing transiently, or standing before one. But this is merely a momentary glimpse that continues only while the eye can be kept fixed on the vision, which disappears the moment the eyelid falls. — *Superstitions of the Highlanders.*

GRANT, ROBERT, an American jurist, novelist and essayist; born at Boston, Mass., January 24, 1852. He was graduated from Harvard in 1873, and from the Harvard Law School in 1879. In the same year he began the practice of law in his native city. In 1888 he was appointed one of the Water Commissioners of Boston, and in 1893 became judge of probate and insolvency for Suffolk County. His first novel, *The Little Tin God on Wheels,* was published in 1879. This was followed by *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl* in 1880; both novels attracting unusual attention. Then followed *The Lambs* (1882); *Yankee Doodle,* a poem delivered at Harvard (1883); and *An Average Man* (1883). The last named work was the author's first serial story, and was published in the *Century Magazine.* Mr. Grant's other works are *The King's Men* (1884); *The Knave of Hearts* (1885); *The Romantic Young Lady* (1886); *Face to Face* (1886); a poem entitled *The Oldest School in America,* delivered in 1885, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Latin school; *Jack Hall* (1887); *Jack in the Bush* (1888); *The Reflections of a Married Man* (1892); *The Opinions of a Philosopher* (1893); *The Art of Living* (1895); *The Bachelor's Christmas* (1895); *Search Light Letters* (1899); *Unleavened Bread* (1900); *The Undercurrent* (1904); and *The Orchid;* a story of American society (1905).

Of all the literary work of Robert Grant none roused so much public discussion as the series of articles published in *Scribner's Magazine* entitled "The Art of Living." The newspapers in particular criti-

cised the author more or less severely upon his views of the income needful for a man of refined tastes and habits. "I have been entirely misunderstood," he says, "upon that point of income. My contention was that of two men of equal tastes and desires of living, the one with from seven to ten thousand a year could get much more out of life than the one who had, perhaps, only three thousand. It seems to me this is self-evident. But it was assumed and heralded abroad that I had declared that no man with less than seven thousand a year could live decently. That was a very erroneous interpretation and wholly unjustifiable."

"Judge Grant's novel *The Undercurrent,*" says the New York *Times,* "is a close study of the ordinary American life which we are all living, with its greed for money, its eager competition, its lack of ideals, its falling away from the consolations of religion. The central personages are a young man of commercial aspirations, with abundant faith in himself, a limited imagination, and a restless disposition, and a young woman bred quietly in a country town by well-meaning parents, inheriting a reverence for Christian ideals, but possessing little more knowledge of the world or of literature than her husband, whose library is the Sunday newspaper. The early married life of these two persons is described for us with painstaking skill, and the truthfulness of the description is easily recognized. Thus far, besides the two principal characters, only one other has had to do with the development of the story, an energetic minister of the Gospel, who tries hard to keep in touch with his parishioners and to avoid 'clerical formula' in his everyday conversation. As the fourth chapter ends,

Emil Stuart and Constance, his wife, seem to be reaching a domestic tragedy.

"Because of its obvious truth to life, and the sincerity of the author, which fairly shines through the narrative, *The Undercurrent,* promises to rank among the noteworthy novels of the year.

"There is only one point in which the absolute verity of this narrative, as far as it has gone, seems to us open to question. Emil Stuart has given up a situation with a lumber firm and established a business of his own, on a small capital, because he considered that his employers cherished old fogy ideas, and were not alive to the possibilities of commercial progress.

"He proceeded during the first year to carry out several enterprises which he had vainly called to their attention while in their service, and he had the satisfaction of proving his wisdom and of doubling the firm's assets at the same time. Emil's plans were essentially on a large scale, and he was confessedly cramped even after this success. He explained to his wife that if only he had the necessary capital, he would be able at one fell swoop to control the lumber yards and lumber market of Benham. As it was, he must wait and probably see others appropriate ideas which he had suggested by his novel and brilliant operations. The prophecy indeed proved true, and Emil saw with a morose eye what he had called his harvest gleaned by others.

"This seems to us, as the author explains it, either more or less than the truth. Surely, a young business man who had, in a single year, put into operation new commercial ideas which had doubled his assets would have little difficulty thereafter in securing all the capi-

tal he needed. The ... ready ... lordy of capital look-
ing for just such an ... but the fact of Stuart's
failure is the esse... ... all and it is only
another tribute to ... ... actuality of Judge
Grant's story that ... contradictions of this
passage shou... ... on the reader's
mind."

As an ... ...ful, compre-
hensive ... ... with his every

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

Photogravure. From a photograph.

Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

... Civilization. The fiat of the ... Her divorce, for any cause, or upon any ... is necessarily inconsistent with the ... ideals of humanity is regarded more and more as ... over as monkish and untenable. If a vote were ... taken by the nation as to whether divorced persons should be allowed to marry during the lifetime of the husband or wife, the result ... the women, would show a pitiful minority ... the claims of the ... —*The Anarchy of ...*

GEN. ... ULYSSES SIMPSON, an American soldier ... President of the United States ... born at Point Pleasant, ... April 27, ... died at Mount McGregor, ... N. Y., ... 23, 1885. He was graduated ... West Point, ...

tal he needed. There is always plenty of capital looking for just such an opening. But the fact of Stuart's failure is the essential thing, after all, and it is only another tribute to the coherency and actuality of Judge Grant's story that the seeming contradictions of this passage should force themselves upon the reader's mind."

As an essayist, Judge Grant is a forceful, comprehensive writer, who carries conviction with his every word.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

The sober sense of our public long ago reached the conclusion that divorce is a necessary and often beneficial remedy against tyranny and suffering and that a bar to marriage after divorce in most cases would be inconsistent with justice, and prejudicial to the best interests of civilization. The fiat of the churches that to remarry after divorce for any cause, or save for that of infidelity, is necessarily inconsistent with the highest ideals of humanity is regarded more and more the world over as monkish and untenable. If a vote were to be taken by the nation as to whether divorced persons should be allowed to marry during the lifetime of the former husband or wife, the result, in the opinion of the writer, would show a pitiful minority in favor of the clerical view. — *The Anarchy of Our Divorce Laws.*

GRANT, Ulysses Simpson, an American soldier; eighteenth President of the United States; born at Point Pleasant, O., April 27, 1822; died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N. Y., July 23, 1885. He was graduated from West Point in

1843, was appointed a second lieutenant, and served during the Mexican War under Generals Taylor and Scott. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, and was made captain the next year. In 1854 he resigned his commission in the army, and was engaged in farming and other pursuits until the breaking out of the Civil War. His subsequent brilliant military career closed with the surrender of the Confederate army under General Lee, April 9, 1865, which virtually put an end to the war. In 1868 he was elected President of the United States, and was re-elected in 1872. In March, 1877, soon after the expiration of his second Presidential term, he set out upon an extensive tour around the world which lasted until the spring of 1880. He subsequently entered business in New York, which resulted disastrously. The property of General Grant was entirely swept away by this failure, which was the immediate occasion of the writing of his only book, the *Personal Memoirs*. While engaged in writing this work an affection of the throat developed into a malignant cancer, which caused his death, after long and terrible suffering. The *Personal Memoirs* proved a valuable legacy to his heirs, who within two years after its publication received not less than $500,000 by way of copyright.

ORIGIN OF THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS

Although frequently urged by friends to write my memoirs, I had determined never to do so, nor to write anything for publication. At the age of nearly sixty-two I received an injury from a fall, which confined me closely to the house, while it did not apparently affect my general health. This made study a pleasant pastime. Shortly after, the rascality of a business partner developed itself by the announcement of a failure. This was followed

soon after by universal depression of all securities, which seemed to threaten the extinction of a good part of the income still retained, and for which I am indebted to the kindly act of friends. At this juncture the editor of the *Century Magazine* asked me to write a few articles for him. I consented for the money it gave me; for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money. The work I found congenial, and I determined to continue it. . . .

The first volume, as well as a portion of the second, was written before I had reason to suppose I was in a critical condition of health. Later I was reduced almost to the point of death, and it became impossible for me to attend to anything for weeks. I have, however, somewhat regained my strength, and am able to devote as many hours a day as a person should devote to such work. I would have more hope of satisfying the expectation of the public if I could have allowed myself more time. I have used my best efforts, with the aid of my eldest son, F. D. Grant, assisted by his brothers, to verify from the records every statement of fact given. The comments are my own, and show how I saw the matters treated of, whether others saw them in the same light or not. — *Personal Memoirs, Introduction, July, 1885.*

IN CIVIL LIFE.

My family, all this while, was at the East. It consisted now [1854] of a wife and two children. I saw no chance of supporting them on the Pacific coast out of my pay as an army officer. I concluded, therefore, to resign, and in March applied for a leave of absence until the end of July following, tendering my resignation to take effect at the end of that time. I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the full expectation of making it my future home.

In the late summer of 1854 I joined my family to find in it a son whom I had never seen, born while I was on the Isthmus of Panama. I was now to commence, at the age of thirty-two, a new struggle for our support. My wife had a farm near St. Louis, to which we went, but I had no means to stock it. A house had to be built also.

I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way. If nothing else could be done, I would load a cord of wood on a wagon, and take it to the city for sale. I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely, and for a long time, from this disease, while a boy in Ohio. It lasted now over a year, and while it did not keep me in the house, it did greatly interfere with the amount of work I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops, and farming utensils at auction, and gave up farming.

In the winter I established a partnership with a cousin of Mrs. Grant, in the real estate agency business. I spent that winter at St. Louis myself, but did not take my family into town until spring. Our business might have become prosperous if I had been able to wait for it to grow. As it was, there was no more than one person could attend to, and not enough to support two families. While a citizen of St. Louis, and engaged in the real estate agency business, I was a candidate for the office of county engineer — an office of respectability and emolument which would have been very acceptable to me at the time. The incumbent was appointed by the County Court, which consisted of five members. My opponent had the advantage of birth over me (he was a citizen by adoption) and carried off the prize. I now withdrew from the copartnership, and in May, 1860, removed to Galena, Illinois, and took a clerkship in my father's store. — *Personal Memoirs, Chap. XVI.*

THE CRISIS AT FORT DONELSON.

I saw everything favorable for us along the line of our left and centre. When I came to the right appearances were different. The enemy had come out in full force to cut his way out and make his escape. McClernand's division had to bear the brunt of the attack from this combined force. His men had stood gallantly until the ammunition in their cartridge-boxes gave out. When they found themselves without ammunition they

could not stand up against troops who seemed to have plenty of it. The division broke, and a portion of it fled; but most of the men, as they were not pursued, only fell back out of range of the fire of the enemy. It must have been about this time that Thayer pushed his brigade in between the enemy and those of our troops that were without ammunition. At all events, the enemy fell back within his intrenchments, and was there when I got on the field.

I saw the men standing in knots, talking in the most excited manner. No officer seemed to be giving any directions. The soldiers had their muskets, but no ammunition, while there were tons of it close at hand. I heard some of the men say that the enemy had come out with knapsacks and haversacks filled with rations. They seemed to think this indicated a determination on his part to stay out and fight just as long as the provisions held out. I turned to Colonel J. D. Webster, of my staff, who was with me, and said: "Some of our men are pretty badly demoralized; but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back: the one who attacks first now will be victorious, and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me." I determined to make the assault at once on our left. It was clear to my mind that the enemy had started out with his entire force except a few pickets, and if our attack could be made on the left before the enemy could re-distribute his force along the line, we would find but little opposition except from the intervening abatis.

I directed Colonel Webster to ride with me and call out to the men as we passed: "Fill your cartridge-boxes quick, and get into line; the enemy is trying to escape, and he must not be permitted to do so." This acted like a charm. The men only wanted some one to give them a command. We rode rapidly to Smith's quarters, when I explained the situation to him, and directed him to charge the enemy's works in his front with his whole division, saying at the same time that he would find nothing but a very thin line to contend with. The general was off in an incredibly short time, going in ad-

vance himself to keep his men from firing while they were working their way through the abatis intervening between them and the enemy. The outer line of rifle-pits was passed, and the night of the 15th General Smith, with much of his division, bivouacked within the lines of the enemy. There was now no doubt but that the Confederates must surrender or be captured the next day.—*Personal Memoirs, Chap. XXII.*

CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

During the night of the 6th rain fell in torrents, and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my head-quarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house under the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or arm amputated, as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

The advance on the morning of the 7th developed the enemy in the camps occupied by our troops before the battle began, more than a mile back from the most advanced portion of the Confederates on the day before. It is known now that they had not yet learned of the arrival of Buell's command. Possibly they fell back so far to get the shelter of our tents during the rain, and also to get away from the shells that were dropped upon them by the gun-boats every fifteen minutes during the night. . . .

In a very short time the battle became general all along the line. This day everything was favorable to the Union side. We had now become the attacking party. The enemy was driven back all day, as we had

been the day before, until finally he beat a precipitate retreat. The last point held by him was near the road leading from the Landing to Corinth, on the left of Sherman and right of McClernand. About three o'clock, being near that point, and seeing that the enemy was giving way everywhere else, I gathered up a couple of regiments, or parts of regiments, from troops near by, formed them in line of battle, and marched them forward — going in front myself to prevent premature or long-range firing. At this point there was a clearing between us and the enemy favorable for charging, although exposed. I knew the enemy were ready to break, and only wanted a little encouragement from us to go quickly, and join their friends who had started earlier. After marching to within musket-range I stopped and let the troops pass. The command *Charge!* was given, and was executed with loud cheers and with a run; when the last of the enemy broke.— *Personal Memoirs, Chap. XXIV.*

THE INVESTMENT OF VICKSBURG.

I now determined upon a regular siege — to "outcamp" the enemy, as it were, and to incur no more losses. The experience of April 22 convinced officers and men that this was the best, and they went to work on the defences and approaches with a will. With the navy holding the river, the investment of Vicksburg was complete. As long as we could hold our position the enemy was limited in supplies of food, men, and munitions of war, to what they had on hand. These could not last always. . . .

The enemy's line of defence followed the crest of the ridge from the river north of the city eastward, then southerly around to the Jackson road, full three miles back of the city; thence in a southwesterly direction to the river. Deep ravines lay in front of these defences. As there is a succession of gullies, cut out by rains along the side of the ridge, the line was necessarily very irregular. To follow each of these spurs with intrenchments, so as to command the slopes on either side, would have lengthened their line very much. Generally, there-

fore, or in many places, their line would run from near the head of one gully nearly straight to the head of another, and an outer work, triangular in shape, generally open in the rear, was thrown up on the point; with a few men in this outer work they commanded the approaches to the main line completely. The work to be done to make our position as strong against the enemy as his was against us, was very great. The problem was also complicated by our wanting our line as near that of the enemy as possible. We had but four engineer officers with us. To provide assistants on such a long line, I directed that all officers who had graduated at West Point, where they had necessarily to study military engineering, should in addition to their other duties assist in the work. . . .

We had no siege-guns except six 32-pounders, and there were none at the West to draw from. Admiral Porter, however, supplied us with a battery of navy-guns of large calibre, and with these, and the field-artillery used in the campaign, the siege began. The first thing to do was to get the artillery in batteries where they could occupy commanding positions; then establish the camps, under cover from the fire of the enemy, but as near as possible, and then construct rifle-pits and covered ways to connect the entire command by the shortest route. The enemy did not harass us much while we were constructing our batteries. Probably their artillery-ammunition was short; and their infantry was kept down by our sharpshooters, who were always on the alert and ready to fire at a head wherever it showed itself above the rebel works.

In no place were our lines more than six hundred yards from the enemy. It was necessary, therefore, to cover our men by something more than the ordinary parapet. To give additional protection, sand-bags, bullet-proof, were placed along the tops of the parapets far enough apart to make loop-holes for musketry; on top of these logs were put. By these means the men were enabled to walk about erect when off duty without fear of annoyance from sharpshooters. The enemy used in their defence explosive musket-balls, no doubt thinking that, bursting over our men in the trenches, they would do some execution; but I do not remember a single case where a man was injured

by a piece of one of these shells. When they were hit, and the ball exploded, the wound was terrible. In these cases a solid ball would have hit as well. Their use is barbarous, because they produce increased suffering without any corresponding advantage to those using them.

The enemy could not resort to our method to protect their men, because we had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition to draw upon, and used it freely. Splinters from the timber would have made havoc among the men behind. There were no mortars with the besiegers except what the navy had in front of the city; but wooden ones were made by taking logs of the toughest wood that could be found, boring them out for 6-pound or 12-pound shells, and binding them with strong iron bands. These answered as Coehorns, and shells were successfully thrown from them into the trenches of the enemy.

The labor of building the batteries and intrenchments was largely done by the pioneers, assisted by negroes who came within our lines, and who were paid for their work, but details from the troops had often to be made. The work was pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and when an advanced position was secured and covered from the fire of the enemy, the batteries were advanced. By the 30th of June there were 220 guns in position — mostly light field-pieces — besides a battery of heavy guns belonging to, manned, and commanded by the navy. We were now as strong for defence against the garrison of Vicksburg as they were against us. But I knew that Johnston was in our rear, and was receiving constant reinforcements from the East. He had at this time a larger force than I had at any time prior to the battle of Champion's Hill (May 16).— *Personal Memoirs, Chap. XXXVII.*

GRANT AND SHERIDAN.

Immediately on General Sheridan's arrival at City Point I prepared his instructions for the move which I had decided upon. The movement was to commence upon the 29th of March. After reading the instructions I had given him, Sheridan walked out of my tent, and I followed to have some conversation with him by himself — not in the

presence of anybody else, even of a member of my staff. In preparing his instructions I contemplated just what took place; that is to say, capturing Five Forks, driving the enemy from Petersburg and Richmond, and terminating the contest before separating from the enemy. But the Nation had already become restless and discouraged at the prolongation of the war, and many believed that it would never terminate except by compromise. Knowing that unless my plan proved an entire success it would be interpreted as a disastrous defeat, I provided in these instructions that in a certain event he was to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac and his base of supplies, and, living upon the country, proceed south by way of the Danville Railroad, or near it, get in the rear of Johnston — who was guarding the road — and co-operate with Sherman in destroying Johnston; then with these combined forces to help to carry out the instructions which Sherman had already received, to act in co-operation with the armies around Petersburg and Richmond.

I saw that after Sheridan had read his instructions he seemed somewhat disappointed at the idea, possibly of having to cut loose again from the Army of the Potomac, and place himself between the two main armies of the enemy. I said to him: "General, this portion of your instructions I have put in merely as a blind;" and gave him the reason for doing so, heretofore described. I told him that, as a matter of fact, I intended to close the war, right here, with this movement; and that he should go no farther. His face at once brightened up, and slapping his hand on his leg he said: "I am glad to hear it, and we can do it." — *Personal Memoirs, Chap. LXIV.*

THE MEETING BETWEEN GRANT AND LEE.

When I left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword — as I usually was when on horseback on the field — and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted

each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview. . . . General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value — very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one which would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit — the uniform of a private, with the straps of a lieutenant-general — I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly; but from the difference between our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference between our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting.

After the conversation had run on in this way for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter. Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the terms. . . .

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms.

I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms.

No conversation — not one word — passed between General Lee and myself either about private property, side-arms, or kindred subjects. When he read over that part of the terms about side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army. . . . The much-talked-of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back — this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side-arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms, precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses. . . . Lee and I separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own line; and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.— *Personal Memoirs, Chap. LXVIII.*

GRAS, Felix, a Provençal poet and novelist; born at Malemort, near Avignon, May 3, 1844; died at Avignon, March 4, 1901. In 1864 he was articled to Jules Giéia, a lawyer and man of letters; and a member of Félibrige, a Provençal literary club. Gras soon abandoned the law for literature, and in 1876, published *Li Carbounié*, an epic poem in twelve cantos, which won him instant recog-

nition. In 1882 appeared *Toloza,* an epic poem recounting the crusade of Simon de Montfort against the Albigenses. In 1887 he published *Lon Roumancers Prouvençal,* a volume of shorter poems. He published *La Paplino,* a collection of prose stories in 1891. Then followed in 1896, his popular success *The Reds of the Midi,* which was translated into English. In 1899 appeared *The White Terror,* a romance of the French Revolution. In 1891 he was elected president of the Félibrige.

OLD PASCAL'S STORY.

We knew then that a story was coming; and so we all settled ourselves comfortably to listen, and old Pascal began:

"One November evening during All Saint's week, while we were in our hut around a pot of dried beans — the last from our store for the year — my father said: 'Tomorrow, son, we must begin to gather our acorns in the Nesque for the winter. Times are going to be hard with us. I don't know all that is taking place, but I have been told that in Avignon people are killing each other off like flies; and there is the Revolution in Paris, and Monsieur le Marquis and all the family are going to help the King of France, who is in great danger.'

"This was the first time I had heard of the King of France, but instantly the thought came to me: 'If I could only fight him, this King of France whom the Marquis is going to defend!' How old was I then? I don't know. I never knew exactly — the records of baptism, you see, were burned; but I must have been thirteen, perhaps fourteen years old. Certainly my father's words astonished me, but as much, perhaps, by their number as by what he told. He always had a short tongue, poor man.

"The next morning, I had forgotten all about the King of France, when, before daybreak, we started to gather our harvest of acorns. It was fearful weather. The ground was frozen two spans deep; a cutting wind was blowing;

from time to time snow-squalls burst out of the sullen sky. The dawn was just breaking when we reached the ravine of the Nesque, bordered by great oaks, through which the wind blew sharply and tossed hither and thither their leaves, that looked as if they had been turned into red copper by the cold. Excepting the red-oak leaves, everything on the earth and above it was gray. The sky was one mass of even, gray cloud, stretching from east to west just like a piece of gray felt. Flocks of linnets, redbreasts, yellow-hammers, and other little birds came down from the mountains, flying close to the ground, or with feathers all fluffed up, huddling together in the stubble or bushes. When the poor little things act that way, it always is bitter cold.

"Let any one try to gather acorns in cold weather with numb hands! Among the pebbles in the dry bed of the river the shining acorns, no bigger than olives, so slide and slip through your fingers that it takes a whole big half-day to gather two pecks of them. My poor father, I can see him now! As he crouched down and leaned forward he left between his skimpy, greenish snuff-jacket and his buckled breeches a great gap, where the sharp edge of his lean spine showed plainly through his coarse, worn-out shirt; and his rough woollen stockings were full of holes, and so worn off at the heels that his feet were naked in his wooden shoes stuffed with dry grass.

"The furious cold wind which whipped about and whirled the copper-red leaves, whistled in the osiers; and in the hollows of the rocks it howled and roared like some great fearful horn. I hugged myself close, my skin all cracked with the cold, and thought of the good time to come when, sheltered behind a rock, we could eat, with our hunger for a sauce, the hard nubbin of black bread which my father that morning had chopped off for us on the block with the big axe.

"We were working hard in silence — for the very poor never have much to say — when all of a sudden I heard the hounds of the Marquis in full cry. They were at the other end of the ravine, on the slope of the mountain. I jumped up and stared with all my might. When one is young there is nothing so delightful as to see a hare

chased by a pack of dogs. I saw them a long, long way off; the hare, light as smoke, was far ahead. From time to time, she would squat on her haunches, listening, and then would be off again; and at last I saw her run down toward the dry bed of the stream. The hounds, in full cry, came tearing after her. When they overran the scent, they quickly tried back and found it again. Where the hare had stopped to listen, they snuffed around and yelped the louder. The pack was spread all across the slope. In front were the large black-and-tan hounds, their ears a span long, who easily overleapt bushes and openings in the ground. Then came the smaller and heavier dogs, slower but surer. Then, away behind the rest, the beagles with their short, sharp cry — good beasts for taking the hare in her form, but slow-going, because their little twisted legs are no good for jumping, and they have to go round even the bunches of wild thyme.

"I held my breath, for the hare was almost on us, and was going to pass right in front of me. But just as I picked up a stone — sbisto! she saw me! She doubled like a flash, with one spring she was over the Nesque, and with another she was up the mountain-side and safe in the woods — so good-bye to my hare! The dogs came on quickly, overrunning the scent at the point where she had doubled, but picking it up again in no time. And then the whole pack, in full cry, swept on down the hillside until they were lost in the forest far off among the ravines, and only their cry came ringing back to us faintly from the distance.

"My father had not noticed any part of all this. Without even lifting his head he had kept on gathering the acorns with his stiff fingers. As I stood still there, open-mouthed, all of a sudden on the slope of the mountain behind me I heard a noise of rolling stones. I turned and saw Monsieur Robert, the Cavalier du Roy, running down toward us, holding in one hand his dog-whip and in the other his gun. He rushed down on us like a wounded wild boar — it is the only thing I can think of as savage as he was then! My poor father at once dropped down on his knees to him, as was the peasant habit of those times; but the brute, without a word, gave him such a

blow across the face with his dog-whip that he knocked him to the ground. Seeing this, I ran to the side of the ravine and, kicking off my sabots, began to climb up the rocks, clinging with my hands and with my feet, too. I heard every blow that lashed my poor father, and I heard the brute calling out to him: 'Dirty beast of a peasant! I'll teach you to spoil my hunting!' and then more blows.

"In the meantime the gamekeeper had come up — a huge man who could only speak very bad French. Folks said he was a German. He had a name no one could say — a Dutch name fit to drive you out of the house; and, as he had to be called something, we called him Surto. This beast also began to hammer my poor father, who was writhing on the ground like a half-crushed worm.

"I had stopped on a high rock, from which I could see the two monsters at their cruel work. I picked up a stone as big as my head and threw it. The stone whistled through the air, just brushing against the gamekeeper's ear, and fell hard and heavy on Monsieur Robert's toes.

"'Aie!' he yelled, and turning, saw me. Off went both barrels of his gun. The shot whizzed round me; but I plunged into the wood, and then it was, Catch me who can!

"I was only a child, but I understood my danger. I hid myself in the depths of the woods and did not dare go back home. Shivering, almost dead with the cold, I ate my bit of bread crouching in a thicket and a little sheltered behind a rock. The bread was so hard that I had to break it with a stone. I softened it with my tears; for while eating it I was thinking of my father as I had seen him with his face all covered with blood, and dreading that he had been killed. And my mother, what would she think when I did not come back to the hut? And when she saw her poor man, her Pascal, crushed and bleeding? 'Ah!' sighed I, looking at the stone I held, 'ah, how happy this stone is. How I would like to be this stone, for then I would not suffer any more!' and my heart hurt me as if it was cut with a knife.

"Twilight was coming on. In winter it does not last long; the night comes all at once. The wind blew sharper and sharper. Far off on the edge of the sky a long, red

line streaked the gray clouds and showed that the sun was setting. Then the sky and plains and mountains, which all day long had been dull gray, turned to a violet; while the trees and the naked bushes and the rocks took a reddish tone. The wind dropped a moment, paying honor to the setting sun; a fox barked on the opposite slope, and then suddenly all was dark.

"I ventured out of my lair and climbed the bushy side of the ravine. Just as I reached the top, br-r-rou! a covey of partridges flew off from right under my feet with a sound like a load of cobblestones tumbling out of a cart. The start they gave me was soon over; and then, shivering and blue with the cold, I went down into the plain.

"I had but a few steps more to take in order to reach the high rock from which I had thrown the stone at Monsieur Robert. I was burning to get here, that I might know whether or not my father was lying dead at the bottom of the ravine, beaten to death by those two beasts. I walked softly along, but the little stones still made too much noise under my feet, and I got down and crawled silently on all-fours. I reached the overhang of the rock and craned over into the ravine. I stared and stared until I could see no more, but all that I could make out was a long black line and a long white line coasting the foot of the mountain. The giant oaks which bordered the Nesque made the black line, and the white line was the dry bed of the watercourse with its smooth white stones.

"When I was quite certain that my father was not lying there, to be food for the wolves, I drew softly back on hands and knees. Still filled with dread, I went down into the ravine through the holly and thorny scrub-oak bushes, pushing through the thickets, for I did not want to follow any beaten path to the Nesque. I was afraid of the great monster of a gamekeeper who, somewhere, I was sure, was watching for me as if I had been a fox; and I thought that the whistling of the wind and the rattling of the whirling leaves would keep any one from hearing the noise of the holly and the thorny oak bushes which caught hold of me, and of the stones which rattled under my feet.

"When I reached the border of the Nesque I looked

out between two tufts of bushes to right and to left, but neither saw nor heard anything out of the way. And, what gave me still more comfort, lying there where I had kicked them off, so that I might run the faster, were my sabots!

"With one spring I reached and put on my sabots, and then flew like lightning through the stubble and brush and climbed steep slopes like a lizard. I slipped through the olive-orchards, carefully keeping away from the paths, and as far as I could from the Chateau, the gleaming windows of which I could see on the heights above. Suddenly all the dogs at the Chateau began to bark together, and as I feared that they had heard or scented me, I went off still farther over the hills of the Engarrouines, so that I might be quite safe from the gamekeeper outside the lines of the estate.

"But our hut still was far away, and I knew that if I went there I should be caught; if not that night, certainly the next day. Still I longed to see my father, to comfort my mother. It seemed as if I could hear her calling me — 'Pascalet! Pascalet!'

"In spite of the dark night my eyes could make out far off on the hill of la Garde something black between the woods and the olive-orchards; something that looked like a heap of stones. It was our forlorn hut — laid up of stones without mortar and roofed with stone slabs. In my heart I seemed to see inside of it our one room, our oat-straw beds, the pot hanging by its pot-hooks and chain from the beam, the big block behind the door on which my father chopped the bread, and which, also, was our table. I longed for our little hut and all in it; but fear, my great fear of the gamekeeper, for a long while had me still.

"At last I was able to screw up my courage and go on. Keeping out of the path, and taking a big stone in each hand, I went forward slowly and step by step. Now and then I stopped and listened. Feeling my way, dodging from one stone wall to another, I got at last behind the hut. Softly I crept up to the hole stuffed with grass that served us for a window, and pushing in the grass and leaning my head forward I called, 'Mother! Mother!'

"No one answered — there was no one there!

"Then my blood grew cold within me. I thought that both my father and my mother had been killed. I ran round to the door of the hut. It was wide open. The gamekeeper was nothing to me then! I called out at the top of my voice: 'Mother! Father! Where are you? It is your Pascalet!' and my sorrow so hurt me that I rolled on the ground in such a passion of crying as I never before had known.

"For more than an hour I lay there while I sobbed and groaned. At last, tired out, desperate, raging because I was too weak to revenge myself against those who had caused my bitter pain, I got on my feet again, while a dark thought came into my mind. The pond, the big pond that watered all the fields of the Chateau, was before me among the olive-trees. Only a month before I had seen the body of pretty Agatha of Malemort drawn out of its waters — a girl, not twenty years old, who had drowned herself there because of some trouble I could not understand. I ran off as if crazy, my arms spread wide open as though to embrace someone; and when, through the trees, I saw the pond glittering I thought I saw Paradise. As I came within a few steps of the edge I closed my eyes, took three jumps, one after the other and — patatlou! I was in the middle of the pond!"

Pascal stopped, yawned, stretched himself. "Well, it's getting late — and I haven't yet watered the mule. "I'll tell you the rest to-morrow. Right about face! March!" — and he was off.

As I walked home beside my grandfather, holding his hand, I asked him: "But Pascal didn't really drown himself, did he?"

"Have patience, little one," my grandfather answered, "tomorrow we shall know."— *The Reds of the Midi.*

GRATTAN, HENRY, an Irish orator and statesman; born at Dublin, July 3, 1746; died at London, June 4, 1820. His father was for many years recorder of the City of Dublin, and from 1761 to 1766 its representative in the Irish Parliament; his mother was a daughter of Thomas Marlay, Chief-Justice for Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College and Dublin University. While at school those moral characteristics which distinguished his later life made themselves manifest. He renounced the Tory principles of his father, who was a Protestant, and who disinherited him for his perversity. The young man studied law and was admitted to the Middle Temple in London in 1767. In 1772 he was called to the Irish bar, but never obtained a large practice. He devoted much of his attention to politics and the study of oratory. While in London he spent most of his time in the gallery of the House of Commons or at the bar of the Lords. He was a great admirer of Lord Chatham, of whose eloquence he gives a graphic description in one of his letters. In 1775 he was chosen to represent the borough of Charlemont in the Irish Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his zeal and eloquence on behalf of the opposition or Whig party.

In 1778 he moved an address to the Crown to the effect that the condition of Ireland was no longer endurable, and although the motion was supported by only a small minority, the discussion bore fruit in the same year by the concession of free export of all produce except woollens and by the modification of the penal laws to the extent of allowing Roman Catholics

to hold leases for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The following year the Test Act was repealed. In 1780, for the purpose of further stimulating the growing national sentiment, he moved his famous resolutions that "The King, with the consent of the Parliament of Ireland, is alone competent to enact laws to bind Ireland," and that "Great Britain and Ireland are indissolubly united, but only under a common sovereign." Grattan was satisfied with the tone of the discussion, and did not press for a division on the question. In testimony of his public services to Ireland the Parliament granted him the sum of £50,000, and would have made the amount £100,000 had the beneficiary desired, but he consented to accept the smaller sum only that he might relinquish his legal practice and give his attention to national politics. In 1782 he procured the restoration of the independence of the Irish Parliament by repeal of the Poynings law, and supported a bill to permit Roman Catholics to inherit and hold property on the same terms as other British subjects, and drew up a resolution for the relaxation of the penal laws against Roman Catholics. The Irish convention having adopted these resolutions, Grattan moved for a declaration of independence. This was lost, but when, later, he got up to move a declaration of rights, he was so wrought up with enthusiasm over the question, and so confident of the success of the cause, that he anticipated the result in the opening words of his great speech beginning, "I am now about to address a free people." One month later the British Parliament unanimously passed a resolution pledging the repeal of the grievances complained of.

In 1785 he successfully opposed Mr. Ord's resolu-

tions removing certain trade restrictions, because they contained a clause re-enacting England's navigation laws. In 1793 parliamentary suffrage was conceded to Roman Catholics. The hope of further concessions was suddenly dispelled when on the verge of certainty by the recall of Lord Lieutenant Fitzwilliams, and the brooding discontent increased until it culminated in the rebellion of 1798. Previous to this Grattan had retired from Parliament. In 1800 he returned to Parliament for the purpose of opposing legislative union. The measure was passed notwithstanding, and Grattan, after wounding Mr. Cory, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a duel, retired to private life. In 1805 he entered the Imperial Parliament. He voted with the Government on the Irish insurrection bill of 1807, showing his regard for the general welfare of the Empire, notwithstanding the great political disappointment of his life.

When, in 1813, Parliament having rejected the Roman Catholic relief bill, the Roman Catholic Board refused to further intrust him with their cause, he continued their championship of his own accord, and after 1815 never spoke on any other subject in Parliament. In 1819 his motion was defeated by the small majority of two, and the following year, notwithstanding his ill health, he undertook a journey to London to bring the matter again before Parliament, and died a few days after his arrival. He received a public burial in Westminster Abbey, where his remains lie beside those of Pitt and Fox.

Grattan's speeches show great labor and careful preparation, with many traces of art — art transfused and breathing with enthusiasm; and, though wanting in ease and simplicity, they are devoid of affectation

or artificiality. His style is characterized by an excessive use of epigram, which supplies the place of wit and often of direct argument. His published works include *Speeches, etc.* (1811); *Speeches in the Irish and in the Imperial Parliament* and *Miscellaneous Works* (1822).

"Grattan," says Croly, in his comparison of great contemporary orators, "Grattan cannot be judged of in England. It was in his own country, when he gathered her rights and hopes like the wanderers of the air, and gave them shelter under his branches that this monarch of the wilderness rose and spread in his full magnificence. On the questions which issued in giving a Constitution to Ireland, Grattan exhibited powers as lofty as his cause. His feeling, his reason, his imagination, were condensed into one resistless splendor; he smote with intense light; the adversary might as well have stood before a thunderbolt, *Serus in cœlum.*"

APPEAL IN THE HOUSE.

Do not tolerate a power — the power of the British Parliament over this land — which has no foundation in utility, or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God. Do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind. Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your looms, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people. Do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollens or an import of sugar, and permit the power that has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity. Do not suffer the arrogance of England to have a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland. Do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty,

passing by the tribunals of justice and the High Court of Parliament; neither imagine that by any formation of apology you can palliate such conduct to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your graves, for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create and can never restore. — *From Speech of April 19, 1780.*

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see that the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the Declaration is planted. And though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet but survive him. I shall move you, that the King's most excellent majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only powers competent to make laws to bind Ireland.— *From Speech Before the House, 1780.*

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

May the kingly power that forms one estate in our Constitution continue forever; but let it be as it professes to be, and as by the principles and laws of these countries it should be, one estate only, and not a power constituting one estate, creating another, and influencing a third.

May the parliamentary Constitution prosper; but let it be an operative, independent, and integral part of the Constitution — advising, confining, and sometimes directing the kingly power.

May the House of Commons flourish; but let the people be the sole author of its existence, as they should be the great object of its care.

May the connection with Great Britain continue, but

let the result of that connection be the perfect freedom, in the fullest and fairest sense, of all descriptions of men, without distinction of religion.

To this purpose we spoke; speaking this to no purpose, withdrew. It now remains to add this supplication: However it may please the Almighty to dispose of princes or of Parliaments, may the liberties of the people be immortal.— *From Address to the People, 1797.*

GRAY, DAVID, a Scottish poet; born at Kirkintilloch, January 29, 1838; died there, December 31, 1861. He was the son of a hand-loom weaver, but, being intended for the Church, he studied at the University of Glasgow, where he supported himself by teaching. Numerous verses which he wrote for the Glasgow *Chronicle* gave promise of unusual power, and at the age of twenty-two he went to London to pursue a literary career. He found friends who gave him aid — pecuniary and other. But he was already stricken by consumption, and died before the publication of the volume *The Luggie and Other Poems,* a part of which was already in print when he passed away. Four years after his death a monument to him was erected at Kirkintilloch, bearing the following inscription by Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward known as Lord Houghton: "This monument of affection, admiration, and regret, is erected to David Gray, the poet of Merkland, by friends far and near, desirous that the grave should be remembered amid the scenes of his rare genius, and early death, and by the Luggie, now numbered with the streams illustrious in Scottish song." Among the

poems of David Gray are a series of beautiful sonnets entitled *Under the Shadow.*

A WINTER SCENE ON THE LUGGIE.

How beautiful! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains darkened by huge glens
(Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir branch
Is plumed and tasselled, till each heather stalk
Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
Through all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone
Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
House diligent; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine never more confessed;
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the Beautiful.
Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight.

— *The Luggie.*

SPRING

Now, while the long-delaying ash assumes
The delicate April green, and, loud and clear,
Through the cool yellow twilight glooms,
The thrush's song enchants the captive's ear;
Now while a shower is pleasant in the falling,
Stirring the still perfume that wakes around;
Now that doves mourn, and from the distance calling,
The cuckoo answers with a sovereign sound —
Come with thy native heart, O true and tried!
But leave all books: for what with converse high,
Flavored with Attic wit, the time shall glide
On smoothly, as a river floweth by,
Or as on stately pinion, through the gray
Evening, the culver cuts his liquid way.

WINTRY WEATHER.

O Winter! wilt thou never, never go?
  O Summer! but I weary for thy coming,
Longing once more to see the Luggie flow,
  And frugal bees laboriously humming.
Now the east wind diseases the infirm,
  And I must crouch in corners from rough weather;
Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm
  When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,
And the large sun dips red behind the hills.
  I from my window can behold this pleasure;
And the eternal moon, what time she fills
  Her orb with argent, treading a soft measure,
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,
  Through the white spaces of infinitude.

FAIR THINGS AT THEIR DEATH THE FAIREST.

Why are all fair things at their death the fairest
  Beauty the beautifullest in decay?
  Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever new apparelling the rarest?
  Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove,
In the green forest gloom, an absent love?
  Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird complain,
  An integrate her uncontrollable woe
To such perfection that to hear is pain?
  Thus Sorrow and Death — alone realities —
Sweeten their ministrations and bestow
  On troublous life a relish of the skies!

GRAY, THOMAS, an English poet; born at London, December 26, 1716; died at Cambridge, July 30, 1771. He was the son of a scrivener, a harsh, ungenial man, who was separated from his wife, and refused to aid in the maintenance of his family. Gray was educated at Eton, where his maternal uncle was master. From Eton he went to Cambridge. He formed a close intimacy with Horace Walpole, son of the Prime-Minister, who induced him to accompany him on a tour in France and Italy (1739–41). Some dispute occurred between them, and Gray returned to Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, though he never entered upon practice, but continued to reside at the University until 1759, and afterward for two or three years in London. In 1758 he received the appointment of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Soon after, his health began to decline, although a year before his death he was able to make a tour in Westmoreland, Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland, of which he wrote pleasant accounts in the form of letters. He died of an attack of gout, and was buried in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogis, the scene of his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.*

Gray was one of the most accomplished men of his time. His knowledge of the classics was wide and accurate. He was versed in every department of history; was a good botanist, zoölogist, and entomologist; he was an expert antiquarian and heraldist. He had excellent taste in music, painting, and architecture. His letters descriptive of his travels on the Continent and in Great Britain are graceful and animated. Sir

James Mackintosh says that "he was the first discoverer of the beauties of Nature in England, and has marked out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it." But he was of a nature so delicate and fastidious that his casual acquaintances looked upon him as finical and effeminate. The Cambridge students called him "Sister Gray." His letters were never designed for publication, and his fame rests upon a few poems, none of them of any considerable length. The *Ode to Adversity, The Bard,* and *Progress of Poesy,* contain many noble passages. The *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,* written at the age of twenty-six, is, upon the whole, superior to either of these. The *Elegy,* however, is Gray's masterpiece. It was finished in 1749, although commenced seven years earlier; so that only in a restricted sense can it be said to have been "written in a Country Churchyard." In the earlier manuscripts of the *Elegy* were several stanzas which he omitted in the printing. These, marked by brackets, are here restored.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour: —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

[The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow,
  Exalt the Brave, and idolize Success;
But more to Innocence their safety owe,
  Than Power and Genius e'er conspired to bless.]

[Hark how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still, small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still — (erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked) —
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

["There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly press the ground."]

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had — a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode —
There they alike in trembling hope repose —
The bosom of his father and his God.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's holy shade!
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  Her silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
  Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
  The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which inthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain

The limits of their little reign.
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast.
Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
  The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
  And black Misfortune's baleful train!
And show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band;
  Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
  The vultures of the mind.
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
  And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
  That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
  And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, DRYDEN.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."
Nor second he, that rode sublime
  Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
  The secrets of the abyss to spy,
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.
  — *Progress of Poesy.*

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

  Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
    Thou tamer of the human breast,
  Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
    The bad affright, afflict the best!
  Bound in thy adamantine chain
  The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

  When first thy sire to send on earth
    Virtue — his darling child — designed,
  To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
    And bade to form her infant mind.
  Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
  With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

  Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
    Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
  Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
    And leave no leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

GREELEY, Horace, an American journalist and historian; born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811; died at Pleasantville, Westchester County, N. Y., November 29, 1872. He was the son

Horace Greeley

of a farmer, and received a common-school education. When fourteen years of age he was apprenticed as a printer in the office of the *Northern Spectator,* published at Poultney, Vt. In 1831, after the suspension of the paper, he made his way to New York, worked for ten years as a journeyman printer, and then in company with Francis V. Story undertook the publication of *The Morning Post,* a penny paper. Its failure at the end of three weeks did not discourage him. He had become a contributor to the papers on which he was a compositor, *The Spirit of the Times,* and *The Constitutionalist,* a lottery organ. In 1834 he assisted in establishing *The New Yorker,* a weekly literary paper, highly popular, but unsuccessful financially. He also wrote for *The Jeffersonian* and *The Log-Cabin,* political campaign papers. In 1841 he established *The Tribune,* in which *The New Yorker* and *The Log-Cabin* were soon merged. To this paper he gave the best efforts of his life. In 1848 he was elected to Congress to fill a vacancy. He introduced the first bill giving homesteads to actual settlers on the public lands. He received three other nominations for Congress, but was not elected. In 1871 he was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The excitement of the political campaign, and the long illness terminated by the death of his wife, told heavily upon his strength, and induced an inflammation of the brain, of which he died in November, 1872. Besides a great number of editorials and other articles in newspapers, he published *Hints Toward Reforms* (1850); *Glances at Europe* (1851); *History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension* (1856); *Overland Journey to San Francisco* (1860); *The American Conflict* (1864–66); *Recollec-*

tions of a Busy Life (1868); *Essays on Political Economy* (1870) and *What I Know about Farming* (1871).

A DEBTOR'S SLAVERY.

The *New Yorker* was issued under my supervision, its editorials written, its selections made for the most part by me, for seven years and a half from March 22, 1834. Though not calculated to enlist partisanship, or excite enthusiasm, it was at length extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to 9,000; and it might under better business management (perhaps I should add, at a more favorable time), have proved profitable and permanent. That it did not was mainly owing to these circumstances: 1. It was not extensively advertised at the start, and at least annually thereafter, as it should have been.—2. It was never really published, though it had half-a-dozen nominal publishers in succession.—3. It was sent to subscribers on credit, and a large share of them never paid for it, and never will, while the cost of collecting from others ate up the proceeds.—4. The machinery of railroads, expresses, news companies, news offices, etc., whereby literary periodicals are now mainly disseminated, did not then exist. I believe that just such a paper issued to-day, properly published and advertised, would obtain a circulation of 100,000 in less time than was required to give the *New Yorker* scarcely a tithe of that aggregate, and would make money for its owners, instead of nearly starving them, as mine did. I was worth at least $1,500 when it was started; I worked hard and lived frugally throughout its existence; it subsisted for the first two years on the profits of our job work; when I, deeming it established, dissolved with my partner, he taking the jobbing business and I the *New Yorker*, which held its own pretty fairly thenceforth till the commercial revulsion of 1837 swept over the land, whelming it and me in the general ruin.

I had married in 1836, deeming myself worth $5,000, and the master of a business which would thenceforth

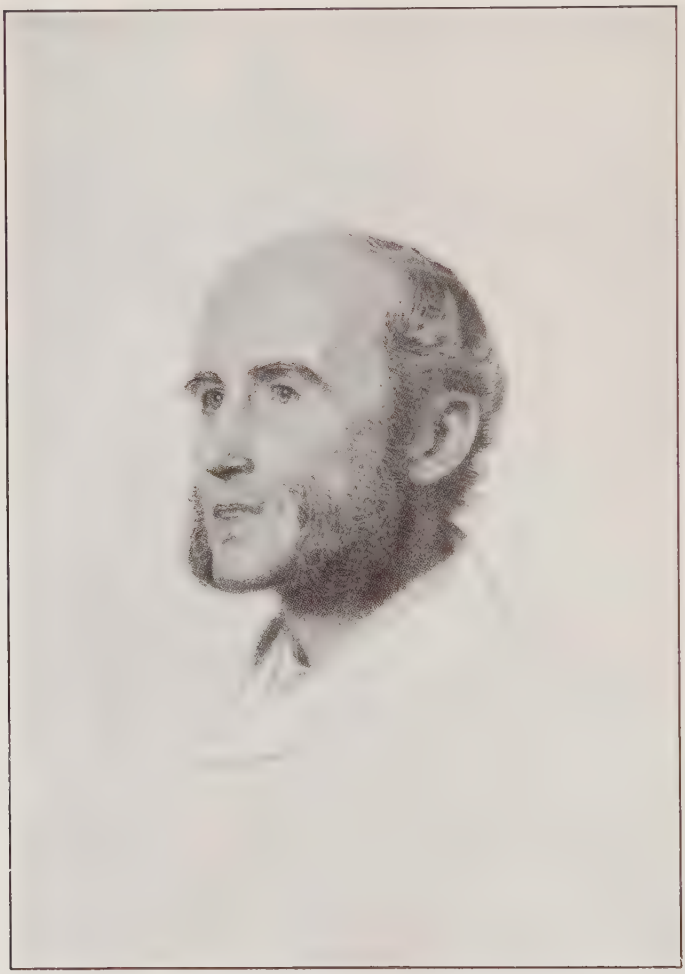
yield me for my labor at least $1,000 per annum; but, instead of that, or of any income at all, I found myself obliged throughout 1837 to confront a net loss of about $100 per week — my income averaging $100, and my inevitable expenses $200. It was in vain that I appealed to delinquents to pay up; many of them migrated; some died; others were so considerate as to order the paper stopped, but very few of these paid; and I struggled on against a steadily rising tide of adversity that might have appalled a stouter heart. Often did I call on this or that friend with intent to solicit a small loan to meet some demand that could no longer be postponed nor evaded, and, after wasting a precious hour, leave him, utterly unable to broach the loathsome topic. I have borrowed $500 of a broker late on Saturday, and paid him $5 for the use of it till Monday morning, when I somehow contrived to return it. Most gladly would I have terminated the struggle by a surrender; but, if I had failed to pay my notes continually falling due, I must have paid money for my weekly supply of paper — so that would have availed nothing. To have stopped my journal (for I could not give it away) would have left me in debt, besides my notes for paper, from fifty cents to two dollars each, to at least three thousand subscribers who had paid in advance; and that is the worst kind of bankruptcy. If any one would have taken my business and debts off my hands, upon my giving him my note for $2,000, I would have jumped at the chance, and tried to work out the debt by setting type, if nothing better offered. If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than $5,000 to $7,000, I have only to say that even $1,000 of debt is ruin to him who keenly feels his obligation to fulfill every engagement yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged, and penniless is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horrors of bankruptcy. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shinning," and who, from month to month, barely

evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part — and I speak from sad experience — I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt.

Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is — "Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!" Of course I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations; but I speak of *real* debt — that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other — and I say, from all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore. — *Recollections of a Busy Life.*

THE PRESS.

Long slumbered the world in the darkness of error,
  And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall;
To the sceptre and crown men abased them in terror,
  Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall;
When a voice, like the earthquake's, revealed the dishonor —
  A flash, like the lightning's, unsealed every eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
  While round it men gathered to conquer or die!



JOHN RICHARD GREENE.

'Twas the voice of the Press, on the startled ear breaking,
In giant-born prowess, like Pallas of old;
'Twas the flash of intelligence, gloriously waking
A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold;
And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
Sought a lasting retreat from its powerful control,
And the chains which bound nations in ages benighted,
Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the mole.

Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of Freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of truth;
We pledge to her cause, (and she has but to need them),
The strength of our manhood, the fire of our youth;
Should despots e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,
We pledge that the earth shall close o'er our deploring,
Or view her in gladness and freedom again.

But no! — to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds;
And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
Her champion who triumphs — her martyr who bleeds;
And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
While millions shall listen to honor and bless,
Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong emotion,
And the earth echoes deep with "Long Life to the Press!"

GREEN, JOHN RICHARD, an English historian; born at Oxford, December 12, 1837; died at Mentone, France, May 7, 1883. He studied mainly under private tutors until the age of eighteen, when he obtained a scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford. He did not compete for University honors, but

devoted himself chiefly to historical study. While an undergraduate, he contributed to the Oxford *Chronicle* a series of papers upon "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," which attracted the special notice of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, then Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Mr. Green took Holy Orders in 1860, and through the influence of Stanley was appointed curate of St. Barnabas, a populous but poor parish in London. In 1862 he was presented to the vicarage of Stepney, a position which he held until 1869, when he resigned on account of feeble health, and was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury Librarian at Lambeth, where he had ample opportunity for prosecuting historical labors. His first work was a *Short History of the English People* (1875), which was expanded into the *History of the English People* (1878–80). This work is in many respects the best complete history of England, from the earliest times to the battle of Waterloo. He then began the composition of historical works involving more minute details. These are *The Making of England,* being the history of the period of the Saxon Heptarchy (1882), and *The Conquest of England* by the Normans (1884), the last pages of which were written shortly before his death.

In 1877 Mr. Green married the daughter of Archdeacon Stopford, in conjunction with whom he wrote a *Short Geography of the British Isles,* and who has prepared a touching *Memorial* of her husband. Besides the important historical works already enumerated, Mr. Green published *Readings from English History* (1876); *Stray Studies from England and Italy* (1876); and edited a series of *History* and *Literature Primers,* written by several eminent English scholars.

THE ENGLISH FATHERLAND.

For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which we know to have borne the name of *Angeln,* or "England," lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the Northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple waters, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast by a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district, however, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was then called the *Engle,* or "English" folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine; on the other, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of "Englishmen." But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live; and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung.—*History of the English People,* § 10.

THE ENGLISH EORL, CEORL, LÆT AND SLAVE.

Of the temper and life of the folk in this Older England we know little. But from the glimpses that we catch of it when conquest had brought them to the shores of Britain, the political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. In their villages lay ready formed the political and social life which is round us in the England of to-day. A belt of forest or waste parted each from its fellow-villages, and within this boundary, or "mark" the *township,* as the village was then called, from the *tun,* or rough fence, that served as its simple fortification, formed a complete and independent body, though linked by ties which were strengthened every day to the townships about it and the tribe of which it formed a part. Its social centre was the homestead, where the Ætheling or *Eorl,* a descendant of the first English settlers in the waste, still handed down the blood and the traditions of his fathers. Around this homestead or *æthel,* each in its little croft, stood the lowlier dwellings of *Freelings* or *Ceorls,* men sprung, it may be, from descendants of the earliest settlers who had in various ways forfeited their claim to a share in the original homestead, or more probably, from incomers into the village, who had since settled round it, and been admitted to a share in the land and freedom of the community.

The Eorl was distinguished from his fellow-villagers by his wealth and his noble blood; he was held by them in a hereditary reverence; and it was from him and his fellow-Æthelings that "host-leaders," whether of the village or the tribe, were chosen in times of war. But this claim to precedence rested simply on the free recognition of his fellow-villagers. Within the township every Freeman or Ceorl was equal. It was the Freeman who was the base of village society. He was the "free-necked man," whose long hair floated over a neck which had never bowed to a lord. He was the "weaponed man," who alone bore spear and sword, and who alone preserved that right of self-redress, or private war, which

in such a state of society formed the main check upon lawless outrage.

Land, with the German race, seems at a very early time to have become everywhere the accompaniment of full freedom. The Freeman was strictly the free-holder, and the exercise of his full rights as a free member of the community to which he belonged became inseparable from the possession of his "holding" in it. But property had not as yet reached that stage of absolutely personal possession which the social philosophy of a later time falsely regarded as its earliest state. The wood-land and pasture-land of an English village were still undivided, and every free villager had the right of turning into it his cattle or swine. The meadow-land lay in like manner, while the arable land was divided into strips, which sower, hayward, and woodward, were often slaves. It was only when grass began to grow afresh that the common meadow was fenced off into grass-fields, one for each household in the village; and when the hay-harvest was over, fence and division were at an end again. The plough-land alone was permanently allotted in equal shares both of corn-land and fallow-land to the families of the Freeman, though even the plough-land was subject to fresh division as the number of claimants grew greater or less.

It was this sharing the common land which marked off the *Ceorl* or free-man from the *Læt*, the tiller of land which another owned. As the Ceorl was the descendant of settlers who, whether from their earlier arrival or from kinship with the original settlers of the village, had been admitted to a share in its land and its corporate life, so the Læt was a descendant of later comers to whom such a share was denied, or in some cases, perhaps, of earlier dwellers from whom the land had been wrested by force of arms. In the modern sense of freedom the Læt was free enough. He had house and home of his own; his life and limb were secure as the Ceorl's, save as against his lord. It is probable, from what we see in later laws, that as time went on he was recognized among the three tribes as a member of the nation, summoned to the folk-moot, allowed equal right at law, and called like the full free-man to the husting. But he was unfree as regards

law and land. He had neither part nor lot in the common land of the village. The ground which he had tilled he held of some free-man of the tribe to whom he paid rent in labor or in kind; and this man was his lord. Whatever rights the unfree villager might gain in the general social life of his fellow-villagers, he had no rights as against his lord. He could leave neither land nor lord at his will. He was bound to render due service to his lord in tillage or in fight. So long, however, as these services were done, the land was his own. His lord could not take it from him; and he was bound to give him aid and protection in exchange for his services.

Far different from the position of the Læt was that of the Slave, though there is no ground for believing that the slave class was other than a small one. It was a class which sprang mainly from debt or crime. Famine drove men to "bend their heads in the evil days for meat;" the debtor, unable to discharge his debt, flung on the ground his freeman's sword and spear, took up the laborer's mattock, and placed his head as a slave within a master's hands. The criminal whose kinfolk would not make up his fine became a crime-serf of the plaintiff or the king. Sometimes a father pressed by need sold children or wife into bondage. In any case the slave became part of the live-stock of the master's estate, to be willed away at death with the horse or ox, whose pedigree was kept as carefully as his own. His children were bondsmen like himself; even a freeman's children by a slave mother inherited the mother's taint. "Mine is the calf that is born of my cow," ran an English proverb. Slave cabins clustered around the homestead of every rich landowner; ploughman, shepherd, goatherd, swineherd, oxherd, and cowherd, dairymaid, barnman, sower, hayward, and woodward, were often slaves. It was not indeed slavery such as we have known in modern times, for stripes and bonds were rare; if a slave was slain, it was by an angry blow, not by the lash. But his master could slay him if he would; it was but a chattel the less. The slave had no place in the justice-court, no kinsman to claim vengeance or guilt-fine for his wrong. If a stranger slew him his lord claimed the

damages; if guilty of wrong-doing, "his skin paid for him" under his master's lash. If he fled he might be chased like a strayed beast, and when caught he might be flogged to death. If the wrong-doer were a woman-slave she might be burned. — *History of the English People,* §§ *11–15.*

THE ROMAN DEACON AND THE ENGLISH SLAVES.

The strife between the conquering tribes which at once followed on their conquest of Britain was to bring about changes even more momentous in the development of the English people. While Jute and Saxon and Engle were making themselves masters of central and Southern Britain, the English who had landed on its northernmost shores had been slowly winning for themselves the coast district between the Forth and Tyne which bore the name of Bernicia. Their progress seems to have been small till they were gathered into a kingdom in 547 by Ida the "Flame-bearer," who found a site for his king's town on the impregnable rock of Bamborough; nor was it until the reign of his fourth son Æthelric, that they gained full mastery over the Britons along their western border. But once masters of the Britains, the Bernician Englishmen turned to conquer their English neighbors to the south, the men of Deira, whose first king, Ælla, was now sinking to the grave.

The struggle filled the foreign markets with English slaves, and one of the most memorable stories in our history shows us a group of such captives as they stood in the market-place at Rome, it may be in the great Forum of Trajan, which still in its decay recalled the glories of the Imperial City. Their white bodies, their fair faces, their golden hair, was noted by a deacon who passed by. "From what country do these slaves come?" Gregory asked the trader who brought them. The slave-dealer answered, "they are English," or as the word ran in the Latin form it would bear at Rome, "They are *Angles.*" The deacon's pity veiled itself in poetic humor. "Not Angles, but angels," he said; "with faces so angel-like! From what country come they?" "They come," said the

merchant, "from Deira." "*De ira!*" was the untranslatable word-play of the vivacious Roman; "aye, plucked from God's ire and called to Christ's mercy! And what is the name of their king?" They told him "Ælla," and Gregory seized on the word as of good omen. "Alleluia shall be sung in Ælla's land," he said, and passed on, musing how the angel-faces should be brought to sing it.—*History of the English People*, § 40.

ÆLFRED THE GREAT.

Ælfred was the noblest as he was the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable in the English temper. He combined, as no other man has ever combined, its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, its profound sense of duty, the reserve and self-control that steadies in it a wide outlook and a restless daring; its frank geniality, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and passionate religion. Religion indeed was the groundwork of Ælfred's character. His temper was instinct with piety. Everywhere throughout his writings that remain to us the name of God, the thought of God, stir him to outbursts of ecstatic adoration. But he was no mere saint. He felt none of that scorn of the world about him which drove the nobler souls of his day to monastery or hermitage. vexed as he was by sickness and constant pain, his temper took no touch of asceticism. His rare geniality, a peculiar elasticity and nobility of nature, gave color and charm to his life. A sunny frankness and openness of spirit breathes in the pleasant chat of his books, and what he was in his books he showed himself in his daily converse.

Ælfred was in truth an artist, and both the lights and shadows of his life were those of the artistic temperament. His love of books, his love of strangers, his questionings of travellers and scholars, betray an imaginative restlessness that longs to break out of the narrow world of experience which hemmed him in. At one time he jots down news of a voyage to the unknown seas of the North. At another he listens to tidings which his envoys bring back from the churches of Malabar. And

side by side with this restless outlook of the artistic nature, he showed its tenderness and susceptibility, its vivid apprehension of unseen danger, its craving for affection, its sensitiveness to wrong. It was with himself rather than with his reader that he communed, as thoughts of the foe without, of ingratitude and opposition within, broke the calm pages of Gregory or Boethius. "Oh, what a happy man was he," he cries once, "that man had a naked sword hanging over his head from a single thread; so as to me it always did!" "Desirest thou power?" he asks at another time; "but thou shalt never obtain it without sorrows — sorrows from strange folk, and yet keener sorrows from thine own kindred." "Hardship and sorrow!" he breaks out again; "not a king would wish to be without these if he could: but I know that he cannot." The loneliness which breathes in words like these has often begotten in great rulers a cynical contempt of men and the judgments of men. But cynicism found no echo in the large and sympathetic soul of Ælfred. He not only longed for the love of his subjects but for the remembrance of generations to come.

Nor did his inner gloom or anxiety check for an instant his vivid and versatile activity. To the scholars he gathered round him he seemed the very type of a scholar, snatching every instant he could find to read or listen to books read to him. The singers of his court found in him a brother singer, gathering the old songs of his people to teach them to his children, breaking his renderings from the Latin with simple verse, solacing himself in hours of depression with the music of the Psalms. He passed from court and study to plan buildings and instruct craftsmen in gold-work, to teach even falconers and dog-keepers their business. But all this versatility and ingenuity was controlled by a cool good sense. Ælfred was a thorough man of business. He was careful of detail, laborious, methodical. He carried in his bosom a little hand-book in which he noted things as they struck him: now a bit of family genealogy, now a prayer, now such a story as that of Ealdhelm playing minstrel on the bridge. Each hour of the day had its ap-

pointed task; there was the same order in the division of his revenue and in the arrangement of his court.

Scholar and soldier, artist and man of business, poet and saint, his character kept that perfect balance which charms us in no other Englishman save Shakespeare. But full and harmonious as his temper was, it was the temper of a king. Every power was bent to the work of rule. His practical energy found scope for itself in the material and administrative restoration of the wasted land. His intellectual activity breathed fresh life into education and literature. His capacity for inspiring trust and affection drew the hearts of Englishmen to a common centre, and began the upbuilding of a new England. And all was guided, controlled, and ennobled by a single aim. "So long as I have lived," said the king, as life closed about him, "I have striven to live worthily." Little by little men came to know what such a life of worthiness meant. Little by little they came to recognize in Ælfred a ruler of higher and nobler stamp than the world had seen. Never had it seen a king who lived solely for the good of his people. Never had it seen a ruler who set aside every personal aim to devote himself solely to the welfare of those whom he ruled. It was this grand self-mastery which gave him his power over the men about him. Warrior and conqueror as he was, they saw him set aside at thirty the warrior's dream of conquest; and the self-renouncement of Wedmore struck the key note of his reign.

But still more is it this height and singleness of purpose, this absolute consecration of the noblest faculties to the noblest aim, that lifts Ælfred out of the narrow bounds of Wessex. If the sphere of his action seems too small to justify the comparison of him with the few whom the world owns as its greatest men, he rises to their level in the moral grandeur of his life. And it is this which has hallowed his memory among his own English people. "I desire," said the king, in some of his latest words, "I desire to leave to the men that come after me a remembrance of me in good works." His aim has been more than fulfilled. His memory has come down to us with a living distinctness through the mist of exaggeration

and legend which time gathered around it. The instinct of the people has clung to him with a singular affection. The love which he won a thousand years ago has lingered around his name from that day to this. While every other name of those earlier times has all but faded from the recollection of Englishmen, that of Ælfred remains familiar to every English child.—*History of the English People*, §§ *68, 69*.

THE NORMAN VICTORY AT SENLAC OR HASTINGS.

On the 14th of October, 1066, William led his men at dawn along the higher ground that leads from Hastings to the battle-field which Harold had chosen. From the mound of Telham the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left—the most exposed part of their position—the *huscarles* or body-guard, of Harold—men in full armor and wielding huge axes—were grouped round the golden dragon of Wessex and the standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics who had flocked at Harold's summons to fight with the stranger. It was against the centre of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks.

A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle. In front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again while he chanted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade behind which the English warriors plied axe and jevelin, with the fierce cries of "Out! out!" and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the Duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valor that spurred him over the slopes of Val-es-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness

of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible fertility of resource which shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder; and as panic spread through the army a cry arose that the Duke was slain. William tore off his helmet: "I live," he shouted, "and by God's help I will conquer yet." Maddened by a fresh repulse, the Duke spurred right at the standard; unhorsed, his terrible mare struck down Gyrth, the King's brother; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amid the roar and tumult of the battle he turned the flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay, till William by feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the Duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won, and at six the fight still raged around the standard where Harold's hus-carles stood stubbornly at bay on a spot marked afterward by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the Duke at last brought his archers to the front. Their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses around the King, and as the sun went down, a shaft pierced Harold's right eye. He fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate mélée over his corpse. — *History of the English People,* § *98.*

OXFORD IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

At the opening of the thirteenth century Oxford stood without a rival in its own country, while in European celebrity it took rank with the greatest schools in the western world. But to realize this Oxford of the past we must dismiss from our minds all recollections of the Oxford of the present. In the outer look of the new University there was nothing of the pomp that overawes the freshman as he first paces the "High" or looks

down from the gallery of St. Mary's. In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, of stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of the mediæval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves, in church-porch and house-porch, drinking, quarrelling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets, take the place of the brightly colored train of Doctors and Heads. Mayor and Chancellor struggled in vain to enforce order or peace in this seething mass of turbulent life. The retainers who followed their young lords to the University fought out the feuds of their houses in the streets. Scholars from Kent and scholars from Scotland waged the bitter struggle of north and south. At nightfall roysterer and reveller roamed with torches through the narrow lanes, defying bailiffs, and cutting down burghers at their doors. Now a mob of clerks plunged into the Jewry and wiped off the memory of bills and bonds by sacking a Hebrew house or two. Now a tavern-squabble between scholar and townsman widened into a general broil, and the academical bell of St. Mary's vied with the town bell of St. Martin's in clanging to arms. Every phase of ecclesiastical controversy or political strife was precluded by some fierce outbreak in this fierce and turbulent mob. When England growled at the exactions of the papacy in the years that were to follow, the students besieged a legate in the abbot's house at Osney. A murderous town-and-gown row preceded the opening of the Baron's War. "When Oxford draws knife," ran an old rhyme, "England's soon at strife."

But the turbulence and stir was a stir and turbulence of life. A keen thirst for knowledge, a passionate poetry of devotion, gathered thousands round the poorest scholar, and welcomed the barefoot friar. Edmund Rich — Archbishop of Canterbury and Saint in later days — came, about the time we have reached, to Oxford, a boy of twelve years old, from a little lane at Abingdon that still bears his name. He founded his school in an Inn that belonged to the Abbey of Eynsham, where his father had taken refuge from the world. His mother was a

pious woman of the day, too poor to give her boy much outfit besides the hair-shirt that he promised to wear every Wednesday; but Edward was no poorer than his neighbors. He plunged at once into the nobler life of the place: its ardor for knowledge, its mystical piety. Secretly—perhaps at eventide, when the shadows were gathering in the Church of St. Mary, and the crowds of teachers and students had left its aisles—the boy stood before an image of the Virgin, and, placing a ring of gold upon its finger, took Mary for his bride. Years of study, broken by a fever that raged among the crowded noisome streets, brought the time for completing his education at Paris, and Edmund, hand in hand with a brother Robert of his, begged his way, as poor scholars were wont, to the great school of Western Christendom. Here a damsel heedless of his tonsure, wooed him so pertinaciously that Edmund consented to an assignation; but when he appeared it was in company of grave academical officials who—as the maiden declared in the hour of penitence which followed—"straightway whipped the offending Eve out of her."

Still true to his Virgin bridal, Edmund, on his return from Paris, became the most popular of Oxford teachers. It is to him that Oxford owes her first introduction to the logic of Aristotle. We see him in the little room which he hired, with the Virgin's chapel hard by, his gray gown reaching to his feet, ascetic in his devotion, falling asleep in the lecture-time after a sleepless night of prayer, but gifted with a grace and cheerfulness of manner which told of his French training, and a chivalrous love of knowledge that let his pupils pay what they would. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the young tutor would say—a touch of scholarly pride perhaps mingling with his contempt of worldly things—as he threw down the fee on the dusty window-ledge, whence a thievish student would sometimes run off with it.

But even knowledge brought its troubles: the Old Testament, which, with a copy of the Decretals, long formed his sole library, frowned down upon a love of secular learning from which Edmund found it hard to wean himself. At last, in some hour of dream, the form of his

dead mother floated into the room where the teacher stood among his mathematical diagrams. "What are these?" she seemed to say; and seizing Edmund's right hand, she drew on the palm three circles interlaced, each of which bore the name of a person of the Christian Trinity. "Be these," she cried as the figure faded away, "thy diagrams henceforth, my son."—*History of the English People, §§ 163, 164.*

THE DEPOSITION OF EDWARD II

Deserted by all, and repulsed by the citizens of London, whose aid he implored, the King fled hastily to the west, and embarked with the Despensers for Lundy Island, which Despenser had fortified as a possible refuge. But contrary winds flung him again on the Welsh coast, where he fell into the hands of Earl Henry of Lancaster, the brother of the Earl whom they had slain. The younger Despenser, who accompanied Richard, was at once hung on a gibbet fifty feet high, and the King was placed in ward at Kenilworth till his fate could be decided by a Parliament summoned for that purpose at Westminster in January, 1327.

The peers who assembled fearlessly revived the constitutional usage of the earlier English freedom, and asserted their right to depose a King who had proved himself unworthy to rule. Not a voice was raised in Edward's behalf, and only four prelates protested when the young Prince was proclaimed King by acclamation, and presented as their sovereign to the multitude without. The revolution took legal form in a Bill which charged the captive monarch with indolence, incapacity, the loss of Scotland, the violation of his coronation oath, and oppression of the Church and Baronage; and on the approval of this it was resolved that the reign of Edward of Caernarvon had ceased, and that the crown had passed to his son, Edward of Windsor. A deputation of the Parliament proceeded to Kenilworth to procure the assent of the discrowned King to his own deposition; and Edward, "clad in a plain black gown," bowed quietly to his fate. Sir William Trussel at once addressed him in

words which, better than any other, mark the nature of the step which the Parliament had taken: "I, William Trussel, Proctor of the Earls, Barons, and others, having for this full and sufficient power, do render and give back to you, Edward, once King of England, the homage and fealty of the persons named in my Procuracy; and acquit and discharge them thereof in the best manner that the law and custom will give. And I now make protestation in their name that they will no longer be in your fealty and allegiance, nor claim to hold anything of you as King, but will account you hereafter as a private person, without any manner of royal dignity." A significant act followed these emphatic words. Sir Thomas Blount, the Steward of the Household, broke his staff of office — a ceremony used only at a King's death — and declared that all persons engaged in the royal service were discharged. The act of Blount was only an omen of the fate which awaited the miserable King. In the following September he was murdered in Berkeley Castle.— *History of the English People,* §§ *308, 309.*

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Whatever might be the importance of American Independence in the history of England, it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for awhile the supremacy of the English Nation, it founded the supremacy of the English Race. From the hour of American Independence the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little sign of lessening, the younger has risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world.

In 1783 America was a nation of 3,000,000 inhabitants, scattered thinly along the coast of the Atlantic. It is now [1880] a nation of 50,000,000, stretching over the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In wealth and material energy, as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother country from which it sprang. It is already the main branch of the English people; and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's

history must run along the channel, not of the Thames nor the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi. But distinct as these currents are, every year proves more clearly that in spirit the English people is one. The distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassable barrier between them grow every day less. Against this silent and inevitable drift of things the spirit of narrow isolation on either side of the Atlantic struggles in vain. It is possible that the two branches of the English people will remain forever separate political existences. It is like enough that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English people in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English peoples on either side of the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one. And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over, it will change the face of the world. As 2,000,000 of Englishmen fill the Valley of the Mississippi, as 50,000,000 of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe whose nations will have sunk into insignificance before it. What the issues of such a world-wide change may be, not even the wildest dreamer would dare to dream. But one issue is inevitable. In the centuries that lie before us, the primacy of the world will lie with the English people. English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.—*History of the English People*, § *1520*.

THE FINALE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Meanwhile every hour was telling against Napoleon. To win the battle he must crush the English army before Blücher joined it; and the English army was still uncrushed. Terrible as was his loss — and many of his regiments were reduced to a mere handful of men — Wellington stubbornly held his ground while the Prussians,

advancing from Wavre, through deep and miry forest roads, were slowly gathering to his support, disregarding the attack on his rear by which Grouchy strove to hold them back from the field. At half-past four their advance guard deployed at last from the woods, but the main body was far behind, and Napoleon was still able to hold his ground against them till their increasing masses forced him to stake all upon a desperate effort against the English front. The Imperial Guard — his only reserve, and which had as yet taken no part in the battle — was drawn up at seven in two huge columns of attack. The first, with Ney himself at its head, swept all before it as it mounted the rise beside La Haye Sainte, on which the thin English line still held its ground, and all but touched the English front, when its mass, torn by the terrible fire of musketry with which it was received, gave way before a charge. The second, 3,000 strong, advanced with the same courage over the slope near Hougomont, only to be repulsed and shattered in its turn. At the moment when these masses fell slowly and doggedly back down the fatal rise, the Prussians pushed forward on Napoleon's right; their guns swept the road to Charleroi, and Wellington seized the moment for a general advance. From that hour all was lost. Only the Guard stood firm in the wreck of the French army; and though darkness and exhaustion checked the English in their pursuit of the broken troops as they hurried from the field, the Prussian horse continued the chase through the night. Only some 40,000 Frenchmen, with some 30 guns, recrossed the Sambre, while Napoleon himself fled hurriedly to Paris. His second abdication was followed by a triumphant entry of the English and Prussian armies into the French capital; and the long war ended with his exile to St. Helena, and the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of the Bourbons. — *History of the English People*, § *1619*.

GREEN, Mary Anne Everett Wood, an English biographer; born at Sheffield, in 1818. In 1841 she removed to London with her parents, and undertook the compilation of *Lives of the Princesses of England from the Norman Conquest* (1849–55). She edited the *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain* in 1846; *The Diary of John Rous* in 1856, and *The Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria* in 1857. The Master of the Rolls having commissioned her to calendar the State papers in the Record office, she engaged in the work. The papers of the reign of James I. were published in 1857–59; those of Charles II. in 1860–68. She then completed the calendar of the State Papers of Queen Elizabeth, begun by Mr. Lemon, with additional papers from Edward VI. to James I. *The Life of W. Whittingham, Dean of Durham,* was printed by the Camden Society in 1871. Mrs. Green, in 1875, undertook the calendar of papers of the Interregnum, the general historical portion of which, complete in thirteen volumes, appeared in 1886.

LAST INTERVIEW OF CHARLES I. WITH HIS CHILDREN.

The king's behavior during his trial was composed and cheerful; his heart failed him only when he thought of those who loved him. He inquired of one who had been with his children, how his "young princess did," the reply was, that she was very melancholy; "and well she may be so," he replied, "when she hears what death her old father is coming unto. . . ."

The time appointed for the farewell to his children was January 29th, the day previous to his execution. The anguish which rent Elizabeth's bosom was so intense that she was reported to be dead, but on learning

that her father wished to see her once again, she mustered all her fortitude to go through the interview which she ardently desired and yet dreaded. When they arrived at St. James's Palace, and were introduced into the apartment of the King, they were struck to find him so much changed in appearance since they had parted fifteen months before. His hair had become almost gray; he had neglected to dress either it or his beard from the time that his servants had been taken from him, and his dress, instead of wearing its usual aspect of dignified simplicity, was neglected and forlorn. In spite of all Elizabeth's attempts at self-control, the moment she beheld her father, she burst into a wild and almost convulsive passion of tears: he took her in his arms, seated her on his knee, soothed her by his caresses, and desired her to calm herself and listen to his instructions, as he had things to confide to her ear that he could tell to no one else, and it was important that she should hear and remember them. The conversation that ensued was recorded by herself, as follows: —

"What the king said to me, January 29, 1648-49, being the last time I had the happiness to see him. He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he could not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such, as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that would be a glorious death that he should die — it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. He bid me read Bishop Andrews's *Sermons,* Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity,* and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal, he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her,

and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So, after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave. Farther, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and he desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should be all happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things which at present I cannot remember."

When he had concluded his exhortations, Charles said to his daughter, "Sweetheart, you'll forget this." "No," replied the weeping girl, "I shall never forget this whilst I live," and she promised to write down the particulars at once. To the exactness of her recollection we are indebted for many particulars not recorded by Herbert, who was a witness of the interview.

The little Harry, now just nine years of age, was the next to receive his father's notice. "Then the king, taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said, 'Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's head,' upon which words, the child looked very steadfastly on him. 'Mark, child, what I say, they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads (when they can catch them), and cut off thy head too at last; and, therefore, I charge you do not be made a king by them.' At which the child sighing, said, 'I will be torn in pieces first;' which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the king rejoice exceedingly."

Parting embraces were exchanged, and anxious to shorten a scene which he had purposely made as brief as possible, Charles was leaving the room to retire to his bedchamber, when the bitter wail of anguish which burst from his daughter brought him back once more to her side, to fold her again in his arms, to clasp her to

his bosom, to press kisses, how tender! on her wet cheeks and quivering lips, and then — what could he more? — to leave her, feeling that for himself the bitterness of death was past. Elizabeth's agony of sorrow was so heart-rending that it brought a strange softness over the stern natures of some of the by-standers, who were little wont to be touched with royal sorrows, and had long witnessed unmoved the calmer grief of the father.

The prince and princess were taken back to Lyon House. No pen has recorded how, in her beautiful seclusion, Elizabeth passed the fearful hours of the 30th of January; the bursting heart with which she poured out her soul in prayers for her father, till the fatal hour arrived, the pang of orphan desolation which thrilled to the very core of her sensitive spirit, when the lapse of time made it all but certain that she had no longer a father; the tenacious clinging to the hopeless chance, that after all such a thing could not be — that at the eleventh hour some rescue must have appeared; the agonizing suspense of waiting the arrival of the first messenger from London, who brought a full and final confirmation of her fears, and all the intensity of hopeless misery that followed. Elizabeth never recovered from the effects of that day, and the short remainder of her career was but a lingering death.— *Lives of the Princesses of England.*

GREEN, THOMAS HILL, an English philosopher: born at Birkin, Yorkshire, April 7, 1836; died at Oxford, March 15, 1882. He was educated at Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he became a teacher in 1866, master of the college in 1870, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1878. As a leading figure in the Neo-Hegelian movement,

he exerted a marked influence upon the trend of thought at Oxford. Mrs. Humphry Ward took him for the original of "Dr. Grey" in her novel, *Robert Elsmere*. He contributed many philosophical articles to the *North British Review* and other periodicals; was joint editor of the philosophical works of Hume, and joint translator of the *Metaphysics* of Lotze. Besides the *Introduction to Hume* (1874), he published in 1881 a lecture entitled *Liberal Legislation and Freedom of Contract*. After his death appeared *The Witness of God and Faith* (1883); *Prolegomena to Ethics* (1883); *Collected Writings* (1885–7–8), edited by Nettleship.

THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN.

I confess to hoping for a time when the phrase will have lost its meaning, because the sort of education which alone makes the gentleman in any true sense will be within the reach of all. As it was the aspiration of Moses that all the Lord's people should be prophets, so with all seriousness and reverence we may hope and pray for a condition of English society in which all honest citizens will recognize themselves and be recognized by each other as gentlemen.—*From Lecture Before the Wesleyan Literary Society, 1881*

CROMWELL AND VANE.

If it seems but a poor change from the fanatic sacerdotalism of Laud to the genteel and interested sacerdotalism of modern English churchmanship, yet the fifteen years of vigorous growth which Cromwell's sword secured for the church of the sectaries, gave it a permanent force which no reaction could suppress, and which has since been the great spring of political life in England. The higher enthusiasm, however, which breathed in Cromwell and Vane, was not puritanic or English

merely. It belonged to the universal spiritual force which, if it conquers them for a moment, yet again sinks under them, that it may transmute them more thoroughly to its service. "Death," said Vane on the scaffold, "is a little word, but it is a great work to die." So his own enthusiasm died that it might rise again. It was sown in the weakness of feeling, that it might be raised in the intellectual comprehension which is power. "The people of England," he said again, "have long been asleep. I doubt they will be hungry when they awake." They have slept, we may say, another two hundred years. If they should yet wake and be hungry, they will find their food in the ideas which, with much blindness and weakness, he vainly offered them, cleared and ripened by a philosophy of which he did not dream.—*From Lecture on the Revolution*: *Works, page 145.*

GREENE, Albert Gorton, an American lawyer and poet; born at Providence, R. I., February 10, 1802; died at Cleveland, O., January 4, 1868. He was educated at Brown College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1823. In 1832 he was elected Clerk of the Municipal Council of Providence, which office he filled for twenty-five years, and from 1858 to 1867 was Judge of the City Court. He was engaged in several literary undertakings; began a voluminous collection of *American Poetry*, now known as the Harris Collection in Brown University, and published several short poems, mostly of a humorous character. He is best known as the author of *Old Grimes* and *The Baron's Last Banquet*

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more:—
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true:—
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned:—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:—
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind;
In friendship he was true:—
His coat had pocket-holes behind;
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er:—
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
But fears misfortune's frown:—
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:—

He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay:—
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view:—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran:—
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

GREENE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American historian; grandson of General Nathanael Greene, of Revolutionary fame; born at East Greenwich, R. I., April 8, 1811; died there, February 2, 1883. He studied at Brown University, but left without graduating, on account of ill-health. He resided in Europe from 1825 till 1847, having been in 1837 appointed United States Consul at Rome. In 1848 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Brown University. In 1872 he was chosen Professor of American History at Cornell University. His works include, besides several text-books in various departments, a brief *Life of General Nathanael Greene*, in Sparks's *American Biography* (1846); *Historical and Biographical Studies* (1850, 1860);

History and Geography of the Middle Ages (1851); *An Examination of the Ninth Volume of Bancroft's History,* in which he maintains that injustice is done to Nathanael Greene (1866); *The German Element in the War of American Independence* (1876); *A Short History of Rhode Island* (1877). He also edited an edition of the *Works of Addison.* His most important work is a full *Life of Nathanael Greene* (3 vols., 1867–1871).

LIFE AT VALLEY FORGE.

But even Valley Forge had its recreations. "Several general officers are sending for their wives," writes Lafayette to his own wife, "and I envy them, not their wives, but the happiness of being where they can see them." Mrs. Greene had joined her husband early in January, bringing with her her summer's aquisition, a stock of French, that quickly made her little parlor the favorite resort of the foreign officers. There was often to be seen Lafayette, not yet turned of twenty-one, though a husband, a father, and a major-general; graver somewhat in his manners than strictly belonged either to his years or his country; and loved and trusted by all — by Washington and Greene especially. Steuben too was often there, wearing his republican uniform as, fifteen years before, he had worn the uniform of the despotic Frederick; as deeply skilled in the ceremonial of a court as in the manœuvring of an army; with a glittering star on his left breast, that bore witness to the faithful service he had rendered in his native Germany; and revolving in his accurate mind designs which were to transform this mass of physical strength which Americans had dignified with the name of army, into a real army which Frederick himself might have accepted. He had but little English at his command as yet; but at his side was a mercurial young Frenchman, Peter Duponceau, who knew how to interpret both his graver thoughts and the

lighter gallantries with which the genial old soldier loved to season his intercourse with the wives and daughters of his fellow-citizens. As the years passed away, Duponceau himself became a celebrated man, and loved to tell the story of those checkered days. . . .

Washington, too, and his wife were often seen in this evening circle — not the grave, cold Washington of some books, but a human being, who knew how to laugh heartily and smile genially. And the courtly Morris and the brilliant Reed were there, and Charles Carroll, who was to outlive them nearly all; and Knox, whom Greene loved as a brother; and Hamilton and Laurens, as often as their duty would permit; and Wayne and Varnum and Sullivan, and many others of whom history tells, with some of whom she has kept no record — all equally glad to escape for awhile from stern duties and grave cares to a cheerful fireside and genial company.

There was no room for dancing in these narrow quarters: but next winter at Morristown we shall find a good deal of it, and see Washington dancing for hours with Mrs. Greene without once sitting down. There were no cards either. All games of chance had been prohibited early in the war; and American officers, even if they had had the means and inclination, had no opportunity to ruin themselves, as the officers of Howe's army were ruining themselves at Philadelphia this very winter.

But there was tea or coffee, and pleasant conversation always, and music often — no one who had a good voice being allowed to refuse a song. Few could give more interest to a story or life to an anecdote than Mrs. Greene; and no one in those evening circles could excel her in adapting her subject and manner to the taste and manner of the immediate listener. And thus again somewhat of the gentleness of domestic life was shed over those stern scenes of war, and somewhat of its cheerfulness brought into these narrow dwellings — of themselves "no gayer," writes Lafayette, "than a dungeon."

Out of doors all was more like a dungeon still; for the bleak hills shut them in on one side, the frozen river on the other. Out of the cold white snow rose the leafless forest, dark and spectral; and the wind swept in fierce gusts down the valley, or sighed and moaned around the thatched roofs of the huts. From the huts themselves came few signs of life, but the smoke that swayed to and fro over the chimneys at the will of the blast; and the shivering sentinels at the officers' doors; and now and then, as you passed along, a half-naked soldier peering from a door, and muttering in an ominous undertone, "No bread, no soldier." If you ventured within, hungry nakedness met you on the threshold, or a foul and diseased air repelled you from it. In the streets you would meet parties of soldiers yoked together to little carriages of their own contriving, and dragging their wood and provisions from the storehouses to their huts. There were regular parades, too, at guard-mounting; and sometimes grand parades, in which you could see men half-naked holding their rusty fire-locks with hands stiffened with cold, and officers shielding themselves from the cold in a kind of dressing-gown made out of an old blanket or faded bed-quilt.

There were many things to talk about in this dreary camp. There were rumors again of a French war. Burgoyne's defeat, perhaps, might turn the trembling scale of European diplomacy; and then how easy it would be to put an end to the war with England. There as that never-failing subject of discussion, the currency also — long since rapidly depreciating, and now hanging apparently upon the verge of bankruptcy. The Congress have at least agreed upon Articles of Confederation; will the States adopt them, and submit to a uniform system of taxation as the only sure basis of national credit? The Congress committee was in camp; seeing with their own eyes what the soldiers suffered; would they have the courage to follow up the evil to its source and heal it? Congress was discussing the question of half-pay; did they — did the country

even — see it in its true light? This year, too, there was a new army to raise.— *Life of Nathanael Greene.*

GREENE, HOMER, an American lawyer and poet; born at Ariel, Pa., January 10, 1853. He was graduated from Union College in 1876, and from the Albany Law School in 1878. In 1879 he was admitted to the bar of Pennsylvania and entered practice at Honesdale in that State. He has long been active as a Republican in politics. He has contributed much in prose and verse to the magazines and periodicals. His published works include *The Blind Brother; Burnham Breaker; Coal and Coal Mines;* and *The Riverpark Rebellion,* in prose; and *What My Lover Said and Other Poems;* and *The Banner of the Sea, and Other Poems.*

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
  In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall wet grass with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass but he made no room,
  Oh, I tried,— but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red
  With my face bent down above it;
While he took my hand as he whispering said —
How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said;
  Oh, the clover in bloom,— how I love it!

In the high wet grass went the path to hide;
  And the low wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass on either side,

For I found myself when I vainly tried
  In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
  While he closed the path before me:
And he looked down into my eyes and said —
How the leaves bent down from the boughs overhead
To listen to all that my lover said,
  Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Had he moved aside but a little way
  I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say
  Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark and the moments sped,
  And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said —
How the pure sweet wind grew still instead
To listen to all that my lover said,
  Oh, the whispering wind around us!

I am sure he knew when he held me fast
  That I must be all unwilling,
For I tried to go and would have passed,
As the night was come with its dews at last,
  And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
  And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said —
How the stars crept out when the white moon led
To listen to all that my lover said,
  Oh, the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell;
  And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover
Will carry his secret so safely and well
  That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
  From the eager lips of my lover;
  And the moon and the stars that look over

Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

GREENE, Robert, an English dramatist and poet; born at Norwich in 1560; died at London, September 3, 1592. His life was in every way an unfortunate one, ending at the age of thirty-two in extreme poverty and distress. He was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he took his Master's degree in 1583. Five dramas are extant, besides many poems, tales, and pamphlets. An edition of his works, in two volumes, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, was published in 1831. Of his prose-writings the most interesting are those in which he acknowledges his transgressions and shortcomings, and professes his deep repentence. Among his plays are *Orlando Furioso; The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay;* and *Alphonsus, King of Aragon.*

GREENE'S CONFESSIONS.

Being at the University of Cambridge, I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practiced such villainy as is abominable to declare. Thus by their counsel I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends, and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels; so that being

then conversant with notable braggarts, boon companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practised sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded master of arts (1583), I left the university, and away to London where — after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends — I became an author of plays and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who, for that trade, known so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry have in godliness, and as much felicity I took in villainy as others had in honesty.—*Robert Greene's Repentance.*

GREENE'S FAREWELL TO HIS ASSOCIATES.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths; despise drunkenness, fly lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often flattered — perishes for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light-tapers that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these, with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff. My hand is tired, and I forced to leave where I would begin; desirous that you should live though himself be dying.

The last extract is taken from Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance,* which includes also some of his best poetry, written in the same regretful strain. This work also contains more or less wholesome advice to some of his fellow-playwrights and roysterers. To Marlowe he says: "Thou famous grace of tragedians, why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver?" Lodge is thus admonished: "Young Juvenal, that biting satirist that lastly with me together writ a comedy; sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men — no man better, no man so well." Peele, a dramatist "no less deserving than the other two, who had been driven to extreme shifts," is counselled not to depend on so mean a stay as the stage. Somehow Greene had no friendly feeling toward Shakespeare, who is thus characterized: "There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide,* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse with the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." The italicized phrase is taken from Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, only the word "player's" is substituted for "woman's."

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys
  Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,
  To out-length my life, whom friends have left forlorn;—
  How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy slights which few men shun,

Till unawares they helpless are undone!
  Oh, that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
  What rules of life, what council I would give.
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
But I must die of every man abhorred:
  Time loosely spent will not again be won;
  My time is loosely spent, and I undone.
—*A Groat's Worth of Wit.*

Several of Greene's best works are short tales in prose, with poetry interspersed. Among these is *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, or the History of Dorastus and Faunia,* from which Shakespeare appears to have borrowed the plot of his *Winter's Tale.* In *Pandosto* occurs the following graceful sonnet:

THE FAIR ONE.

Ah, were she as pitiful as she is fair,
  Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair;
  Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand
  That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
  Under the wide heavens, but not such.
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose
  Yet sweeter far than is in earthly bower:
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
  Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower,
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered though she grew on thorn

THE SHEPHERD'S HAPPY LOT.

Ah! what is love! It is a pretty thing,
  As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
    And sweeter too:

For kings have cares that wait upon a crown;
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
And sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill,
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too:
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand;
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

A MIND CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss,
The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

GREENE, SARAH PRATT McLEAN, an American novelist and poet; born at Simsbury, Conn., July 6, 1856. She was educated at South Hadley Seminary, and for several years taught school at Plymouth, Mass. In 1887 she was married to F. L. Greene. Her published works include *Cape Cod Folks* (1881); *Towhead, the Story of a Girl* (1884); *Lastchance Junction* (1889); *Leon Pontifex* (1897); *The Moral Imbeciles* (1898); *Vesty of the Basins* (1900); *Flood-Tide* (1902), and *Deacon Lysander* (1904). Her novels deal largely with rural life and character in New England.

DE SHEEPFOL'.

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in der gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's;
But de res' dey's all brung in.
But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
Callin' sof' "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof' "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'rp' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie' cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

GREENWELL, Dora, an English poet; born at Greenwell Ford, Durham, December 6, 1821; died March 29, 1882. She was the daughter of the owner of a comfortable estate in Durham, who lost his property when his daughter was about twenty-five years of age. She then went to live with a brother in Northumberland, and while with him published her first volume of *Poems.* After her father's death she removed with her mother to St. Cuthbert, and afterward to Durham. While at St. Cuthbert she published another volume of *Poems,* and three prose works, *A Present Heaven; The Two Friends;* and *The Patience of Hope.* She also published in 1868 a *Life of Lacordaire.* Several smaller volumes of poems appeared from time to time: *Carmina Crucis; Camera Obscura;* and *The Soul's Legend.* She con-

tributed essays to various periodicals, and published a volume of *Stories that Might be True.* Her last years were spent at Westminster.

VESPERS.

When I have said my quiet say,
  When I have sung my little song,
How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
  The valley and the hill along;
How sweet the summons, "Come away,"
That calls me from the busy throng!

I thought beside the water's flow
  Awhile to be beneath the leaves,
I thought in autumn's harvest glow
  To rest my head upon the sheaves;
But, lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet accepted, free,
And blest, my Lord, I come to Thee.

What matters now for promise lost,
  Through blast of spring or summer rains!
What matter now for purpose crost,
  For broken hopes and wasted pains;
What if the olive little yields,
  What if the grape be blighted? Thine
The corn upon a thousand fields,
  Upon a thousand hills the vine.

Thou lovest still the poor; O, blest
  In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly in my choice confessed,
  I love the rich in loving Thee!
My spirit bare before thee stands,
  I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to Thee with empty hands,
  The surer to be filled from Thine!

THE RECONCILER.

Our dreams are reconciled,
Since Thou didst come to turn them all to Truth;
The World, the Heart, are dreamers in their youth
  Of visions beautiful, and strange and wild;
And Thou, our Life's Interpreter, dost still
At once make clear these visions and fulfil;
    Each dim sweet, Orphic rhyme,
    Each mythic tale sublime
Of strength to save, of sweetness to subdue,
    Each morning dream the few,
Wisdom's first lovers told, if read in Thee comes true.

. . . . . .

O Bearer of the key
That shuts and opens with a sound so sweet
  Its turning in the wards is melody,
All things we move among are incomplete
  And vain until we fashion them in Thee!
    We labor in the fire —
  Thick smoke is round about us, through the din
Of words that darken counsel; clamors dire
  Ring from thought's beaten anvil, where within
Two Giants toil, that even from their birth
With travail pangs have torn their mother Earth,
And wearied out her children with their keen
Upbraidings of the other, till between
Thou camest, saying, "Wherefore do ye wrong
Each other? — ye are Brethren." Then these twain
Will own their kindred, and in Thee retain
  Their claims in peace, because Thy land is wide
As it is goodly! here they pasture free,
  This lion and this leopard, side by side,
A little child doth lead them with a song;
Now, Ephraim's envy ceaseth, and no more
Doth Judah anger Ephraim chiding sore,
For one did ask a Brother, one a King,
Lo dost Thou gather them in one, and bring —
Thou, King forevermore, forever Priest,

Thou, Brother of our own from bonds released —
A Law of Liberty,
A Service making free,
A Commonweal where each has all in Thee.

GREENWOOD, FREDERICK, an English journalist and poet; born at London, in 1829. He was for a time editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and later was one of the founders of the *St. James Gazette,* which he edited for several years. His published works include *Louis Napoleon Bonaparte* (1853); *Life of Napoleon, the Third* (1855); *The Lover's Lexicon* (1865), and *Imagination in Dreams* (1879).

GOOD NIGHT.

Destroyer! what do you here — here by my poor little nest?
What have I done that your shadow lies on my brightest and best?
If 'twas my sin that smirched the cross on the door, O Death,
Blood of mine should efface it, and not this Innocent's passing breath.

O cruel to drench the fleece of my one little lamb with thy dew!
O sightless to quench the light in eyes so guileless and true!
O heartless and brainless to still the life in this hand that glows,
And the love and the thought that breed in these wide, gray-fading brows.

The sweet, unfaltering voice! "Papa, do you think I
shall die?"
"Die, my dear? All's in God's hands, but I think — so
think not I,
You will live to be a big man; and when I am old and
gray,
You shall take me by the arm and guide me along the
way.

"But if it should be death, do you know what it is,
little one?
It is only a falling asleep, and you wake and the darkness
is gone.
And mamma and papa will sleep, too; and when that day
is come,
We shall meet altogether in Heaven — in Heaven in-
stead of at home.

"Don't you know that, asleep in your bed, an hour like
a moment seems?
Be not afraid of that! — it is past in a night without
dreams.
We are only apart, dear child, 'twixt the evening and
morning light!"
"Good night, then, papa, and God bless you!"
"My darling, my darling, good night!"

GREG, SAMUEL, an English philanthropist and poet; born at Manchester, September 6, 1804; died at Bollington, May 14, 1876. He was educated at Unitarian schools in Nottingham and Bristol. In 1838 he married Mary Needham, afterward known as the author of *Little Walter, a Mother's First Lessons in Religion for the Younger Classes.* He published *Scenes from the Life of Jesus* (1854) and *Letters on Religious Belief* (1856). In 1857 he

commenced his Sunday evening lectures to the working classes, which he continued for the remainder of his life. After his death appeared his *Layman's Legacy in Prose and Verse* (1877).

BEATEN! BEATEN!

Tell me now, my saddened soul!
  Tell me where we lost the day —
Failed to win the shining goal,
  Slacked the pace or missed the way.
We are beaten: — face the truth!
  'Twas not thus we thought to die,
When the prophet-dreams of youth
  Sang of joy and victory.

Yes, we own life's battle lost:
  Bleeding, torn, we quit the field;
Bright success — ambition's boast —
  Here to happier men we yield.
And if some strong hero's sword
  Had struck down my weaker blade,
Not one coward moaning word
  Had the weeping wound betrayed.

But I see the battle won
  By less daring hearts than mine;
Feebler feet the race have won
  Humbler brows the laurels twine.
See there! at the glittering goal,
  See that smiling winner stand!
Measure him from head to soul —
  'Tis no giant in the land.

Yet, perchance, that star-like prize
  Is not lost — but not yet won;
Lift aloft thine earth-bound eyes;
  Seek the goal still further on;

Far beyond that sinking sun
Swells a brighter, happier shore;
There a nobler race is run:
Hark! He bids thee try once more.

GREG, WILLIAM RATHBONE, an English essayist; born at Manchester in 1809; died at Wimbledon, November 15, 1881. He was a frequent contributor, upon social topics, to periodicals. His principal books are: *Investments for Working Classes* (1852); *Political Problems for Our Age and Country* (1870); *The Enigmas of Life* (1872); *Essays on Political and Social Science, and Creed of Christendom* (1873); *Rocks Ahead, or the Warnings of Cassandra* (1874); and *Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Working Classes* (1876).

Leslie Stephen's *National Biography* says "It was Greg's special function to discourage unreasonable expectations from political or even social reforms, and in general to caution democracy against the abuse of its power. His apprehensions may sometimes appear visionary, and sometimes exaggerated, but are in general the previsions of a far-seeing man, acute in observing the tendencies of the age."

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite

accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shown no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Æschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work — namely, to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity; not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard. The philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real fellow-workmen of the Most High. This principle may give us the clue to many dispensations which at first seem dark and grievous, to the grand scale and the distracting slowness of nature's operations; to her merciless inconsideration for the individual when the interests of the race are in question:

> "So careful of the types she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

Noble souls are sacrificed to ignoble masses; the good champion often falls, the wrong competitor often wins: but the great car of humanity moves forward by those very steps which revolt our sympathies and crush our hopes.— *Enigmas of Life.*

GREVILLE, Fulke, Lord Brooke, an English statesman and poet; born at Beauchamp Court, Warwickshire, in 1554; died September 30, 1628. He studied at Cambridge and Oxford, was knighted, and served for several years in Parliament. In 1615 he was made Under Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1620 was created Baron Brooke. He wrote two tragedies, and several other works in prose and verse, among which are: *The Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney; A Treatise of Religion,* in verse; *A Treatise of Human Learning,* in fifteen stanzas; and *A Treatise of Warres,* in sixty-eight stanzas. A work, *The Five Years of King James,* which bears his name, is probably spurious.

REALITY OF A TRUE RELIGION.

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
  No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniform, no stable mystery,
  No inward nature, but an outward seeming;
No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more or less.

But as there lives a true God in heaven
  So is there true Religion here on earth:
By nature? No, by grace; not got, but given;
  Inspired, not taught; from God a second birth;
God dwelleth near about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to Him, to us is He;
  Without God was no man ever good;
Divine the author and the matter be
  Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and blood:

Religion stands, not in corrupted things,
But virtues that descend have heavenly wings.

ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP SIDNEY.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stalled are my thoughts, which loved and lost the wonder of our age;
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write I know not what: dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard-hearted minds relent, and Rigor's tears abound,
And Envy strangely rues his end in whom no fault she found;
Knowledge his light hath lost, Valor hath slain her knight: —
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight. . . .

Farewell, to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreams!
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy, eclipsèd are thy beams!
Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts which quietness brings forth!
And farewell, friendship's sacred league, uniting minds of worth!
And farewell, merry heart, the gift of guileless minds,
And all sports which, for life's restore, variety assigns!
Let all that sweet is, void! In me no mirth may dwell!
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell!

GRIFFIN, GERALD, an Irish novelist and poet; born at Limerick, December 12, 1803; died at Cork June 12, 1840. While he was a youth his family emigrated to America leaving him at Adare, situated in a beautiful valley which he has celebrated in verse. At the age of twenty he went to London with two tragedies, *Aguire* and *Gisip'pus,* which he vainly tried to sell, although the latter was successfully brought out upon the stage after his death. He became a writer for periodicals, and in three or four years acquired a brilliant reputation. His first novel, *Holland-tide,* was published in 1827; this was followed by several others, of which *The Collegians* (1828), dramatized as the *Colleen Bawn,* presents an unusually vivid picture of Irish life. A complete collection of his works, with a *Memoir* by his brother, was issued in New York, in eight volumes, (1842–46). Among his other works are *The Invasion* and *The Rivals.*

ADARE.

Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
  Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendor!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale,
  E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms
  Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where lulled in Nature's fostering arms
  Soft peace abides and joy excelling?

The morning airs, how sweet at dawn,
  The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
While lingering o'er the silent lawn,
  With odor of the harebell taken!

Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
  Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
  And many a grove and glancing fountain!

In sweet Adare the jocund Spring
  His notes of odorous joy is breathing;
The wild birds in the woodland sing,
  The wild flowers in the vale are wreathing.
There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
  Among the elms so sweetly flowing;
There fragrant in the early year,
  Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,
  Or dives beneath the glistening billow,
Where graceful droop and cluster dank
  The osier bright and rustling willow.
The hawthorn scents the leafy dale;
  In thicket lone the stag is belling,
And sweet along the echoing vale
  The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

A SONG OF FAREWELL.

A place in thy memory, dearest,
  Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
  The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee nearer,
  Another may win and wear;
I care not, though he be dearer,
  If I am remembered there.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
  Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
  That ever loved thee.
But a cloud o'er my pathway is looming
  Which never must break upon thine;

And Heaven, which made thee all blooming,
Never made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me not as a lover
Whose fond hopes are crossed,
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it has lost: —
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, yet never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
Oh, dearest, remember me.

GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOT, an American clergyman and traveler; born at Philadelphia, September 17, 1843. He entered Rutgers College, and was graduated in 1869. The next year he was appointed to organize schools in Japan on the American plan. For a year he was Superintendent of Education at Echizan, and from 1872 to 1874 he was Professor of Physics in the Imperial University of Tokio. On his return to America he studied theology at New Brunswick, N. J., and at the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He then held successive pastorates in Schenectady, N. Y., Boston, Mass., and Ithaca, N. Y. While in Japan he prepared the *New Japan Series of Reading Books* (1872); and a *Guide to Tokio and Yokohama* (1874). After his return he published *The Mikado's Empire* (1876); *The Japanese Fairy World* (1880); *Asiatic History* (1881); *Corea, the Hermit Nation* (1882); *Corea Without and Within* (1885), and the *Life of Matthew Galbraith Perry* (1887). Mr. Griffis

is a prolific writer and his subjects cover a wide field. Among his later works are: *The Lily Among Thorns* (1889); *Honda the Samurai* (1890); *Sir William Johnson* (1891); *Japan in History, Folk-lore and Art* (1892); *Brave Little Holland* (1894); *The Religions of Japan* (1895); *Townsend Harris* (1895); *The Romance of Discovery* (1897); *The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes* (1898); *The American in Holland* (1899); *The Pathfinder of the Revolution* (1900); *In the Mikado's Service* (1902); and *Memories of Three Pastorates* (1903).

A RIDE ON THE TOKAIDO.

A frosty morning. Air keen, bracing, razor-like. Sky stainlessly clear. The Bay of Yedo glinting with unnumbered sunbeams. Blue sky, blue water, blue mountains, white Fuji. Our driver whips up the horses for sheer warmth, and we dash over the "iron bridge." A trifling bit of iron to our foreign eyes, but a triumph of engineering to the natives, who build of wood. We pass it, and then we are on the causeway that connects Yokohama with the great main road of the empire, the Tokaido. The causeway passed, and with foreign sights behind, real Japan appears. I am in a New World, not the Old. Everything is novel. I should like to be Argus: not less than a hundred eyes can take in all the sights. I should like to be a poet to express, and an artist to paint all I see. I wish I knew the language, to ask questions.

What a wonderful picture-book! A line of villages are strung along the road, like a great illuminated scroll full of gay, brilliant, merry, sad, disgusting, horrible, curious, funny, delightful pictures. What pretty children! Chubby, rosy, sparkling-eyed. The cold only made their feet pink and their cheeks red. How curiously dressed, with coats like long wrappers, and long, wide, square sleeves, which I know serve for pockets, for I just saw a boy buy some rice cracknels, hot from the toasting-coals,

and put them in his sleeves. A girdle three inches wide binds the coat tight to the waist. The children's heads are shaved in all curious fashions. The way the babies are carried is an improvement upon the Indian fashion. The Japanese *ko* is the papoose reversed. He rides eyes front, and sees the world over his mother's shoulder. Japanese babies are lugged pickaback. Baby Gohachi is laid on mamma's back and strapped on, or else he is inclosed in her garment, and only his little shaven noddle protrudes behind his mother's neck. His own neck never gets wrenched off, and often neither head nor tiny toes are covered, though water is freezing. Here are adults and children running around barefoot. Nobody wears any hat. As for bonnets, a Japanese woman might study a life-time, and go crazy in trying to find out their use. Every one wears cotton clothes, and these of only one or two thicknesses.

None of the front doors are shut. All the shops are open. We can see some of the people eating their breakfast — beefsteak, hot coffee, and hot rolls for warmth? No: cold rice, pickled radishes, and vegetable messes of all unknown sorts. These we see. They make their rice hot by pouring tea almost boiling over it. A few can afford only hot water. Some eat millet instead of rice. Do they not understand dietetics or hygiene better? Or is it poverty? Strange people, these Japanese! Here are large round ovens full of sweet potatoes being steamed or roasted. A group of urchins are waiting around one shop, grown men around another, for the luxury. Twenty *cash* (one-fifth of a cent) in iron or copper coin, is the price of a good one. Many of the children, just more than able to walk themselves, are saddled with babies. They look like two-headed children. The fathers of these youngsters are *coolies,* or burden bearers, who wear a cotton coat of a special pattern, and knot their handkerchiefs over their foreheads. These heads of families receive wages of ten cents a day when work is steady. Here stands one with his shoulder-stick *(tembimbo)* with pendant baskets of plaited rope, like a scale-beam and pans. His shoulder is to be the fulcrum. On his daily

string of copper *cash* he supports a family. The poor man's blessings and the rich man's grief are the same in every clime. In Japan the quiver of poverty is full, while the man of wealth mourns for an heir. The mother bears the bairns, but the children carry them. Each preceding child, as it grows older, must lug the succeeding baby on its back till able to stand. The rearing of a Japanese poor family is a perpetual game of leap-frog.

The houses are small, mostly one story, all of them of wood, except the fire-proof, mud-walled store-houses of the merchants. Most are clean inside. The floors are raised a foot above the ground, covered with mats. The wood-work is clean, as if often scrubbed. Yet the Japanese have no word for soap, and have never until these late days used it. Nevertheless they lead all the Asiatics in cleanliness of person and dwellings. Does not an ancient stanza of theirs declare that "when the houses of a people are kept clean, be certain that the government is respected and will endure?" Hot water is the detergent, and the normal Japanese gets under it at least once a day. For scrubbing the floor or clothes, alkali, obtained by leaching ashes, is put in the water.

The shop keeper sits on his hams and heels, and hugs his *hibachi* (fire-bowl). What shivering memories I have of it! Every Japanese house has one or more. It is a box of brass, wood, or delf. In a bed of ashes are a handful of coals. Ordinarily it holds the ghost of a fire, and radiates heat for a distance of six inches. A thermo-multiplier might detect its influence further on a cold day. With this the Japanese warm their houses, toast their fingers for incredibly long spaces of time, and even have the hardihood to ask you to sit down by it and warm yourself! Nevertheless, when the coals are piled up regardless of expense, a genial warmth may be obtained. The shop-keepers seem to pay much more attention to their braziers than to their customers. What strikes one with the greatest surprise is the baby-house style and dimensions of everything. The rice-bowls are tea-cups, the tea-cups are thimbles, the teapot is a joke. The family sit in a circle at meals. The daughter or house-maid

presides at the rice-bucket, and paddles out cupfuls of rice.

We pass through Kanagawa, a flourishing town, and the real treaty-port, from which Yokohama has usurped foreign fame and future history. We pass many shops, and learn in a half-hour the staple articles of sale, which we afterward find repeated with little variation in the shops all over the country. They are not groceries, or boots, or jewelry, nor lacquer, bronze, or silk. They are straw sandals, paper umbrellas, rush hats, bamboo-work of all kinds, matting for coats; flint, steel, and tinder, sulphur splints for matches, oiled-paper coats, and grass cloaks, paper for all purposes, wooden clogs for shoes; fish and radish knives, grass-hooks, hoes, scissors with two blades but only one handle, and axes, all of a strange pattern, compose the stock of cutlery. Vegetable and fish shops are plentiful but there is neither butcher nor baker. Copper and brass articles are numerous in the braziers' shops. In the cooper shops, the dazzling array of wood-work, so neat, fresh, clean, and fragrant, carries temptation into house-keepers' pockets. I know an American lady who never can pass one without buying some useful utensil. There are two coopers pounding lustily away at a great raintank, or saké-vat, or soy-tub. They are more intent on their bamboo hoops, beetles, and wedges than on their clothing, which they have half thrown off. One has his kerchief over his shoulder.

In Japan the carpenter is the shoemaker, for the foot-gear is of wood. The basket-maker weaves the head-dress. Hats and boots are not. The head-covering is called a "roof" or "shed." I remember how in America I read of gaudily advertised "Japanese boot-blacking," and "Japanese corn-files." I now see that the Japanese wear no boots or shoes, hence blacking is not in demand; and as such plagues as corns are next to unknown, there is no need for files for such a purpose. The total value of the stock in many of the shops appears to be about five dollars. Many look as if one "clean Mexican" would buy their stock, good-will, and fixtures. I thought, in my ignorance, that I should find more splendid stores elsewhere. I kept on for a year or more thinking so but was

finally satisfied of the truth that, if the Japanese are wealthy, they do not show it in its shops. The prosaic truth is that the people are very poor.

Tugging up the steep hill and past Kanagawa, we dash over the splendid road beneath an arch of pines, some grandly venerable, some augustly tall, some like a tottering empire, glorious in decay, but many more scraggy and crooked. We pass all kinds of dress and character on the road. The priest in his robes, brocade collar, and shaven head; the merchant in his tight breeches; the laborer with his bare legs; the *samurai,* with his two swords and loose trousers; the pilgrim, in his white dress, are all easily recognized. As for the beggars, we cannot understand their "*Chabu chabu komarimasu tempo dauna san dozo,*" "Please, master, a penny; we are in great trouble for our grub;" but we comprehend the object of their importunity. They are loathsome, dirty, ragged, sore. Now, I wish I were a physician, to heal such vileness and suffering. Who would care to do an artist's or a poet's work when the noblest art of healing needs to be practised? The children run after us. The old beggars live in straw kennels by the roadside. Some are naked, except dirty mats bound round them. The law of Japan does not recognize them as human: they are beasts. The man who kills them will be neither prosecuted nor punished. There lies one dead in the road. No! Can it be? Yes, there is a dead beggar, and he will be unburied, perhaps for days.

The driver reins up, and the horses come to a halt. We have stopped before a tea-house of whose fame we have heard, and man and beast are refreshed. The driver takes brandy, the *betto* tea, and the horses water. The first drinks from a tumbler, the second from a cup; the four-footed drinkers must wait. Pretty girls come out to wish us good-morning. One, with a pair of eyes not to be forgotten, brings a tray of tiny cups full of green tea, and a plate of red sweetmeats, begging us to partake. I want neither, though a bit of paper money is placed on the tray for beauty's sake. The maid is about seventeen, graceful in figure, and her neat dress is bound round with

a wide girdle tied into a huge bow behind. Her neck is powdered. Her laugh displays a row of superb white teeth, and her jet-black hair is rolled in a maidenly style. The fairest sights in Japan are Japan's fair daughters.

The *betto* is watering the horses. He gives them drink out of a dipper! A cupful of water at a time to a thirsty horse! The animal himself would surely laugh if he were not a Japanese horse and used to it. "*Sayonara* — Farewell!" cry the pretty girls, as they bow profoundly and gracefully, and the stage rolls on. We pass through the villages of thatched houses, on which, along the ridge, grow beds of the iris. Far and wide are the fallow fields covered with shallow water, and studded with rice-stubble. All that flat land is one universal rice-ditch.— *The Mikado's Empire.*

GRILLPARZER, Franz, a German poet and dramatist; born at Vienna, January 15, 1791; died there, January 21, 1872. His father destined him for his own profession of advocate, and he studied jurisprudence. In 1813 he entered the civil service, from which he retired to private life in 1856. He was made a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1847. His first play, *Die Ahnfrau* (The Ancestress), (1816), was after the style of the so-called fate-tragedies then dominating the German stage. It tells the story of a woman who has been slain by her husband for infidelity. Her spirit is doomed to visit him in the "glimpses of the moon" until her house is extinguished, and that is accomplished amid scenes of horror and bloodshed. *Das Golden Vlies* (The Golden Fleece) (1822) is considered by many his best work.

Grillparzer was a lyric as well as a dramatic poet. His poems were written, as he himself says, to give vent to feelings which oppressed him, which is no doubt an attempt to force a share of his melancholy upon his readers. It was Schreyvogel's influence that determined the artistic development of Grillparzer. Though a disciple of German classics, he would never have consented to produce a play with so little action as Goethe's *Iphigénie.* His language seldom reaches a high level of perfection, though it is always in keeping with the dramatic situation. He was a perfect master of dramatic technique. His works include *Sappho* (1818); *King Ottokar's Fortune and End* (1825); *A True Servant of His Master* (1828); *The Waves of Love and of the Sea* (1831); *The Dream, a Life* (1834). His only comedy, *Woe to Him Who Lies,* having failed in 1840, he almost passed out of remembrance. Some ten years later his friend Laube settled in Vienna as director of the Court Theatre, and produced some of Grillparzer's almost forgotten tragedies. Their success was immediate, and the author found himself, much to his surprise, the popular idol of the hour in Vienna. He was ranked with Goethe and Schiller, and on his eightieth birthday he received a grand ovation from all classes, from royalty down to the private citizen, who united to honor him as the national poet of Austria. His complete works were published in ten volumes at Stuttgart in 1872.

The Golden Fleece is a trilogy, of which the first part, a sort of prologue or introduction to the other two, is entitled *The Guest,* and describes, in one act, the arrival of the Fleece in Colchis, with the foul murder of the bearer, the Greek Phryxus; the second,

The Argonauts, in four acts, contains so much of their celebrated expedition for revenge and recovery of the fleece as had its scene in Colchis; and the third, in five acts, is in name and subject, the usual tragedy of *Medea.*

THE PARTING OF JASON AND MEDEA.

[*A wild, solitary country, enclosed with trees and rocks. A cottage in view.*]

Peasant, entering.— How fair the morning rises! Gracious gods!
After the tempests of this dismal night
Your sun lifts up himself with a new beauty.
[*Goes into the cottage.*]

Jason, coming feebly in, leaning on his sword.— I can no farther. Woe! — my head's on fire,
My blood boils through its veins, my parched tongue stiffens.
Is no one there? Must I die thus alone?
Here is the hut, which used to give me shelter,
When once, a wealthy man, a wealthy father
I hither came, full of new wakened hopes. [*Knocks*].
Only one draught! only a place to die in!

Peasant, coming out.— Who knocks? Poor man, who art thou? Faint to death!

Jason.— Only one cup of water! I am Jason
The hero of the fleece! a chief, a king,
The Argonautic leader, Jason I!

Peasant.— And art thou Jason? Then away with thee!
Pollute my house not with thy hateful tread.
Hast thou not slain the daughter of my king?
Then ask not help before his subjects' doors.
[*Returns into the hut.*]

Jason.— He goes, and leaves me in the open way,
In the dust, for travelers to tread upon.
Death, I invoke thee, bear me to my children.
[*Sinks down.*]

[*Medea advances from behind a rock, and stands before him, with the fleece thrown over her shoulders like a mantle.*]

Medea. —Jason!

Jason, half raising himself.— Who calls? Ha! see I right? Thou there!
Monster! Must I still have thee in my sight?
My sword! my sword! — O woe is me! my limbs
Refuse their office now, spent, spent, and useless.

Medea.— Forbear, thou harm'st me not! I am an offering
To bleed before another hand than thine.

Jason.— Where hast thou laid my children?

Medea.— They are mine!

Jason.—Where hast thou laid them?

Medea.— They are in a place
Where it is better with them, than with us.

Jason.— Dead are they, dead!

Medea.— Thou think'st the worst thing death.
I know one that is worse far,— to be wretched,
Hadst thou not valued life at greater price
Than it deserves, it were not thus with us.
Ours is the suffering, which our boys are saved from.

Jason.—Thou speak'st thus, standing calmly?

Medea.— Calmly! Calmly!
Were not my bosom still shut up to thee,
As it has always been, thou would'st see anguish,
Which rolling boundless like a fiery sea,
Engulphs the single fragments of my sorrow,
That welter, lost in the horrible infinite.
I mourn not that the children are no more,
I mourn that they were ever — that we are.

Jason.— O woe! woe!

Medea.— Nay, bear what is laid upon thee,
For well thou know'st thyself hast brought it down.
As now thou liest on the bare earth before me,
So once lay I before thee, when in Colchis,
And prayed thee to forbear, and thou forbor'st not!
Blindly and madly thou would'st grasp the hazard,
Though I still cried to thee, thou graspest death.

Then take what thou so proudly didst demand —
Death.— As for me, I now am parting from thee
Forever and forever. 'Tis the last time —
Through all eternity it is the last —
That I shall ever speak to thee, my husband.
Farewell! — After all the joys of earlier days,
In all the sorrows which now darken round us,
In front of all the grief that's yet to come,
I bid thee now farewell, my husband.
A life all full of trouble breaks upon thee,
But whatsoe'er betide, hold out,
And be in suffering greater than in action.
Would'st thou give way to anguish, think on me,
And comfort take from my far heavier sorrow,
Who've wrought the work you only left unfinished.
I go away, the unsupportable smart
Bearing forth with me through the lone, wide world.
A poniard's stroke were mercy — but not so!
Medea shall not by Medea perish.
My early years of life have made me worthy
A better judge, than lost Medea is.
I go to Delphos. At the fatal altar,
Whence Phryxus bore the golden fleece away,
Will I restore to the dark god his own,
Spared sacred even by the bloody flame,
That folded round the form of Corinth's princess.
There will I show me to the priests, and ask them
Whether my head shall fall in sacrifice,
Or they will drive me to the furthest deserts,
In longer life to find but longer torture.
Know'st thou the sign, for which thou hast so struggled,
Which was thy glory, and which seemed thy good?
What is the good of earth? A shadow!
What is the fame of earth? A dream!
Thou poor man! who hast fondly dreamt of shadows!
The dream is broken, but the night endures.
Now I depart — Farewell, my husband!
We who for misery found each other
In misery separate. Farewell!

Jason.— Alone! deserted! O my children!

Medea.—Bear it.!
Jason.—All lost!
Medea.— Be patient!
Jason.—O for death!
Medea.— Repent!
I go — and ne'er again your eye beholds me!
[*As she turns to depart the curtain falls.*]
— ***From The Golden Fleece;*** FROTHINGHAM'S *translation.*

GRIMM, JAKOB LUDWIG, and WILHELM KARL, German philologists; born at Hanau, the former January 4, 1785, the latter February 24, 1786; both died at Berlin, Jakob on September 20, 1863, and Wilhelm, December 16, 1859. Jakob, the elder brother, studied law at the University of Marburg, and in 1814–15 was Secretary of Legation at the Congress of Vienna. From 1816 to 1830 he was Librarian at Cassel. In 1830 he became Professor at Göttingen, where he lectured upon the antiquities of the German language, literature, and law; but in 1837 he was removed from his professorship on account of his political opinions. In 1841 he was called to Berlin as member of the Academy of Sciences and as Professor. He took an important part in the political movements of 1848 and 1849, acting with the Moderate Liberal party. He wrote several works, the most important being, *Ueber den Altdeutschen Meistergesang* (1811); *Deutsche Grammatik* (4 vols., 1819–37); *Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer* (1828); *Deutsch Mythologie* (1835); *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache* (1848), and *Weisthümer,* a collection of German proverbs (4 vols., 1840-53).

Wilhelm, the younger brother, was first associated with Jakob at Cassel and at Göttingen, where he was made a Professor; and was also removed in 1837. He accompanied his brother to Berlin, where he devoted himself especially to early German poetry, editing, with valuable introductions and disquisitions, many of the older poets. Among his separate works are: *Uber die Deutschen Runen* (1821); *Athis und Prophilias* (1846); *Exhortatio ad Plebem Christianam* (1848), and *Altdeutsche Gesprache* (1851).

The two most important works published by the brothers in conjunction are the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* (1812, often republished, and translated into other languages), and the *Deutsches Wörterbuch,* a dictionary of the German language upon a most elaborate and extensive scale. The publication of the *Wörterbuch* was begun in 1852, but both the brothers died before the eighth letter of the alphabet had been reached. The work was taken up and carried on by others. *Kinder und Hausmärchen* of the Brothers Grimm, stands at the head of all works of its class in any language. Our citations are from the translation of Lucy Crane.

LUCKY HANS.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at the end of the seventh year he said —

"Master, my time is up. I want to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages."

"You have served me truly and faithfully," said the master; "as the service is, so must the wages be," and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, and tied up the lump of gold in it; hoisted it on his shoulder, and set off on his way home. As he was trudging along,

there came in sight a man riding on a spirited horse, and looking very gay and lively. "Oh!" cries Hans aloud, "how splendid riding must be! sitting as much at one's ease as in an armchair, stumbling over no stones, saving one's shoes, and getting on one hardly knows how!"

The horseman heard Hans say this, and called out to him —

"Well, Hans, what are you doing on foot?"

"I can't help myself," said Hans; "I have this great lump to carry; to be sure, it is gold, but then I can't hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman, "we will change; I will give you my horse, and you give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I warn you, you will find it heavy."

And the horseman got down, took the gold, and, helping Hans up, he gave the reins into his hand. "When you want to go fast," said he, "you must click your tongue and cry 'Gee-up!'"

And Hans, as he sat upon his horse, was glad at heart, and rode off with a merry cheer. After awhile he thought he should like to go quicker; so he began to click with his tongue, and to cry "Gee-up!" And the horse began to trot, and Hans was thrown before he knew what was going to happen; and there he lay in the ditch by the side of the road. The horse would have got away but that he was caught by a peasant, who was passing that way and driving a cow before him. And Hans pulled himself together and got upon his feet feeling very vexed.

"Poor work, riding," said he, "especially on a jade like this, who starts off and throws you before you know where you are, going near to break your neck; never shall I try that game again! Now your cow is something worth having; one can jog on comfortably after her, and have her milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I not give to have such a cow!"

"Well, now," said the peasant, "since it will be doing you such a favor, I don't mind exchanging my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully; and the peasant, swinging himself into the saddle, was soon out of sight. Hans went along, driving his cow quietly before him, and thinking all the while of the fine bargain he had made.

"With only a piece of bread," he said to himself, "I shall have everything I can possibly want; for I shall always be able to have butter and cheese to it, and if I am thirsty I have nothing to do but to milk my cow; and what more is there for heart to wish?"

And when he came to an inn he made a halt and in the joy of his heart ate up all the food he had brought with him — dinner and supper and all — and bought half a glass of beer with his last two farthings. Then he went on again, driving his cow, until he should come to the village where his mother lived. It was now near the middle of the day, and the sun grew hotter and hotter, and Hans found himself on a heath which it would be an hour's journey to cross. And he began to feel very hot, and so thirsty that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Never mind," said Hans, "I can find a remedy. I will milk my cow at once."

And tying her to a dry tree, and taking off his leather cap to serve for a pail, he began to milk, but not a drop came. And as he set to work rather awkwardly, the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hind foot that he fell to the ground, and for some time could not think where he was; when luckily there came by a butcher who was wheeling along a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

"Here's a fine piece of work!" cried he, helping poor Hans on his legs again. Then Hans related to him all that had happened; and the butcher handed him his pocket-flask, saying —

"Here, take a drink and be a man again. Of course the cow could give no milk; she is old, and only fit to draw burdens or to be slaughtered."

"Well, to be sure," said Hans, scratching his head, "who would have thought it? Of course it is a very handy way of getting meat when a man has a beast of

his own to kill; but for my part I do not care so much for cow-beef, it is rather tasteless. Now if I had but a young pig, that is much better meat; and then the sausages!"

"Look here, Hans," said the butcher, "just for love of you I will exchange and will give you my pig instead of your cow."

"Heaven reward such kindness!" cried Hans; and handing over the cow, he received in exchange the pig, who was turned out of the wheelbarrow, and was to be led by a string.

So on went Hans thinking how everything turned out according to his wishes; and how, if trouble overtook him, all was sure to be set right directly. After awhile he fell in with a peasant who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They bid each other good-day, and Hans began to tell all about his luck, and how he had made so many good exchanges; and the peasant told how he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

"Just feel how heavy it is," said he, taking it up by the wings; "it has been fattening for the last eight weeks, and when it is roasted won't the fat run down!"

"Yes, indeed," said Hans, weighing it in his hand, "very fine, to be sure; but my pig is not to be despised." Upon which the peasant glanced cautiously on all sides, and shook his head.

"I am afraid," said he, "that there is something not quite right about your pig. In the village I have just left, one had actually been stolen from the bailiff's yard. I fear, I fear, you have it in your hand. They have sent after the thief, and it would be a bad look-out for you if it was found upon you; the least that could happen would be to be thrown into a dark hole."

Poor Hans grew pale with fright. "For heaven's sake," said he, "help me out of this scrape. I am a stranger in these parts: take my pig, and give me your goose."

"It will be running some risk," answered the man; "but I will do it sooner than that you should come to grief."

And so, taking the cord in his hand, he drove the pig

quickly along by a by-path; and Lucky Hans went on his way home, with the goose under his arm.

"The more I think of it," said he to himself, "the better the bargain seems. First, I get the roast-goose; then the fat — that will last a whole year for bread and dripping; and lastly the beautiful white feathers which I can stuff my pillow with. How comfortable I shall sleep upon it, and how pleased my mother will be."

When he reached the last village, he saw a knife-grinder with his barrow; and his wheel went whirring round, and he sang —

> "My scissors I grind, and my wheel I turn;
> And all good fellows my trade should learn,
> For all that I meet with just serves my turn."

Hans stood and looked at him; and at last he spoke to him and said, "You seem very well-off, and merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the knife-grinder; "my handiwork pays very well. I call a man a good grinder who every time he puts his hand in his pocket finds money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but I swapped it for my pig," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"That I swapped for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"That I swapped for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"For the horse I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service."

"You seem to have fended for yourself very well," said the knife-grinder. "Now if you could but manage to have money in your pocket every time you put your hand in, you would be made."

"How shall I manage that?" asked Hans.

"You must be a knife-grinder like me," said the man. "All you want is a grindstone; the rest comes of itself.

I have one here: to be sure it is a little damaged, and I don't mind letting you have it in exchange for your goose. What say you?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world; for if I find money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, there is nothing more left to want."

And so he handed over the goose to the other, and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the knife-grinder, taking up a heavy common stone that lay near by, "here is another proper kind of stone that will stand a good deal of wear, and that you can hammer out your old nails upon. Take it with you, and carry it carefully."

Hans lifted up the stone, and carried it off with a contented mind. "I must have been born under a lucky star!" cried he, while his eyes sparkled for joy. "I have only to wish for a thing, and it is mine!"

After awhile he began to feel rather tired as he had been on his legs since daybreak. He also began to feel rather hungry, as in the fulness of his joy at getting the cow he had eaten up all he had. At last he could scarcely go on at all, and had to make a halt every moment; for the stones weighed him down unmercifully, and he could not help wishing that he did not feel obliged to drag them along. And on he went at a snail's pace until he came to a well; there he thought he would rest, and take a drink of the fresh water. He placed the stones carefully by his side at the edge of the well; then he sat down, and as he stopped to drink, he happened to give the stones a little push, and they both fell into the water with a splash. And then Hans, having watched them disappear, jumped for joy, and thanked his stars that he had, without any effort of his own, been so lucky as to get rid of the stones that had weighed upon him so long.

"I really think," cried he, "that I am the luckiest man under the sun."

So he went on, void of care until he reached his mother's house.

THE CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP.

A Cat having made acquaintance with a Mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her, that the Mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together.

"We must make provision for the winter," said the Cat, "or we shall suffer hunger, and you, little Mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap."

So they took counsel together, and bought a pot of fat. And then they could not tell where to put it for safety; but after long consideration the Cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal it there; and they would put it under the altar, and not touch it until they were really in want. So this was done, and the little pot placed in safety. But before long the Cat was seized with a great wish to taste it.

"Listen to me, little Mouse," said he; "I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world. He is white with brown spots; and they want to have the christening to-day. So let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house."

"Oh, yes, certainly," answered the Mouse; "pray go by all means. And when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me; I should so like a drop of the sweet red wine!"

But there was not a word of truth in all this. The Cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather. He went to the church, straight up to the little pot, and licked the fat off the top; then he took a walk over the roofs of the town, saw his acquaintances, stretched himself in the sun, and licked his whiskers as often as he thought of the fat; and then, when it was evening, he went home.

"Here you are at last," said the Mouse; "I expect you had a merry time!"

"Oh, pretty well," answered the Cat.

"And what name did you give the child?" asked the Mouse.

"'Top-off,'" answered the Cat, dryly.

"'Top-off!'" cried the Mouse; "that is a singular and wonderful name! Is it common in your family?"

"What does it matter?" said the Cat. "It's not any worse than 'Crumb-picker,' like your godchild."

After this the Cat was again seized with a longing.

"Again I must ask you," said he, one day, "to do me a favor, and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand godfather; and as the little one has a white ring round its neck, I cannot well refuse."

So the kind little Mouse consented; and the Cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the church, and going straight to the little pot of fat, devoured half of it.

"Nothing tastes so well as what one keeps to himself," said he, feeling quite content with his day's work.

When he reached home the Mouse asked what name had been given to the child.

"'Half-gone,'" answered the Cat.

"'Half-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "I never heard such a name in my life; I'll bet it is not to be found in the calendar."

Soon after that the Cat's mouth began to water again for the fat.

"Good things always come in threes," said he to the Mouse; "again I have been asked to stand godfather. The little one is quite black, with white feet, and not any white hair on its body. Such a thing does not happen every day; so you will let me go, won't you?"

"'Top-off,' 'Half-gone,'" murmured the Mouse; "they are such curious names, I cannot but wonder at them!"

"That's because you are always sitting at home," said the Cat, "in your little gray frock, and hairy tail, never seeing the world, and fancying all sorts of things."

So the little Mouse cleaned up the house and set it all in order. Meanwhile the greedy Cat went and made an end of the little pot of fat.

"Now all is finished, one's mind will be easy," said he, and came home in the evening, quite sleek and comfortable.

The Mouse asked at once what name had been given to the third child.

"It won't please you any better than the others," answered the Cat. "It is called 'All-gone.'"

"'All-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "What an unheard-of-name! I never met with anything like it. What can it mean?" And, shaking her head, she curled herself round and went to sleep.

After that the Cat was not again asked to stand godfather. When the winter had come, and there was nothing more to be had out of doors, the Mouse began to think of their store.

"Come, Cat," said she, "we will fetch our pot of fat. How good it will taste, to be sure!"

"Of course it will," said the Cat; "just as good as if you stuck your tongue out of the window."

So they set out, and when they reached the place they found the pot, but it was standing empty.

"Oh, now I know what it all meant!" cried the Mouse; "now I see what sort of a partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather, you have devoured it all up; first 'Top-off,' then 'Half-gone,' then —"

"Will you hold your tongue?" screamed the Cat. "Another word and I'll devour you too!"

And the poor little Mouse having "All-gone" on her tongue, out it came; and the Cat leaped on her, and made an end of her.

And that is the way of the world.

WHY BEANS HAVE A BLACK SEAM.

There lived in a certain village a poor old woman who had collected a mess of beans, and was going to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and in order to make it burn better she put in a handful of straw. When the beans began to bubble in the pot, one of them fell out and lay, never noticed, near a Straw which was already there; soon a red-hot Coal jumped out of the fire and joined the pair.

The Straw began first, and said —

"Dear friends, how do you come here?"

The Coal answered, "I jumped out of the fire, by great

good luck, or I should certainly have met my death; I should have been burned to ashes."

The Bean said, "I too have come out with a whole skin; but, if the old woman had kept me in the pot, I should have been cooked into a soft mess, like my comrades."

"Nor should I have met with a better fate," said the Straw. "The old woman has turned my brothers into fire and smoke; sixty of them she took up at once and deprived of life. Very luckily I managed to slip through her fingers."

"What had we better do now?" said the Coal.

"I think," answered the Bean, "that as we have been so lucky as to escape with our lives, we will join in good-fellowship together; and lest any more bad fortune should happen to us here, we will go abroad into foreign lands."

The proposal pleased the two others, and forthwith they started on their travels. Soon they came to a little brook, and as there was no stepping-stone, and no bridge, they could not tell how they were to get across. The Straw was struck with a good idea, and said —

"I will lay myself across, so that you can go over me as if I were a bridge."

So the Straw stretched himself from one bank to the other, and the Coal, who was of an ardent nature, quickly trotted up to go over the new-made bridge. When, however, she reached the middle, and heard the water rushing past beneath her, she was struck with terror and stopped, and could get no further. So the Straw began to get burned, broke into two pieces, and fell into the brook; and the Coal slipped down, hissing as she touched the water, and gave up the ghost.

The Bean, who had prudently remained behind on the bank, could not help laughing at the sight; and not being able to contain herself, went on laughing so excessively that she burst. And now she would certainly have been undone forever, if a tailor on his travels had not by good luck stopped to rest himself by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart, he took out needle and thread, and stitched her together again.

The Bean thanked him in the most elegant manner; but

as he had sewn her up with black thread, all beans since then have a black seam down their bellies.

GRIMM, HERMAN, a German critic and biographer; born at Cassel, January 6, 1828, died at Berlin, June 16, 1901. He is a son of the philologist, William Karl Grimm. He was educated at Berlin and at Bonn; and from 1850 to 1853 he lived at Rome. In 1872 he became professor of the history of art at the University of Berlin. He is the founder of the review *Ueber Kunstleben und Kunstsleben und Kunstwerke;* and has written, besides a vast number of minor essays, *Goethe in Italien* (1850); *Essays* (1850–1875); *Armin* (1851); *Demetrius* (1854); *Unüberwindliche Mächte* (The Unconquerable Powers, 1867); *Das Leben Michelangelo* (1870); *Das Leben Rafaels* (1872); *Funfzehn Essays* (1874); *Vorlesungen über Goethe* (1877); and a collection of stories entitled *Novellen.* His most important work is generally considered to be his *Life of Michelangelo.*

MICHELANGELO AS AN APPRENTICE.

One day, when the masters had gone away, he drew the scaffolding with all that belonged to it, and with those working on it, so perfectly correctly, that Domenico, when he saw the paper, exclaimed, full of astonishment: "He understands more than I do myself!" His progress soon appeared so great, that admiration was turned into envy. Grillandajo became anxious. That jealousy seized him which has appeared on too many similar occasions to excite surprise in this instance.

Michelangelo painted his first picture. From the constant intercourse of the Florentines with Germany, it was natural that German pictures and engravings should have

reached Italy. A plate of Martin Schöngauer's, representing the temptation of St. Antony, was copied and painted by Michelangelo on an enlarged scale. This picture is said to be still extant in the gallery of the Bianconi family at Bologna. According to the report of others, it is in possession of the sculptor, M. de Triqueti, at Paris, without its being said how it came into his hands. Schöngauer's plate is well-known. Considered as a composition, it is at all events his most important work, and is designed with an imagination which matches the wildest Netherland works of a similar kind. A band of distorted monsters have carried St. Antony into the air. We see nothing of the earth but a bit of rocky stone below, in the corner of the picture. Eight devils have taken the poor anchorite, and torment him. One pulls his hair; a second pulls his garment in front; a third seizes the book hanging from a pocket buttoned to his girdle; a fourth snatches the stick from his hand; a fifth helps the fourth; the others pinch and tease wherever there is space to seize him: and at the same time the strange rabble roll and turn him over, against him, and under him, in the most impossible writhings. The entire animal kingdom is ransacked to compose the figures. Claws, scales, horns, tails, talons — whatever belongs to animals — is exhibited in these eight devils. The fishy nature, however, predominates; and, that he might not err here, Michelangelo eagerly studied the goods exposed to view in the fish-market. He thus accomplished an excellent picture. Grillandajo called it, however, one produced in *his* atelier; or even named himself as the designer of it as he was authorized to do according to the custom of the time. On the other hand, however, Michelangelo now most plainly showed that he understood more than his master. —*From Life of Michelangelo; translation of* FANNY E. BUNNÈTT.

GRISWOLD, Rufus Wilmot, an American editor and critic; born at Benson, Rutland County, Vt., February 15, 1815; died at New York, August 27, 1857. He learned the printing trade, at which he worked for some years; afterward he became a Baptist clergyman, and subsequently engaged in literary pursuits. At various times he edited periodicals in New York and Philadelphia. In 1841 he published a volume of *Sermons,* and an anonymous volume of *Poems.* He wrote the *Curiosities of American Literature;* prepared in conjunction with W. G. Simms and others, *Washington, and the Generals of the Revolution;* and, in conjunction with H. B. Wallace, *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire.* His last work was *The Republican Court: or, American Society in the Days of Washington* (1854). He is best known by his various Collections, with Biographical Sketches, all of which have been several times reprinted. These are: *Poets and Poetry of America* (1842); *Prose Writers of America* (1846); *Female Poets of America* (1849); *Sacred Poets of England and America* (1849); *Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century* (1850).

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I need not dwell upon the necessity of Literature and Art to a people's glory and happiness. History, with all her voices, joins in one judgment upon this subject. Our legislators, indeed, choose to consider them of no consequence, and while the States are convulsed by claims from the loom and the furnace for protection, the demands of the parents of freedom, the preservers of arts, the dispensers of civility, are treated with silence. But authors and artists have existed, and do exist here in

spite of such outlawry. And notwithstanding the obstacles in our condition, and the discouragements of neglect, the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States have done as much in the fields of investigation, reflection, imagination, and taste, in the present century, as any other twelve millions of people — about our average number for this period — in the world.

Doubtless there are obstacles — great obstacles to the successful cultivation of letters here; but they are not so many nor so important as is generally supposed. The chief difficulty is a want of patriotism. . . . We have had no confidence in ourselves, and men who lack self-reliance are rarely successful. We have not looked into our own hearts. We have not inquired into our own necessities. When we have written, instead of giving a free voice to the spirit within us, we have endeavored to write after some foreign model. We have been so fearful of nothing else as of an Americanism in thought or expression. He has been deemed greatest who has copied some transatlantic author with most successful servility. And if one of our countrymen wins some reputation among his fellows, it is generally because he has been first praised abroad.

The commonly urged barriers to literary advancement supposed to exist in our form of government, the nature of our institutions, the restless and turbulent movements of our democracy, and the want of a wealthy and privileged class among us, deserve little consideration. Tumult and strife, the clashing of great interests and high excitements, are to be regarded rather as aids than as obstacles to intellectual progress. From Athens came the choicest literature and the finest art: her philosophers, so calm and profound, her poets, the dulcet strains of whose lyres still charm the ears of succeeding ages, wrote amid continual upturnings and overthrows. The best authors of Rome also were senators and soldiers. Milton — the greatest of the prose-writers as well as the greatest of the poets of England — lived in the Commonwealth, and participated in all its political and religious controversies. And what repose had blind Mæonides, or Camoens, or Dante, or Tasso? In the literature of Ger-

many and France, too, the noblest works have been produced amid the shocks of contending elements. Nor is the absence of a wealthy class, with leisure for such tranquil pursuits, to be much lamented. The privileged classes of all ages have been drones.

To say truth, most of the circumstances usually set down as barriers to æsthetical cultivation here, are directly or indirectly advantageous. The real obstacles are generally of a transient kind. Many of them are silently disappearing; and the rest would soon be unknown if we had a more enlightened love of country, and the making of our laws were not so commonly confided to men whose intellects are too mean, or whose principles are too wicked, to admit of their seeing or doing what is just and needful in the premises. . . . Nevertheless, much has been accomplished; great advancement has been made against the wind and tide; and at this time [1842] the aspects and prospects of our affairs are auspicious of scarcely anything more than of the successful cultivation of National Literature and National Art.— *Curiosities of American Literature.*

PHILLIS WHEATLEY PETERS.

This "daughter of the Murky Senegal," as she is styled by an admiring contemporary critic, we suppose may be considered as an American, since she was but six years of age when brought to Boston and sold in the slave-market of that city, in 1761. If not so great a poet as the Abbé Grégoire contended, she was certainly a remarkable phenomenon, and her name is entitled to a place in the history of her race, of her sex, and of our literature. She was purchased by the wife of Mr. John Wheatley, a respectable merchant of Boston, who was anxious to superintend the education of a domestic to attend upon her person in the approaching period of old age. The amiable woman on visiting the market was attracted by the modest demeanor of a little child, in a sort of "fillibeg," who had just arrived, and taking her home, confided her instruction in part to a daughter, who, pleased with her

good behavior and good abilities, determined to teach her to read and write.

The readiness with which she acquired knowledge surprised as much as it pleased her mistress, and it is probable that but few of the white children of Boston were brought up under circumstances better calculated for the full development of their natural abilities. Her ambition was stimulated; she became acquainted with grammar, history, ancient and modern geography, and astronomy. She studied Latin so as to read Horace with such ease and enjoyment that her French biographer supposes the great Roman had considerable influence upon her literary tastes and the choice of her subjects of composition. A general interest was felt in the sooty prodigy; the best libraries were open to her; and she had opportunities for conversation with the most accomplished and distinguished persons in the city.

She appears to have had but an indifferent physical constitution; and when a son of Mr. Wheatley visited England in 1772 it was decided, by the advice of the family physician, that Phillis should accompany him for the benefit of the sea-voyage. In London she was treated with great consideration; was introduced to many of the nobility and gentry, and would have been received at Court but for the absence of the royal family from the metropolis. Her poems were published under the patronage of the Countess of Huntingdon with a letter from her master, and an attestation of their genuineness, signed by the Governor, Lieutenant-governor, and many of the most distinguished citizens of Boston.

In 1774 — the year after the return of Phillis to Boston — her mistress died; she soon lost her master and her younger mistress, his daughter; and the son having married and settled in England, she was left without a protector or a home. The events which immediately preceded the Revolution now engrossed the attention of those acquaintances who in more peaceful and more prosperous times would have been her friends; and though she took an apartment, and attempted in some way to support herself, she saw with fears the approach

of poverty, and at last, in despair, resorted to marriage as the only alternative of destitution.

Gregoire, who derived his information from M. Giraud, the French consul at Boston, states that her husband, in the superiority of his understanding to that of other negroes, was also a kind of phenomenon; that he "became a lawyer, under the name of Doctor Peters, and plead before the tribunals the cause of the blacks;" and that "the reputation he enjoyed procured him a fortune." But a later biographer of Phillis declares that Peters "kept a grocery in Court Street, and was a man of handsome person and manners, wearing a wig, carrying a cane, and quite acting the gentleman; that he proved utterly unworthy of the distinguished woman who honored him with her alliance; that he was unsuccessful in business, failing soon after their marriage, and was too proud and too indolent to apply himself to any occupation below his fancied dignity."

Whether Peters practiced physic and law or not, it appears pretty certain that he did not make a fortune, and that the match was a very unhappy one, though we think the author last quoted — who is one of the family — shows an undue partiality for his maternal ancestor. Peters, in his adversity, was not very unreasonable in demanding that his wife should attend to domestic affairs — that she should cook his breakfast and darn his stockings; but she too had certain notions of "dignity," and regarded as beneath her such unpoetical occupations. During the war they lived at Wilmington, in the interior of Massachusetts, and in this period Phillis became the mother of three children. After the peace they returned to Boston and continued to live there, most of the time in wretched poverty, till the death of Phillis on December 5, 1794.

The intellectual character of Phillis Wheatley Peters has been much discussed, but chiefly by partisans. On the one hand, Mr. Jefferson declares that "the pieces published under her name are below the dignity of criticism," and that "the heroes of the *Dunciad* are to her as Hercules to the author of that poem;" and on the other hand, the Abbé Grégoire, Mr. Clarkson, and

many more, see in her works the signs of a genuine poetical inspiration. They seem to me to be quite equal to much of the contemporary verse that is admitted to be poetry by Phillis's severest judges. Though her odes, elegies, and other compositions are but harmonious commonplaces, it would be difficult to find in the productions of American women, for the hundred and fifty years that had elapsed since the death of Mrs. Bradstreet, anything superior in sentiment, fancy, or diction.—*Female Poets of America.*

GROSSI, TOMMASO, an Italian novelist and poet; born at Bellano, January 20, 1791; died at Milan, December 10, 1853. After studying law at the University of Pavia, he took up his residence at Milan, where he early began to write stories in verse which became very popular. His "great poem," as the Italians style it, *The Lombards in the First Crusade,* in fifteen cantos, was pronounced to be the finest poem which Italy had produced since Tasso. His historical novel, *Marco Visconti,* published in 1835, established his literary reputation. Other works which met with success are *Ildegonda* (1820), and *G. Maria Visconti,* a tragedy.

THE FAIR PRISONER TO THE SWALLOWS.

Pilgrim swallow! pilgrim swallow!
On my grated window sill,
Singing, as the mornings follow,
Quaint and pensive ditties still,
What wouldst thou tell me in thy lay?
Prithee, pilgrim swallow, say!

All forgotten, com'st thou hither
  Of thy tender spouse forlorn,
That we two may grieve together,
  Little widow, sorrow-worn?
Grieve then, weep then, in thy lay!
Pilgrim swallow, grieve away!

Yet a lighter woe thou weepest:
  Thou at least art free of wing,
And while land and sea thou sweepest,
  May'st make Heaven with sorrow ring,
Calling his dear name alway,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

Could I too, that am forbidden
  By this low and narrow cell,
Whence the sun's fair light is hidden,
  Whence thou scarce can'st hear me tell
Sorrows that I pipe alway,
While thou pip'st thy plaintive lay.

Ah! September quickly coming
  Thou shalt take farewell of me,
And, to other Summers roaming,
  Other hills and waters see —
Greeting them with songs more gay,
Pilgrim swallow, far away.

Still with every hopeless morrow
  While I ope my eyes in tears,
Sweetly through my brooding sorrow
  Thy dear song shall reach mine ears —
Pitying me, though far away,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

Thou, when thou and Spring together
  Here return, a cross shalt see —
In the pleasant evening weather,
  Wheel and pipe, here over me!
Peace and peace; the coming May
Sing me in thy roundelay!

Translation of W. D. Howells.

GEORGE GROTE.

GROTE, George, an English historian; born at Clay Hill, Kent, November 17, 1794; died at London, June 18, 1871. He was educated at the Charterhouse School, London, and at the age of fifteen entered the banking-house of which his father was the senior partner. He devoted much of his time to literature and politics. In 1832 he was returned to Parliament for the City of London, but in 1841 resigned his seat in order to devote himself to his *History of Greece,* for which he had begun to gather materials as early as 1823. This history comprises twelve volumes (1846–1855). He purposed to supplement the *History* by an exhaustive work upon *Greek Philosophy,* of which *Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates* appeared in 1865; this was to be followed by *Aristotle,* which, however, was never completed. In 1868 he succeeded Lord Brougham as President of the Council of the University of London. A sketch of the *Life* of Mr. Grote was published in 1873 by his widow.

EARLY LEGENDARY HISTORY OF GREECE.

To set forth the history of a people by whom the first spark was set to the dormant intellectual capacities of our nature — Hellenic phenomena as illustrative of Hellenic mind and character — is the task which I propose to myself in the present work, not without a painful consciousness how much the deed falls short of the will, and a yet more painful conviction that full success is rendered impossible by an obstacle which no human ability can now remedy: the insufficiency of original evidence. For in spite of the valuable expositions of so many able commentators, our stock of information respecting the ancient world still remains lamentably inadequate to the

demands of an enlightened curiosity. We possess only what has drifted ashore from the wreck of a stranded vessel; and though this includes some of the most precious articles among its once abundant cargo, yet if any man will cast his eyes over the citations in Diogenes Laertius, Athenæus, or Plutarch, or the list of names in Vossius's, *de Historicis Græcis,* he will see with grief and surprise how much larger is the proportion which — through the enslavement of the Greeks themselves, the decline of the Roman empire, the change of religion, and the irruption of the barbarian conquerors — has been irrecoverably submerged. We are thus reduced to judge of the whole Hellenic world, eminently multiform as it was, from a few compositions; excellent, indeed, in themselves, but bearing too exclusively the stamp of Athens. Of Thucydides and Aristotle, indeed, both as inquirers into matter of fact and as free from local feeling, it is impossible to speak too highly; but unfortunately that work of the latter which would have given us the most copious information regarding Grecian political life — his collection and comparison of one hundred and fifty distinct town-constitutions — has not been preserved; while the brevity of Thucydides often gives us but a single word where a sentence would not have been too much, and sentences which we should be glad to see expanded into paragraphs.

Such insufficiency of original and trustworthy materials, as compared with those resources which are thought hardly sufficient for the historian of any modern kingdom, is neither to be concealed nor extenuated, however much we may lament it. I advert to the point here on more grounds than one. For it not only limits the amount of information which an historian of Greece can give to his readers — compelling him to leave much of his picture an absolute blank — but it also greatly spoils the execution of the remainder. The question of credibility is perpetually obtruding itself, and requiring a decision, which, whether favorable or unfavorable, always introduces more or less of controversy; and gives to those outlines, which the interest of the picture requires to be straight and vigorous, a faint and falter-

ing character. Expressions of qualified and hesitating affirmation are repeated until the reader is sickened; while the writer himself, to whom this restraint is more painful still, is frequently tempted to break loose from the unseen spell by which a conscientious criticism binds him down; to screw up the possible and probable into certainty, to suppress counter-balancing considerations, and to substitute a pleasing romance in place of half-known and perplexing realities. Desiring in the present work to set forth all which can be ascertained, together with such conjectures and inferences as can be reasonably deduced from it, but nothing more — I notice at the outset that faulty state of the original evidence which renders discussion of credibility, and hesitation in the language of the judge, unavoidable. Such discussions — though the reader may be assured that they will become less frequent as we advance into times better known — are tiresome enough even with the comparatively late period which I adopt as the historical beginning; much more intolerable would they have proved had I thought it my duty to start from the primitive terminus of Deukalion or Inachus, or from the unburied Pelasgi and Leleges, and to subject the heroic ages to a similar scrutiny. I really know nothing so disheartening or unrequitted as the elaborate balancing of what is called evidence — the comparison of infinitesimal probabilities and conjectures, all uncertified — in regard to these shadowy times and personages.

The law respecting sufficiency of evidence ought to be the same for ancient times as for modern; and the reader will find in this history an application to the former of certain criteria analogous to those which have long been recognized in the latter. Approaching, though with a certain measure of indulgence, to this standard, I begin the real history of Greece with the first recorded Olympiad, 776 B. C. To such as are accustomed to the habits once universal, and still not uncommon, in investigating the ancient world, I may appear to be striking off one thousand years from the scroll of history; but to those whose canon of evidence is derived from Mr. Hallam, M. Sismondi, or any other eminent historian of modern

events, I am well assured that I shall appear lax and credulous rather than exigent or sceptical. For the truth is, that historical records, properly so called, do not begin until long after this date; nor will any man, who candidly considers the extreme paucity of attested facts for two centuries after 776 B. C., be astonished to learn that the State of Greece in 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400 B.C., etc. — or any earlier century which it may please chronologists to include in their computed genealogies — cannot be described to him upon anything like decent evidence. I shall hope, when I come to the lives of Socrates and Plato, to illustrate one of the most valuable of their principles — that conscious and confessed ignorance is a better state of mind than the fancy, without the reality, of knowledge. Meanwhile, I begin by making that confession, in reference to the real world of Greece anterior to the Olympiads: meaning the disclaimer to apply to anything like a general history — not to exclude rigorously every individual event.

The times which I thus set apart from the region of history are discernible only through a different atmosphere — that of epic poetry and legend. To confound together these disparate matters is, in my judgment, essentially unphilosophical. I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends — without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this — if he ask me why I do not withdraw the curtain and disclose the picture — I reply, in the words of the painter Xeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art: "The curtain is the picture." What we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time. The curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot by any ingenuity be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands — not to efface, still less to repaint it. — *History of Greece, Preface to Part I.*

CAREER AND CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alexander was at the time of his death a little more than thirty-two years old — the age at which a citizen of Athens was growing into important commands; ten years less than the age for a consul at Rome; two years younger than the age at which Timour first acquired the crown, and began his foreign conquests. His extraordinary bodily powers were unabated; he had acquired a large stock of military experience; and, what was still more important, his appetite for further conquest was voracious, and his readiness to purchase it at the largest cost of toil or danger as complete as it had been when he first crossed the Hellespont. Great as his past career had been, his future achievements, with such increased means and experience, were likely to be yet greater. His ambition would have been satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of the whole habitable world as then known; and if his life had been prolonged, he would probably have accomplished it. . . . The patriotic feelings of Livy disposed him to maintain that Alexander, had he invaded Italy, would have failed, and perished like his relative, Alexander of Epirus. But this conclusion cannot be accepted. If we grant the courage and discipline of the Roman infantry to have been equal to the best infantry of Alexander's army, the same cannot be said of Roman cavalry as compared with the Macedonian Companions. Still less is it likely that a Roman consul, annually changed, would have been found a match for Alexander in military genius and combinations; nor even, if personally equal, would he have possessed the same variety of troops and arms, each effective in its separate way, and all conspiring to one common purpose; nor the same unbounded influence over their minds in stimulating them to full effort. I do not think that even the Romans could have successfully resisted Alexander the Great; though it is certain that he never throughout all his long marches encountered such enemies as they, nor even such as Samnites and Lucanians — combining courage, patriotism, dis-

cipline, with effective arms both for defence and for close combat. . . .

Apart from the transcendent merits of Alexander as a soldier and a general, some authors give him credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, and for intentions highly favorable to the improvement of mankind. I see no ground for adopting this opinion. As far as we can venture to anticipate what would have been Alexander's future, we see nothing in prospect except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded until he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe. The acquisition of universal dominion — conceived not metaphorically, but literally, and conceived with greater facility in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the time — was the master-passion of his soul. At the moment of his death he was commencing fresh aggressions in the south against the Arabians, to an indefinite extent; while his vast projects against the western tribes in Africa and Europe as far as the Pillars of Herakles, were consigned in the orders and memoranda confidentially communicated to Kraterus. Italy, Gaul, and Spain would have been successively attacked and conquered; the enterprise proposed to him when in Baktria by the Chorasmian prince, Pharasmanes, but postponed then until a more convenient season, would have been next taken up, and he would have marched from the Danube northward around the Euxine and Palus Mæotis against the Scythians and the tribes of the Caucasus. There remained moreover the Asiatic regions east of the Hyphasis, which his soldiers had refused to enter upon, but which he certainly would have invaded at a future opportunity, were it only to efface the poignant humiliation of having been compelled to relinquish his proclaimed purpose. . . .

Alexander's acts indicate that he desired nothing better than to take up the traditions of the Persian Empire: a tribute-levying and army-levying system, under Macedonians, in large proportions, as his instruments; yet partly also under the very same Persians who had administered before, provided they submitted to him.

It has indeed been extolled among his merits that he was thus willing to reappoint Persian grandees (putting their armed force, however, under the command of a Macedonian officer, and to continue native princes in their dominions, if they did willing homage to him, as tributory subordinates. But all this had been done before him by the Persian kings, whose system it was to leave the conquered princes undisturbed, subject only to the payment of tribute, and to the obligation of furnishing a military contingent when required. In like manner Alexander's Asiatic empire would thus have been composed of an aggregate of satrapies and dependent principalities, furnishing money and soldiers; in other respects left to the discretion of local rule, with occasional extreme inflictions of punishment, but no systematic examination or control.

The Persian empire was a miscellaneous aggregate, with no strong feeling of nationality. The Macedonian conqueror who seized its throne was still more indifferent to national sentiment. He was neither Macedonian nor Greek. Though the absence of this prejudice has sometimes been counted to him as a virtue, it only made room, in my opinion, for prejudices still worse. The substitute for it was an exorbitant personality and self-estimation, manifested even in his earliest years, and inflamed by extraordinary success into the belief in divine parentage; which, while setting him above the idea of communion with any special nationality, made him conceive all mankind to be subjects under one common sceptre, to be wielded by himself. To this universal empire the Persian King made the nearest approach according to the opinions then prevalent. Accordingly Alexander, when victorious, accepted the position and pretensions of the overthrown Persian court as approaching most nearly to his full due. He became more Persian than either Macedonian or Greek. While himself adopting, as far as he could safely venture, the personal habits of the Persian court, he took studied pains to transform his Macedonian officers into Persian grandees, and encouraging and even forcing intermarriages with Persians, according to Persian rites.

At the time of Alexander's death there was comprised in his written orders given to Kraterus a plan for the wholesale transportation of inhabitants both out of Europe into Asia and out of Asia into Europe, in order to fuse these populations into one by multiplying intermarriages and intercourse. Such reciprocal translations of peoples would have been felt as eminently odious and could not have been accomplished without coercive authority. It is rash to speculate on unexecuted purposes; but as far as we can judge, such compulsory mingling of the different races promises nothing favorable to the happiness of either of them, though it might serve as an imposing novelty and memento of imperial omnipotence.

In respect of intelligence and combining genius, Alexander was Hellenic to the full; in respect of disposition and purpose, no one could be less Hellenic. To describe him as a son of Hellas, imbued with the political maxims of Aristotle, and bent on the systematic diffusion of Hellenic culture for the improvement of mankind, is, in my judgment, an estimate of his character contrary to the evidence. Alexander is indeed said to have invited suggestions from Aristotle as to the best mode of colonizing; but his temper altered so much, after a few years of Asiatic conquest, that he came not only to lose all deference for Aristotle's advice, but even to hate him bitterly. . . .

Aristotle's idea substantially coincided with that pointed out by Burke in his speeches at the beginning of the American war, between the principles of government, proper to be followed by England in the American colonies and in British India. No Greek thinker believed the Asiatics to be capable of that free civil policy upon which the march of every Grecian community was based. Aristotle did not wish to degrade the Asiatics below the level to which they had been accustomed, but rather to preserve the Greeks from being degraded to the same level.

Now Alexander recognized no such distinction as that drawn by his preceptor. He treated Greeks and Asiatics alike: not by elevating the latter, but by degrading the

former. Though he employed all indiscriminately as instruments, yet he presently found the free speech of Greeks, and even of Macedonians, so distasteful and offensive, that his preferences turned more and more in favor of the servile Asiatic sentiments and customs. Instead of Hellenizing Asia he was tending to Asiaticize Macedonia and Hellas. His temper and character, as modified by a few years of conquest, rendered him quite unfit to follow the course recommended by Aristotle toward the Greeks — quite as unfit as any of the Persian kings, or as the French emperor Napoleon, to endure that partial frustration, compromise, and smart from free criticism which is inseparable from the position of a limited chief. Among a multitude of subjects, more diverse-colored than even the army of Xerxes, it is quite possible that he might have turned his power toward the improvements of the rudest portions. We are told — though the fact is difficult to credit, from his want of time — that he abolished various barbarisms of the Hyrkanians, Arachosians, and Sogdians. But Macedonians as well as Greeks, would have been losers by being absorbed into an immense Asiatic aggregate. —*History of Greece, Part II., Chap. 94.*

GROTIUS, or DE GROOT, HUGO, a Dutch statesman; born at Delft, Netherlands, April 10, 1583; died at Rostock, Germany, August 28, 1645. He was the son of Jan De Groot, a burgomaster of Delft, and Curator of the University of Leyden. When twelve years old he entered that university, took his degree in his fifteenth year, and in the same year published an edition of Marcianus's *Cappello* which evinces a wide and critical acquaintance with the works of many Greek and Latin au-

thors. The next year he accompanied the embassy of Van Olden Barneveldt to France. On his return he edited the *Phænomena* of Aratus, and began practice as a lawyer at the Hague. In 1603 he was appointed Historiographer of the United Provinces, and in 1607, Advocate-General for the Treasury of Holland and Zealand. A Portuguese galleon having been captured in the Strait of Malacca by a vessel of the Dutch East India Company, the right to make captures was contested in Holland. The Company retained Grotius as their advocate, and in 1608 he published his treatise *Mare Liberum*, maintaining that the ocean is free to all. His dissertation on the *Antiquity of the Batavian Republic*, defending the right of revolt against the Spanish Government, appeared two years afterward. In 1613 he was elected Pensionary of Rotterdam, and soon afterward set out on an unsuccessful mission to England for the adjustment of a dispute in regard to fishery in the Northern Ocean. On his return he became involved in the disputes between the Remonstrants and the Anti-Remonstrants. Olden Barneveldt belonged to the former, or Arminian party, which Grotius also supported by his writings. An edict recommending mutual toleration and forbidding ministers to preach on the disputed dogmas, was drawn up by Grotius and published by the States. Through the intrigue of the Orange party Barneveldt and his adherents were accused of secret friendship with Spain, and in 1618 he was illegally arrested, together with Grotius and Hoogarbetz. Barneveldt was beheaded in 1619, and the others were condemned to life-long imprisonment. Grotius was confined in the castle of Löwenstein. His wife obtained permission to share his captivity. While in prison he wrote

his *Annotations of the Gospels* and part of his treatise on the *Truths of the Christian Religion.* It was written first in Dutch, but was published in Latin, and before the end of the century was translated into several European languages, including the Greek, and also into Arabic and Persian. After nearly two years of imprisonment, his wife, perceiving that the soldiers who brought and carried away the books he used had ceased to examine the chest containing them, persuaded him to conceal himself therein. This ruse proved successful and Grotius made his way to Antwerp, and thence to Paris. His wife, whose courage and devotion aroused the admiration of even her enemies, joined him in a few months. On the publication of his *Apology,* attacking the legality of the measures toward him, he was outlawed by the States-General. He was then naturalized as a French citizen and was granted a pension, which was so seldom paid that he could scarcely command the necessaries of life. He resided at Senlis, and there completed his great work on *The Rights of War and Peace,* which has been translated into most of the European languages, and is regarded as an authority. The rulers of Spain, Portugal, Denmark and Sweden invited him to their dominions, and attracted by Queen Christina's love of letters, he went to Sweden in 1634, and was sent as ambassador to France in the following year. Besides the *Mare Liberum,* and his work on international law, *De Jure Belli et Pacis,* Grotius wrote numerous works. He was the author of three tragedies: *Adamus Exul* (1601); *Christus Patiens* (1608), and *Sophompaneas,* the story of Joseph and his brethren (1617). His *De Veritate Religionis Christianæ* (1627), previously mentioned, is one of the best works

of its kind. Among his other writings are, *Via ad Pacem Ecclesasticam* (1642); *Annotationis in Vetus Testamentum; Annotationis in Novum Testamentum* (1644); and *Annales et Historiæ de Rebus Belgicis* (1657).

JUSTIFIABLE CAUSES OF WAR.

Now as many sources as there are of judicial actions, so many causes there may be of war. For where just determinations cease, war begins. Now in law there are actions for injuries not yet done, or for those already committed. For the first, when securities are demanded to prohibit any future injuries, or acts of violence; for the second, that the injuries already done us may be punished, or recompense given to the injured person; both which are excellently distinguished by Plato, but as for reparation, it belongs to what is or was properly our own, from whence real and personal actions do arise, or to what is our due, either by contract, by default, or by law.

Most men assign three just causes of war — defence, the recovery of what's our own, and punishment, which three you have in Camillus's Denunciation against the Gauls, *Omnia quæ defendi repetequi et ulcisci fas est; whatever may be defended, recovered, or revenged;* in which account, if the word *recovered* be not taken in a greater latitude, it will not include the exacting of that which is our due; which exaction was not omitted by Plato when he said, that *war was not only necessary, if any man should be either violently oppressed, or plundered; but also if imposed upon, or treated in any fraudulent manner.* To which agrees that of Seneca: *It is a very equitable saying, and founded on the law of nations, Pay what you owe.* And it was a part in the form used by the Roman herald, that they neither gave, paid, nor did, what they ought to have given, paid, and done: and as Sallust has it in his history: *I demand my own by the law of nations.*

St. Austin, when he said, that *those wars which are to*

avenge our injuries are generally termed just; he took the word *revenge* in the larger sense for making restitution, which appears in the Sequel, where there is not so much an enumeration of the parts as an illustration by examples. So, says he, *That nation or city may be invaded that shall neglect to punish what is wrongfully done by their own subjects, or to restore what is unjustly taken from another.*

Conformable to this did the Indian King (as Diodorus informs us) accuse Semiramis, that she had commenced war against him, without having received any manner of injury. Thus the Romans argued with the Senones that they ought not to make war on a people that had given them no reasonable provocation. Aristotle observes that, *Men usually make war on those who are the first aggressors*: so Curtius, speaking of the Abian Scythians, *They were reputed the most innocent of the Barbarians; they never took up arms but when highly provoked;* the first cause, therefore, of a just war, is an injury which, though not done, yet threatens our persons or our estates.

We have before observed, that if a man is assaulted in such a manner, that his life shall appear in inevitable danger, he may not only make war upon, but very justly destroy the aggressor; and from this instance, which every one must allow us, it appears that such a private war may be just and lawful; for it is to be observed, that this right or property of self-defence is what nature has implanted in every creature, without any regard to the intention of the aggressors; for if the person be no ways to blame, as for instance, a soldier upon duty, or a man that should mistake me for another, or one distracted, or a person in a dream (which may possibly happen), I do not therefore lose that right that I have of self-defence; for it is sufficient that I am not obliged to suffer the wrong that he intends me, no more than if it was a man's beast that came to set upon me.

It is a matter of dispute whether we may kill or trample on innocent persons, who shall hinder that defence, or escape, that is absolutely necessary for the preservation of our lives. There are some even among

divines who think it lawful. And certainly, if we have regard to Nature only, the respect that we owe in general is of less moment than the preservation of ourselves; but the law of charity, especially the evangelical, which has put our neighbor upon a level with ourselves, does plainly not permit it.

It was well observed of Aquinas, if apprehended rightly, that in our own defence we do not purposely kill another; not but that it may be sometimes lawful, if all other means prove ineffectual, to do that purposely by which the aggressor may die; not that this death was so much our choice, or primary design (as in capital punishments), but the only means we had then left to preserve ourselves; nay, and even then, one would wish, if possible, rather to fright or disable him, than to be obliged, even by mere necessity, to kill him.

But here it is necessary that the danger be *present*, and as it were immediate; for I grant, if a man takes arms, and his intentions are visibly to destroy another, the other may very lawfully prevent his intentions; for as well in morality, as the laws of nature, there is no rule but what admits of some latitude. For they are highly mistaken, and deceive others, who presume that a man's fearful apprehensions may be a just reason that he should kill another. 'Tis very justly observed by Cicero, that there are many inconveniences proceeding from fear, when a person shall intend some injury to another, merely out of fear that if he should omit that opportunity, he may possibly endanger his own safety. So Clearchus, in Xenophon: *I have known many people moved either by some false report, or by suspicion, who for fear of others, and to be beforehand with them, have done irreparable injuries to those who never would have offered, nor ever designed to offer them any hurt in the world.* So Cato, in his oration for the Rhodians: *Shall we ourselves be first guilty of that, for which we so freely accuse others.*

If then I am not threatened with any present danger, if I only discover that somebody has laid a plot and ambuscade against me, that he designs to poison me, or by suborning witnesses to procure an unjust sentence

against me, why in this case I must not kill him; if either such a danger can be possibly avoided any other way, or at least, that it does not then sufficiently appear that it may not be avoided. For time gives us frequent opportunities of remedy, and there are many things happen, as the proverb has it, betwixt the cup and the lip.— *The Rights of War and Peace.*

GUARINI, Giovanni Battista, an Italian poet; born at Ferrara, December 10, 1537; died at Venice, October 4, 1612. His grandfather and his great-grandfather occupied the chair of Greek and Latin in the University of Ferrara. Guarini studied at Ferrara, Pisa, and Padua, visited Rome, and on his return to Ferrara was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University. When about thirty years old he entered the service of Duke Alfonso II., and was employed by him in several diplomatic missions. In 1582 he withdrew from court to his country house where he found leisure for the cultivation of poetry, which his public life had constrained him to neglect. He edited the *Gerusalemme* and the *Rime of Tasso,* and then composed his dramatic poem *Il Pastor Fido,* first printed in 1590. Alfonso, fearing to lose the poet, summoned him again to court, and made him Counsellor of State. He passed twelve years at the courts of Mantua, Ferrara, Florence, and Urbino. Guarini published several other works, among them *L'Idropica,* a comedy; *Il Segretario,* a dialogue; *Rime,* a collection of sonnets and madrigals; and *Letters. Il Pastor Fido* passed through forty editions during its author's lifetime.

In the following scene from *Pastor Fido* Mirtillo is introduced by Corisca into the presence of Amarillis, who, blindfolded, expects to play a game with her female companions. He declares his love; she rejects him because she is the destined wife of Silvio. Corsica, wishing to injure Amarillis, listens to what they say.

SCENE FROM PASTOR FIDO.

[*Amarillis, Corisca, Mirtillo.*]

Amarillis.— Indeed, Aglaura, I have caught thee now;
Thou fain would'st fly, but I will hold thee fast.
Corisca (*aside*).— Surely unless I had by violence
Thrust him upon her, I had toil'd in vain
To rouse his courage.
Am.— Thou wilt not speak, ah! art thou she or no?
Cor.— Here I'll lay down his spear, and to the bush
To observe what will ensue. (*She retires.*)
Am.— I know thee now,
I know thee by thy tallness and short hair,
Thou art Corisca; and the very one
I wish'd to catch, that I might cuff thee well
Just as I please; here then, take this
And this; this also; this again; not yet?
Not yet a word? But since 'twas thou that bound'st me,
Unbind me quickly now, my dearest heart,
And thou shalt have the sweet kiss that e'er
Thou had'st before. But wherefore this delay?
Thy hand is trembling; art thou then so weary?
Join to thy hands th' assistance of thy teeth;
O silly thing, I shall unbind myself;
What knots on knots are here!
Why didst thou tie so hard?
Now 'tis thy turn, thou next must be the buff.
So: now 'tis loos'd. (*Seeing Mirtillo.*) Ah me! whom see I here!
Leave me, thou traitor! Oh! I shall expire!

Mirtillo.— My life, compose thyself.
Am.— Leave me, I say,
Unhand me; what! make use of force to nymphs!
Aglaura! here Eliza! Ah! perfidious!
Where are you fled? Unhand me, traitor!
Mir.— I obey.
Am.— Corisca laid this plot, now go to her,
And tell what thou hast gained. (*Going.*)
Mir.— Where fly'st thou, cruel?
Behold at least my death; for lo! I pierce
My bosom with this steel!
Am.— Ah me! I'm well nigh dead.
Mir.— And if this action to thy hand be due
Behold the weapon and the breast.
Am.—In truth.
Thou hast deserv'd it. What could move thy heart
To such presumption?
Mir.— Love.
Am.—Love should not cause
An act of rudeness.
Mir.— Then believe my love,
Because I was not rude; if in thy arms
Thou first did catch me, then I cannot well
Be charged with rudeness, since with such a fair
Occasion to be bold, and use with thee
The laws of love, I yet preserved respect,
And almost had forgot I was a lover.
Am.— Upbraid me not with what I did when blind.
Mir.— And I in love was blinder far than thou!
Am.— Prayers and fair words respectful lovers use,
Not cheats and thefts.
Mir.— As a wild beast when pressed
By hunger, rushes furiously from the wood
Upon the traveler, so if I, who live
Upon the food of thy fair eyes alone,
Since by thy cruelty or my hard fate,
That pleasant food I've been so long denied
If I, a ravenous lover, rushing forth
At last to-day upon thee from my wood,
Where I had long been famished, did attempt
In hopes to save my life, one stratagem

Which the necessity of love did prompt,
Then, cruel, blame not me, but blame thyself.
For if, as thou hast said, prayers and fair words
Respectful lovers use, which never thou
Wouldst deign to hear from me; thou by thy flight
And cruelty hast robbed me of the power
To be discreet.
Am.— If thou hadst quitted her
That fled from thee, then hadst thou been discreet.
But know thou persecutest me in vain.
What wouldst thou have of me?
Mir.— That only once
Thou wouldst vouchsafe to hear me ere I die.
Am.— See thy good fortune; for as soon as asked
Thou hast received the gift. Now then begone.
Mir.— Ah, nymph! all I have uttered yet,
Is scarce a single drop
Out of the boundless ocean of my woes.
If not for pity's sake, ah, cruel maid!
Yet for the pleasure it will give thee, hear
The last sad accents of a dying swain.
Am.— To shun more trouble, and to show how false
The hopes thou cherishest, I now consent
To hear thee, but with this condition first:
Say little, quickly part, and come no more.
Mir.— Within too narrow bounds, most cruel nymph,
Thy harsh command would limit such desires,
So boundless an extent of fervent love,
As scarce the thoughts of man can comprehend!
That I have loved, and love thee more than life,
If thou shouldst doubt, oh! cruel, ask these woods
And all their savage race, for they can tell.
Each field, each lonely bush, each aged tree,
The rugged rocks of these steep mountains, too,
Which have been wont to soften at the sound
Of my complaints, can all declare my love.
But wherefore need I seek such numerous proofs
To show my love, when beauty **such** as thine
Affords, itself, the surest proof of all?
Assemble every beauty of the sky
Clad in its purest azure, let the earth

Show all its excellence, and bring the whole
Within one space; they centre all in thee.
Such is the cause of this my ardent flame,
Necessity and nature give it birth,
For, as by nature water downward flows,
As fire ascends, air wanders, earth is fixed,
As roll the spheres, so naturally my thoughts
Still tend to thee as to their chiefest bliss;
And ever to thy charms by night, by day,
With all its fond affections flies my soul.
And he who should imagine he had power
My constant heart to sever from thy love,
Might hope with as much ease to work a change
In nature's laws; turn from their ancient course
The heavens, or earth, or water, air, or fire,
And from its firm foundation shake the world.
Yet since 'tis thy command my words be few,
I shall obey, and only say — I die —
And shall do less in dying, since I see
How much thou wishest for my death; but still
I'll do, alas! all that can now remain
For me to do, of every hope bereft.
But, cruel maid, when I am in the dust,
O wilt thou then feel pity for my woes!

Am.— If I had promised I would answer thee
As well as hear thee, then thou wouldst have cause
Thus to lament my silence as thou dost.
Thou call'st me cruel, hoping that to shun
Such charge, I might perchance reclaim my thoughts,
And show thee kindness; nor dost thou perceive,
Those flattering praises lavished by thy tongue,
So little merited, are less approved.
They please me not; the charge of cruelty
Delights me more. To be to *others* cruel
I grant is well termed vice, but to a lover
'Tis virtue; and what thou hast given the name
Of harshness, is in woman honesty,
Candor, and truth; but say that cruelty
To lovers is a fault, declare the time
When Amarillis showed thee cruelty. . . .

If thou be
Indeed my lover, Oh respect my fame,
My soul's best jewel, and dearer far than life.
Thou seek'st impossibilities; thou seek'st
What Heaven forbids to grant, what men oppose,
And what, if done, must be atoned by death.
But most of all and with the strongest shield
Virture defends it; for a noble soul
Scorns a more faithful guardian than itself.
Cease then, Mirtillo, longer to complain,
Or importune me more, but fly and live,
If thou be wise; for to abandon life
Through mad excess of grief, is not the mark
Of an heroic, but a timorous soul.
And 'tis the truest virtue to abstain
From what we love, if what we love be wrong,
And virtue's sacred laws forbid the flame.
Mir.— He that has lost his heart, has not the power
To save himself from death.
Am.— But he that takes
The shield of virtue conquers every passion.
Mir.— Where love already triumphs, virtue yields.
Am.— But he that cannot what he will, at least
Should do what's in his power.
Mir.— Necessity of loving has no law.
Am.— Distance and time will cure love's deepest wounds.
Mir.— We fly in vain what in the heart is lodged.
Am.— A new affection will expel the old.
Mir.— Yes; if my heart and soul could be but changed!
Am.— The great destroyer, Time,
Will kill love too at last.
Mir.— But cruel Love
Will kill the life or ere that day arrive.
Am.— Is there no cure then for thy malady?
Mir.— No cure at all save death!
Am.— Death! — hear me therefore now, and be my words
A law to thee. Although I'm well aware
When lovers speak of dying, it indicates

A custom rather of an amorous tongue,
Than a deliberate and fixed resolve;
Yet if so strange a frenzy e'er should seize thee,
Know that thou wouldst not alone destroy
Thy life; but my good name would also die.
Live then, if thou dost love me, and farewell.
Henceforth I'll reckon it a token sure
Of wisdom in thee, if thou tak'st good heed
That we may ne'er hereafter meet again.
Mir.— O cruel sentence! how can I survive
Without my life, or end my bitter woes,
Unless by death!
Am.— Mirtillo, now 'tis time
Thou should'st depart; I've heard thee much too long;
Go, and console thyself with this at least;
Of hopeless lovers there's a numerous crowd;
There is no love but carries with it pain,
Many, as well as thou, of love complain. (*Exit Mirtillo.*)
Mirtillo, O my life, my soul!
If here within thou couldst perceive
The secret feelings of the heart
Of Amarillis whom thou call'st so cruel,
Well do I know that she would find
From thee that pity thou implor'st from her!
O hapless souls bound by the ties of love;
Mirtillo has my heart, yet what avails
My love to him or his dear love to me!
Ah! wherefore, cruel destiny,
Dost thou divide whom Love has bound
And wherefore bind'st thou those,
Perfidious Love, whom destiny divides? . . .
Most sacred virtue! awful name!
Thou most inviolable deity
Of truly noble souls! — this fond desire
Which by thy holy rigor I've subdued,
I now present a spotless sacrifice
Before thy shrine. And thou, my love, Mirtillo,
O pardon her that's only cruel
Where she is forced from thee to hide
All show of mercy! O forgive
Her thy fierce foe in looks and words alone,

But thy most tender lover in her heart!
Or if revenge be thy desire,
What greater vengeance can'st thou take on me,
Than thy own grief; for if thou be my heart,
As sure thou art in spite of heaven and earth,
Whene'er thou sigh'st or sheddest tears,
Thy sighs my vital spirits are,
Thy tears my blood, and all those pangs,
And all those mournful sighs of thine,
Are not thy pangs, are not thy sighs, but mine!

GUÉRIN, Georges Maurice and Eugénie de, French poets; born at the Château of Le Cayla, Languedoc — Eugénie in 1805, and her brother on August 5, 1810. Maurice died there July 19, 1839, and was followed to the grave by his sister in 1848. After going to school at Toulouse and studying in Paris, Maurice attached himself to the monastic society that was gathered around the Abbé Lamennais at La Chênaie, in Brittany, in 1832. Having remained there for a year, he returned to Paris, taking little further interest in the monastery after the Abbé's own departure. In Paris he tried to support himself by teaching, and writing for the papers and magazines, employments for which he was singularly unsuited. Excepting a short "prose poem," called the *Centaur*, he left little behind him that seemed even intended to endure; but in his journal and letters we find a rare sympathy and intimacy with nature, combined with an almost unequal power in her interpretation.

Eugénie's place in literature has been determined by the spiritual interest and perfect style of her jour-

nal, which remains a permanent record of her love for her brother and the high purity of her Catholicism. The *Reliquiæ* of Georges Maurice de Guérin, containing a few poems, his journals, and a number of his letters, edited by his friend, M. Trébutien, with a notice of the author by Sainte-Beuve, appeared in 1861; and the *Journal et Lettres* of Eugénie was published the following year, and was crowned by the Académie Française.

THE CENTAUR'S YOUTH.

Wandering at my own will like the rivers, feeling wherever I went the presence of Cybele, whether in the beds of the valleys or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slope of the mountain, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns, and there tranquillized me as she tranquillizes the billows of the sea. Stretched across the threshold of my retreat, my flanks hidden within the cave and my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. The sea-gods, it is said, quit during the hours of darkness their palaces under the deep; they seat themselves on the promontories, and their eyes wander over the expanse of the waves. Even so I kept watch, having at my feet an expanse of life like the hushed sea. My regards had free range, and traveled in the most distant points. Like sea-beaches which never lost their wetness, the line of mountains to the west retained the imprint of gleams not perfectly wiped out by the shadows. In that quarter still survived, in pale clearness, mountain summits naked and pure. There I beheld at one time the god Pan descend, ever solitary; at another, the choir of the mystic divinities; or I saw pass some mountain-nymph charm-struck by the light. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus traversed the upper sky and were lost to view among the far off constellations, or in the shade of the dreaming forests.

Thou pursuest after wisdom, O Melampus, which is the science of the will of the gods; and thou roamest from people to people like a mortal driven by the destinies. In the times when I kept my night watches before the caverns, I have sometimes believed that I was about to surprise the thought of the sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by her dreams, would let fall some of her secrets; but I have never made out more than sounds, which faded away in the murmur of night, or words inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.—*From The Centaur; translation of* MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WINTER EVENING ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY.

All the sky is covered over with gray clouds just silvered at the edges. The sun, who departed a few moments ago, has left behind him enough light to temper for awhile the black shadows, and to soften down, as it were, the approach of night. The winds are hushed, and the tranquil Ocean sends up to me, when I go out on the doorstep to listen, only a melodious murmur, which dies away in the soul like a beautiful wave on the beach. The birds, the first to obey the nocturnal influence, make their way toward the woods, and you can hear the rustle of their wings in the clouds. The copses which cover the whole hillside of Le Val, which all the day-time are alive with the chirp of the wren, the laughing whistle of the woodpecker, and the different notes of a multitude of birds, have no longer any sound in their paths and thickets, unless it be the prolonged high calls of the blackbirds at play with one another and chasing one another, after all the other birds have their heads safe under their wings. The noise of man, always the last to be silent, dies gradually out over the face of the fields. The general murmur fades away, and one hears hardly a sound except what comes from the villages and hamlets, in which, up till far into the night, there are cries of children and barking of dogs. Silence wraps me round; everything seeks repose except this pen of mine, which perhaps disturbs the rest of some living

atom asleep in a crease of my note-book, for it makes its light scratching as it puts down these idle thoughts. Let it stop, then! for all I write, have written, or shall write, will never be worth setting against the sleep of an atom.— *From Maurice's Journal.*

THE BROTHER'S DEATH.

No, my beloved one, death shall not separate us, it shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death separates only the body; the soul, in place of being there, is in Heaven, and this change of dwelling takes away nothing from its affections. O, my friend, Maurice, Maurice, are you far from me? Do you hear me? What are those regions where you now are? What is God, so beautiful, so good, who makes you happy by His ineffable presence, unveiling for you eternity? You see what I wait for, you possess what I hope for, you know what I believe. Mysteries of the other world, how profound you are, how terrible you are, but how sweet you sometimes are! yes, very sweet, when I think that Heaven is the place of happiness. All my life will be a life of mourning, with a widowed heart, without intimate union. I love Marie, and my surviving brother much, but it is not with *our* sympathy.— *From Eugénie's Journal.*

GUERNSEY, ALFRED HUDSON, an American historian and biographer; born at Brandon, Vermont, in 1828; died January 17, 1902. After receiving a common-school education, he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York. After graduating, he entered the employment of Harper & Brothers, and when *Harper's Magazine* was started he joined its editorial staff, where he remained nearly

twenty years. In 1873 he became an associate editor of Appleton's *American Cyclopædia,* to which he contributed many articles in history and biography. He published *History of the Great Rebellion,* in conjunction with Henry M. Alden (1863–67); *The Spanish Armada* (1878); *Thomas Carlyle: His Theories and Opinions* (1880); *Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet* (1881), and *The World's Opportunities and How to Use Them* (1884).

THE CONFEDERACY AND THE UNION.

The eleven States of which the Confederacy finally consisted had a white population of five and a half million, leaving twenty-one and a half millions in the Union. But it was confidently believed at the South — and for a time feared at the North — that Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri would join the other slaveholding States. This would bring the white population of the Confederacy up to eight millions, leaving nineteen millions to the Union. These anticipations and apprehensions have not been realized, although the Confederates have received much support from individuals in these States, and Kentucky and Missouri have been formally admitted as members of the Confederacy, and are represented in its Congress.

But besides their free population, the Confederate States contained three and a half millions of slaves; and there was room for a wide difference of opinion as to the influence of this class upon the military resources of the Confederacy.

The North believed that the slaves, instead of adding strength to the Confederacy, were an element of positive weakness. Not only, said they, is society so constituted that from more than three-eighths of the able-bodied population, not a soldier can be raised for the army or a dollar for the treasury, but they are, from their very condition, so hostile to their masters, that a large portion of the whites must remain at home to keep

the blacks in subjection. The march of a Union army into the South will be the signal for a general servile uprising.

The South denied all this. They affirmed that their domestic institution gave them power, as a military nation, altogether beyond their mere population. In every State, they said, there must be men who rule, and, if need be, fight; and others who hold the place of servants and laborers. Everywhere else in the civilized world these two classes merge into each other so gradually that no one can draw the line between them. With us the line is clear and palpable. Every black man knows that he is a laborer, and can never be anything else; he is to work, not to vote or hold office. Every white man feels that he is a ruler to-day, and may be a soldier to-morrow. Under our institutions so completely is the ordinary labor of life performed by the slaves, that every able-bodied white man could take the field at a week's notice, and everything would go on as before. Try this at the North: take three-fifths of your men of military age from their farms and their workshops, and everything would come to a stand-still in a month. There is no danger of an uprising of the slaves. If they were disposed to rise, they have no means of arming themselves, or of acting in concert. Besides, they have no disposition to rise. They have been for generations so trained to obedience, that the women, the old men and boys, who cannot take the field, will be amply able to keep them in subjection.

There was something of truth in both these representations. For a short war, to be waged abroad, or even upon the frontiers of the country, slavery, as the event proved, undoubtedly gave great facilities for raising and equipping an army. There is probably no other nation of eight millions who could raise from nothing the armies which the Confederacy has brought into and maintained in the field. The habits of the people furnished the basis for a military organization. The population was almost entirely rural. New Orleans was indeed a great city, with a population of 170,000; there were three or four other cities with a population of from 20,000 to

50,000; beyond these there was hardly a town with more than 5,000 inhabitants. Of the rural population, every man had a gun, most of them a horse; and there were few who were not to a good degree expert in their use and management. Men living far apart, with abundant leisure, naturally seek occasions of coming together. These, in the South, were afforded by the regular sessions of the courts and by the militia musters. The court-houses are placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the county; and the militia musters were usually held there. From all the region men thronged to court and muster. The parade of the militia was not the least attraction at these gatherings; and every man was enrolled in the same company, and had learned something of military discipline. Rude as this militia organization was, it formed a basis for something better, and did good service when the people were summoned to actual warfare. In a few months the South was enabled to transform itself into a great military camp, with no serious interruption in the routine of its regular life.

At the North — and especially at the East — the case was widely different. There every man was engaged in some regular occupation. Besides New York and Philadelphia, each with a population of more than 600,000, there were six cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants — averaging 150,000,— nearly a score with from 40,000 to 80,000, fully fifty more with 10,000 each; and towns almost without number with more than 5,000, many of them being so closely connected with the great cities that they might be regarded as suburbs. Nearly one-half of the inhabitants of the North were urban; fully nine-tenths of the South were rural. One consequence of this is obvious: The man in the country may need to protect himself and his household, and so provides himself with arms; the man in a town is protected by the police, and rarely requires arms. The rule was, therefore, that the Southern man was acquainted with the use of arms; the Northern man was not, and it required time to transform him into a soldier.

The Confederacy was strong also in the entire unanimity of its people. Several of the States hesitated to

secede from the Union; but that step once taken, there was no overt opposition except in Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. The doctrine of State Supremacy had come to be an undisputed article of political faith with all parties. The Federal Government was merely an agent created by the States, to be used or discarded at the pleasure of any one of them. Every man was bound to abide by the action of his State, to which alone he owed allegiance.

The North at first showed no such unanimity. The ties between the great Democratic party at the North and the South had been so close, that many believed that the Northern Democrats would yield everything to their old Southern associates rather than take part in the War for the Union; and the utterances of many of the leaders of the party furnished grounds for that belief. It was months before it came to be apparent that the attachment of the great body of the Northern Democrats to the Union was not less earnest than that of the Republicans. Mr. Lincoln, whose election to the Presidency was the signal for secession, recovered only a little more than two-fifths of the popular vote cast at the Presidential election of 1860. He was not even the first choice of a majority of his own party. He was untried in public affairs, and when nominated was hardly known beyond the limits of his own State. Taking all things into consideration, the Confederates had at the outset fair reasons for their confident anticipations of success.—*History of the Great Rebellion.*

GUICCIARDINI, Francesco, an Italian statesman and historian; born at Florence, March 6, 1483; died there May 23, 1540. He was educated in the Universities of Ferrara and Padua; and before he was twenty-three years old he was appointed a professor of law, by the Signoria of Florence, and

in 1512 was sent on an embassy to Ferdinand of Aragon, the success of which assured his reputation for diplomatic ability. Clement VII. added to his honors the vice-regency of Romagna, the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Papal Army, and the governorship of Bologna. On the accession of Paul III., in 1534, he resigned his dignities, and returned to Florence. In 1537 he espoused the cause of Cosimo de' Medici, but received so slight a recognition of his services that he withdrew to his villa at Arcetri, where he occupied his last years in the composition of his *Istoria d' Italia,* describing the course of events in Italy from 1494 to 1532. The impartial accuracy of the author, and the patience with which he traces the labyrinth of Italian politics, render his work highly valuable. The first sixteen books were published in 1561, and four additional books three years later. His reputation rested upon his history until 1857–58, when the *Opere Inedite di Francesco Guicciardini* were published. Among them are the *Ricordo Politici,* consisting of aphorisms on political and social topics, *Storia Fiorentina,* the *Dialogo del Reggimento di Firenze,* and *Discorsi Politici.* The publication of these writings raised his reputation as a political philosopher to the first rank. Parts of his correspondence have been published under the titles *Considerazioni civili sopra l'istoria di Francesco Guicciardini* (1582) and *Legazione di Spagna* (1825).

TRIAL AND DEATH OF SAVONAROLA.

The day after the death of King Charles (a day observed in many places by a celebration and solemnity of palms) ended the authority, the life, and doctrine of Savonarola; who having been long time before ac-

cused by the Pope that he preached slanderously against the manners of the Clergy and Court of Rome, that he nourished sects and discords in Florence, and that his doctrine was not fully Catholic, and for those reasons called to Rome by many writs, refused to appear there, alleging many excuses: and therefore, after much ado, he was at last (the year before) separated by the Pope, with censures, from the fellowship of the Church: of which sentence (having abstained from preaching for certain months) he had easily obtained absolution, if he had long continued; for that the Pope, who held slender reckoning of Savonarola, had proceeded against him more by the incensing and persuasion of his adversaries than any other occasion. But he, judging that it was for his silence, that his reputation came so to be diminished, or at least that it brake the purpose for the which he stirred (for he was principally advanced for his vehemence in preaching) he fell eftsoones to despise the Pope's commandments, and returned publicly to his old office; wherein affirming that the censures published against him were unjust and of no force, he opened his mouth eftsoones to blaspheme the Pope and the whole Court of Rome with great vehemency: of this arose no small emotion, for that his adversaries (whose authority increased daily with the people) detected such inobedience, rebuking the action, for that by his innovation and rashness, the Pope's mind was drawn in uncertainties and alteration, in a time specially, wherein the restitution of Pisa being negotiated by him and the other Confederates, it was necessary to do all things to confirm him in that resolution. On the other side, his disciples and partakers defended and justified him, alleging that men ought not for the regard of human things to trouble the operations divine, nor consent that under such colors the Popes of Rome should begin to intrude into the affairs of their common weal. But after there were certain days spent in this contention, and the Pope wonderfully inflamed, sending out new thunderbolts with threats of censures against the whole city: he was at last commanded by the magistrates of the city to forbear to preach, to whom though he obey, yet divers of his brethren supplied

his office, in sundry churches. And the disunion being no less among the spiritualty than the laity, the friars and brethren of other Orders cease not to preach fervently against him: arising at last into such high and malicious inflammation that one of the disciples of Savonarola, and one of the Friar Minors, agreed to enter into the fire in the presence of the whole people, to the end that the disciple of Savonarola either being burned or preserved, the people might be left satisfied, and certain whether Savonarola were a prophet or an abuser: seeing that at times afore he had affirmed in his sermons, that for the justification of the truth of his prophecies, he could in all necessities obtain of God the grace to pass without hurt, through the middest of a flaming fire. And yet notwithstanding grieving not a little with the resolution made without his privity touching a present experience, he labored to break it with all his devices and diligence. But the matter being so far proceeded of itself, and earnestly solicited by certain citizens desiring to have the town delivered of so great troubles, it was necessary at last to pass further: insomuch as the two religious brethren, accompanied with all their brotherhood, came at the day appointed to the place afore the public palace, where was not only a general concourse of the people of Florence, but universal assemblies of the cities adjoining. There the Friar Minors were advertised that Savonarola had ordained that his disciple and brother, entering the fire, should bear in his hand the Sacrament: which device they impugned greatly, alleging that there was sought by that means to put in danger the authority of Christian faith, which in the minds of the ignorant would not a little decline if that holy Host should be burned, which contention, Savonarola being there present, and preserving in his resolution, there arose such factions and disagreements that the action of experience proceeded no further, the same diminishing so much of his credit, that the day following, in a tumult then happening, his adversaries took arms, whereunto being joined the authority of the sovereign Magistrate, they entered the monastery of Saint Mark where he was, and drawing him out of the place, they led him with two other of his brethren to

the common prisons. In this tumult, the parents of those that had been executed the year before, killed Francisque Vatori, a citizen of great authority, and the most apparent favorer and follower of Savonarola: the chief motion inducing this quarrel, was, that above all others, his authority had deprived them of the faculty to have recourse to the judgment of the Counsel Popular. Savonarola was afterward examined with torments, but not very grievous, and upon the examination, a process published, which (taking away all imputations that were laid upon him for covetousness, corruptions of manners, or to have had secret intelligence or practice with princes) contained, that the matters by him prophesied were not pronounced by revelation divine, but by his proper opinion grounded upon the doctrine and observation of holy Scripture. Wherein he had not been moved by any wicked intention or purpose, and much less by that means to aspire to any office or greatness in the Church: only he had a holy desire, that by his means might be called a General Council, wherein might be reformed the corrupt customs of the clergy, and the estate of the Church of God (so far wandered and gone astray) to be reduced, as near as might be, to the resemblance of the times drawing nearest the Apostles; a glory, which, to give perfection to so great and holy an operation, he esteemed far above the obtaining of the popedom; for that the one could not succeed by means of an excellent doctrine and virtue, and a singular reverence of all men: where the popedom most often was obtained, either by sinister means, or else by the benefit of fortune: upon which process confirmed by him in the hearing and presence of many religious persons even of his own order, but (if that be true which his own faction bruited afterward) with words dark, and such as might receive divers interpretations: there were taken from him and his two other companions with ceremonies instituted by the Church of Rome, the holy orders, and that by sentence of the General of the Jacobins and of Bishop Romolin, Commissioners delegate by the Pope: and so being passed over to the power of the secular court, they were (by their judgments) hanged

and burned, being at the spectacle of the degradation and execution, no less multitudes of people, than at the day of the experience of entering the fire, when was an infinite concourse to behold the issue of the miracle promised by Savonarola. This death constantly endured (but without expressing word whereby might be discerned either their innocence or fault) quenched not the diversity of judgments and passions of men: for that many supposed he was but an abuser: and others (of the contrary) believed, that the confession that was published was falsely forged, or perhaps, in his aged and weak complexion, the torments had more force than the truth: wherein they excused that manner of frailty with the example of Saint Peter, who neither imprisoned, nor constrained with torments, or by any other extraordinary force, but at the simple words of the handmaidens and servants, denied that he was the disciple of his Master, in whom he had seen so many holy miracles.—*History of Italy; translation of* GEFFRAY FENTON.

GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN, an American poet; born at Boston, Mass., January 7, 1861. She began her literary career by contributing poems to the Boston *Pilot* in 1880. Her published works in verse include *Songs at the Start* (1884); *The White Sail and Other Poems* (1887); *A Roadside Harp* (1893); *Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems* (1899). Her prose writings include *Goose Quill Papers* (1885); *Brownies and Bogies* (1892); *Monsieur Henri* (1893); *A Little English Gallery* (1894); *Patrins* (1897), and *The Secret of Fougereuse* (1899). She also edited an edition of Mangan's poems.

ARBORICIDE.

A word of grief to me erewhile,
"We have cut the oak down in our isle."

And I said: "Ye have bereaven
The song thrush and the bee,
And the fisher boy at sea
Of his seamark in the even,
And gourds of cooling shade, to lie
Within the sickle's sound,
And the old sheep dog's saffron eye
Of sleep on duty's ground,
And poets of their tent
And quiet tenement.
Ah, impious, who so paid
Such fatherhood and made
Of murmurous immortality a cargo and a trade!"

—*From The Century Magazine.*

IN A GREAT LIBRARY.

Praised be the moon of books! that doth above
A world of men the fallen Past behold;
And fill the spaces else so void and cold
To make a very heaven again thereof,
As when the sun is set behind a grove
And faintly unto nether ether rolled,
All night his whiter image and his mould
Grows beautiful with looking on her love.

Then, therefore, moon of so divine a ray,
Lend to our steps both fortitude and light!
Feebly along a venerable way
They climb the infinite, or perish quite:
Nothing are days and deeds to such as they,
While in this liberal house thy face is bright.

SORROWS.

Through the autumn pleasaunce, giants bright from hell
Passed the poet, sighing: "'Tis not ours to quell
Hearts that wake divinely, after dreaming well.

"While the phosphor-blossoms kiss the barren wave,
While the lark with music showers a yawning grave
How should man be loveless, or in all a slave?

"We the ancient Sorrows break before his No!
Come that breath of godhead hot upon us, lo,
Charred and puny powers, like a leaf we go."

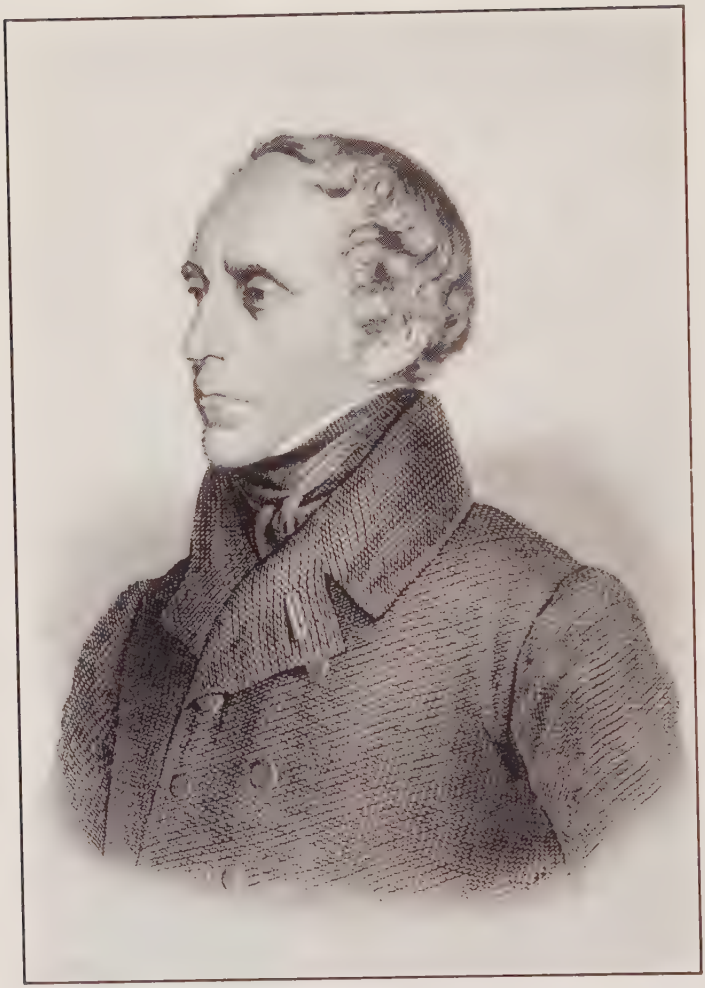
THE WILD RIDE.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn, galloping legion,
With stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things to entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are bent on the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and her pitiful beauty!
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.



GUIZOT.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy Troopers that follow!

GUIZOT, FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME, a French statesman, orator, and historian; born at Nîmes, October 4, 1787; died at Val Richer, Normandy, October 12, 1874. He belonged to an honorable Huguenot family of Nîmes. His father, a distinguished lawyer, perished by the guillotine in 1794. Madame Guizot then went with her sons to Geneva, where they were educated in the gymnasium. After completing the academic course with distinction, Guizot went to Paris in 1805, studied Kant and German literature, and reviewed the classics. He soon began to write for *Le Publiciste,* and entered upon an active literary life. A work on French synonyms (1809), an essay on the fine arts in France (1811), and a translation, with notes, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (1812), led to his appointment in the latter year to the chair of Modern History in the University of France. On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, but resigned his office upon the return of Napoleon from Elba; and, convinced that the res-

toration of the Bourbons to power would be the means of establishing a constitutional monarchy in France, he sought an interview with Louis XVIII. at Ghent, to impress upon the King that the stability of the Bourbons upon the throne depended upon their upholding the liberties of France, and religiously observing the charter. On the second restoration he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice; in 1816, Master of Requests; in 1817, a Councillor of State, and in 1819, Director of Communal and Departmental Administration. He was regarded as the mouthpiece of the "doctrinaires," a party who advocated the preservation of the constitution by sustaining equally the rights of the people and of the throne. The moderation of the doctrinaires rendered them unpopular. In 1821 Guizot was deprived of all his offices, and in 1825 was forbidden even to lecture. Between 1820 and 1822 he had published *Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration et du Ministère Actuel* and *L'Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Representatif,* containing his lectures at the University. He now applied himself to literature. He was one of the collaborators in the publication of the *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis la Fondation de la Monarchie jusqu' au XIII*me *Siècle,* and of the *Mémoires Relatifs à l' Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre.* He edited a translation of *Shakespeare,* the *Encyclopédie Progressive,* and the *Revue Française,* and published a *History of the English Revolution* (1826). In 1827 he resumed his lectures in history, and during the next three years published, under the collective title of *Course of Modern History,* a *General History of Civilization in Europe,* and a *History*

of Civilization in France from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.

In 1830 he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Minister of the Department of the Interior. In 1832 he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and did much for the improvement of schools in France. In 1840 he was ambassador to England, but in the autumn of the same year was recalled to assume the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and later of Prime Minister. In 1848 he resigned his office and went to England.

His last years were spent near Lisieux in Normandy, where he lived with his daughters, and devoted himself to authorship. Among his later works are: *Monk: Chute de la République et Rétablissement de la Monarchie en Angleterre en 1660* (1850); *Corneille et son Temps* (1852); *Histoire de la République d' Angleterre et du Protectorat de Cromwell* (1854); *Histoire du Protectorat de Richard Cromwell et du Rétablissement des Stuarts* (1856); *Sir Robert Peel: Étude d' Histoire Contemporaine* (1856); *Mémoires pour servir à l' Histoire de mon Temps* (1858–68); *L'Église et al Société Chrétienne en 1861* (1861); *Histoire Parlementaire de France,* a collection of speeches (1863), and *Méditations sur l'Essence de la Religion Chrétienne* (1864); *Mélanges Biographiques et Littéraires* (1868), and *Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus recules jusqu'au 1789, racontée a mes Petits Enfants.* This valuable history of France, left unfinished by Guizot, was completed from his notes, by his daughter, Madame De Witt.

EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

The principal effect of the crusades was a great step toward the emancipation of the mind, a great progress toward enlarged and liberal ideas. Though begun under the name and influence of religious belief, the crusades deprived religious ideas, I shall not say of their legitimate share of influence, but of their exclusive and despotic possession of the human mind. The result, though undoubtedly unforeseen, arose from various causes. The first was evidently the novelty, extent, and variety of the scene which displayed itself to the crusaders; what generally happened to travelers happened to them. It is mere commonplace to say that travelling gives freedom to the mind; that the habit of observing different nations, different manners, and different opinions enlarges the ideas and disengages the judgment from old prejudices. The same thing happened to those nations of travelers who have been called the crusaders; their minds were opened and raised by having seen a multitude of different things, by having become acquainted with other manners than their own. They found themselves also placed in connection with two states of civilization, not only different from their own, but more advanced — the Greek state of society on the one hand, and the Mussulman on the other. There is no doubt that the society of the Greeks, though enervated, perverted, and decaying, gave the crusaders the impression of something more advanced, polished, and enlightened than their own.

The society of the Mussulmans presented them a scene of the same kind. It is curious to observe in the chronicles the impression made by the crusaders on the Mussulmans, who regarded them at first as the most brutal, ferocious, and stupid barbarians they had ever seen. The crusaders, on their part, were struck with the riches and elegance of manners which they observed among the Mussulmans. These first impressions were succeeded by frequent relations between the Mussulmans and Christians. These became more extensive and important

than is commonly believed. Not only had the Christians of the East habitual relations with the Mussulmans, but the people of the East and the West became acquainted with, visited, and mingled with each other. Mongol ambassadors were sent to the kings of the Franks, and to St. Louis among others, in order to persuade them to enter into alliance, and to resume the crusades for the common interests of the Mongols and the Christians against the Turks. And not only were diplomatic and official relations thus established between the sovereigns, but there was much and varied intercourse between the nations of the East and West.

There is another circumstance which is worthy of notice. Down to the time of the crusades the court of Rome, the centre of the Church, had been very little in communication with the laity unless through the medium of ecclesiastics, either legates sent by the Court of Rome, or the whole body of the bishops and clergy. There were always some laymen in direct relation with Rome; but upon the whole, it was by means of churchmen that Rome had any communication with the people of different countries. During the crusades, on the contrary, Rome became a halting place for a great portion of the crusaders, either in going or returning. A multitude of laymen were spectators of its policy and its manners, and were able to discover the share which personal interest had in religious disputes. There is no doubt that this newly acquired knowledge inspired many minds with a boldness hitherto unknown.

When we consider the state of the general mind at the termination of the crusades, especially in regard to ecclesiastical matters, we cannot fail to be struck with a singular fact: religious notions underwent no change, and were not replaced by contrary or even different opinions. Thought, notwithstanding, had become free; religious creeds were not the only subjects on which the human mind exercised its faculties; without abandoning them it began occasionally to wander from them, and to take other directions. Thus, at the end of the thirteenth century, the moral causes which had led to the crusades, or which, at least, had been their most

energetic principle, had disappeared: the moral state of Europe had undergone an essential modification.

The social state of society had undergone an analogous change. Many inquiries have been made as to the influence of the crusades in this respect; it has been shown in what manner they had reduced the great number of feudal proprietors to the necessity of selling their fiefs to the kings, or to sell their privileges to the communities, in order to raise money for the crusades.

Even in those cases where small proprietors preserved their fiefs, they did not live upon them in such an insulated state as formerly. The possessors of great fiefs became so many centres around which the smaller ones were gathered, and near which they came to live. During the crusades small proprietors found it necessary to place themselves in the train of some rich and powerful chief, from whom they received assistance and support. They lived with him, shared his fortune, and passed through the same adventures that he did. When the crusaders returned home, this social spirit, this habit of living in intercourse with superiors, continued to subsist, and had its influence on the manners of the age. As we see that the great fiefs were increased after the crusades, so we see, also, that the proprietors of those fiefs held, within their castles, a much more considerable court than before, and were surrounded by a greater number of gentlemen, who preserved their little domains, but no longer kept within them.

As to the inhabitants of the towns, a result of the same nature may easily be perceived. The crusades created great civic communities. Petty commerce and petty industry were not sufficient to give rise to communities such as the great cities of Italy and Flanders. It was commerce on a great scale — maritime commerce, and especially the commerce of the East and West, which gave them birth; now it was the crusades which give to maritime commerce the greatest impulse it had yet received. On the whole, when we survey the state of society at the end of the crusades, we will find that the movement tending to dissolution and dispersion, the movement of universal localization (if I may be allowed

such an expression), had ceased, and had been succeeded by a movement in the contrary direction, a movement of centralization. All things tended to mutual approximation; small things were absorbed in great ones, or gathered round them. . . .

Such, in my opinion, are the real effects of the crusades; on the one hand the extension of ideas and the emancipation of thought; on the other, a general enlargement of the social sphere, and the opening of a wider field for every sort of activity; they produced, at the same time, more individual freedom, and more political unity. They tended to the independence of man and the centralization of society. Many inquiries have been made respecting the means of civilization which were directly imported from the East. It has been said that the largest part of the great discoveries which, in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, contributed to the progress of European civilization — such as the compass, printing, and gunpowder — were known in the East, and that the crusades brought them into Europe. This is true to a certain extent, though some of these assertions may be disputed. But what cannot be disputed is this influence, this general effect of the crusades upon the human mind on the one hand, and the state of society on the other. They drew society out of a very narrow road, to throw it into new and infinitely broader paths; they began that transformation of the various elements of European society into governments and nations, which is the characteristic of modern civilization.— *History of Civilization in Europe.*

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE

We might multiply indefinitely the anecdotal scenes of the massacre — most of them brutally ferocious, others painfully pathetic; some generous and calculated to preserve the credit of humanity amidst one of its most direful aberrations. History must show no pity for the vices and crimes of men, whether princes or people; and it is her duty as well as her right to depict them so truthfully that men's souls and imaginations may be suf-

ficiently impressed by them to conceive disgust and horror at them. But it is not by dwelling upon them, and by describing them minutely, as if she had to exhibit a gallery of monsters and madmen, that history can lead men's minds to sound judgments and salutary impressions. We take no pleasure, and we see no use, in setting forth in detail the works of evil. We would be inclined to fear that, by familiarity with such a spectacle men would lose the perception of good, and cease to put hope in its legitimate and ultimate superiority.

Nor will we pause either to discuss the secondary questions which meet us at the period of which we are telling the story. For example, the question whether Charles IX. fired with his own hand on his Protestant subjects whom he had delivered over to the evil passions of the aristocracy and of the populace; or whether the balcony from which he is said to have indulged in this ferocious pastime existed at that time in the sixteenth century, at the palace of the Louvre, and overlooking the Seine. These questions are not without historical interest, and it is well for learned men to study them; but we consider them incapable of being resolved with certainty. And even were they resolved, they would not give the key to the character of Charles IX., and to the portion which appertains to him in the deed of cruelty with which his name remains connected. The great historical fact of the St. Bartholomew is that to which we confine ourselves; and we have attempted to depict it accurately as regards Charles IX.; his hesitations and foolish resolutions; his mingling of openheartedness and double-dealing in the treatment of Coligny; toward whom he felt himself attracted, without fully understanding him, and his childish weakness in the presence of his mother, whom he rather feared than trusted.

When he had plunged into the madness of the massacre; when, after exclaiming "Kill them all!" he had witnessed the killing of Coligny and La Rochefoucauld, the companions of his royal amusements, Charles IX., gave himself up to a paroxysm of mad fury. He was

asked whether the two young Huguenot princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, were also to be slain. Marshal de Retz was in favor of this, Marshal de Tavannes was opposed to it, and it was decided to spare them. On the very night of St. Bartholomew the King sent for the two Henrys. "I mean for the future," he said, "to have but one religion in my kingdom — the Mass of Death; make your choice." Henry of Navarre reminded the King of his promises, and asked for time to consider. Henry de Condé answered that he would remain firm in the true religion, though he should have to give up his life for it. "Seditious madman, rebel, and the son of a rebel," said Charles, "if within three days you do not change your language, I will have you strangled!"

At this first juncture the King saved from massacre none but Ambrose Paré, his surgeon, and his nurse, both Huguenots. On the night after the murder of Coligny he sent for Ambrose Paré into his chamber, and made him go into his wardrobe, "ordering him," says Brantome, "not to stir, and saying that it was not reasonable that one who could be of service to a whole world should be thus put to death." A few days afterward the King said to Paré, "Now you really must become a Catholic." Paré replied: "By God's light, I think, Sire, you must surely remember that you promised me, in order that I should never disobey you, that you, on the other hand, would not bid me do four things: find my way back into my mother's womb; catch myself fighting in a battle; leave your service; or go to Mass." After a moment's silence, Charles rejoined: "Ambrose, I do not know what has come over me during the last two or three days; but I feel my mind and my body greatly excited, just in fact, as if I had a fever. Meseems every moment, whether waking or sleeping, that those slaughtered corpses keep appearing to me with their faces all hideous and covered with blood. I wish that the helpless and the innocent had not been included." And, adds Sully, in his *Œconomics royales,* "He next day issued his orders, prohibiting, on pain of death, any slaying or plundering; the which, were, nevertheless, very ill observed, the ani-

mosities and fury of the populace being too much inflamed to defer to them."

Historians, Catholic and Protestant, contemporary or investigating, differ widely as to the number of victims in this massacre. According to De Thou there were about 2,000 killed in Paris the first day; D'Aubigné says 3,000; Brantome speaks of 4,000 bodies that Charles IX. might have seen floating down the Seine; La Popenlière reduces them to 1,000. There is to be found in the account-books of the City of Paris a payment to gravediggers of the Cemetery of the Innocents for having interred 1,100 dead bodies stranded at the turns of the Seine near Chaillot, Auteuil, and St. Cloud. It is probable that many bodies were carried still further, and that the corpses were not all thrown into the river.

The uncertainty is still greater when we come to speak of the number of victims in the whole of France. DeThou estimates it at 30,000; Sully at 70,000; Péréfixes, Archbishop of Paris in the nineteenth century, raises it to 100,000; Papirus Masson and Davila reduce it to 10,000, without clearly distinguishing between the massacre at Paris and those of the provinces. Other historians fix upon 40,000.

Great uncertainty also prevails as to the execution of the orders issued from Paris to the Governors of the provinces. The names of the Viscount D'Orte, Governor at Bayonne, and of John Le Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, have become famous from their having refused to take part in the massacre. But the authenticity of the letter from the Viscount D'Orte to Charles IX. is disputed, though the fact of his resistance appears certain; and as for the Bishop John Le Hennuyer, M. de Formé-ville seems to us to have demonstrated in his *Histoire de l'ancien Evêche-comté de Lisieux* that "there was no occasion to save the Protestants of Lisieux in 1572, because they did not find themselves in any danger of being massacred; and that the merit of it cannot be attributed to anybody — to the Bishop Le Hennuyer, any more than to Captain Fumichon, Governor of the town. It was only the general course of events and the discretion of the municipal officers of Lisieux that did it all."

One thing which is quite true, and, which it is good to call to mind in the midst of so great a general criminality, is that it met with a refusal to be associated in it. President Jeanin at Dijon, the Count de Tende in Provence, Philibert de la Guiche at Mâcon, Tanneguy Le Veneur de Carrouge at Rouen, the Count de Geordes in Dauphiny, and many other chiefs, military or civil, openly repudiated the example set by the murderers of Paris; and the municipal body of Nantes — a very Catholic town — took upon this subject a resolution which does honor to its patriotic firmness, as well as to its Christian loyalty. . . .

A great good man — a great functionary and a great scholar in disgrace for six years past — the Chancellor Michael de L'Hospital — received about this time in his retreat at Vignay, a visit from a great philosopher, Michael de Montaigne, "anxious," said his visitor, "to come and testify to you the honor and reverence with which I regard your competence, and the special qualities which are in you — for as to the extraneous and the fortuitous, it is not to my taste to put them down in the account." Montaigne chose a happy moment for disregarding all but the personal and special qualities of the Chancellor. Shortly after his departure L'Hospital was warned that some sinister-looking horsemen were coming, and that he would do well to take care of himself. "No matter, no matter," he answered, "it will be as God pleases, when my hour has come." Next day he was told that those men were approaching his house, and he was asked whether he would not have the gates shut against them, and have them fired upon in case they attempted to force an entrance. "No," said he, "if the small gate will not do for them to enter by, let the big one be opened." A few hours afterward L'Hospital was informed that the King and the Queen-mother were sending other horsemen to protect him. "I did not know," said the old man, "that I had deserved either death or pardon." A rumor of his death flew abroad amongst his enemies, who rejoiced at it. "We are told," wrote Cardinal Granvelle to his agent at Brussels, "that the King has had Chancellor de L'Hospital and his wife

dispatched, which would be a great blessing." The agent, more enlightened than his chief, denied the fact, adding, "They are a fine bit of rubbish left — L'Hospital and his wife." Charles IX. wrote to his old adviser, to reassure him, "loving you as I do." Sometime after, however, he demanded of him his resignation of the title of Chancellor, wishing to confer it upon La Birague, to reward him for his co-operation in the St. Bartholomew. L'Hospital gave in his resignation on the 1st of February, 1573, and died six weeks afterward. "I am just at the end of my long journey," he wrote to the King, and the Queen-mother; "and shall have no more business but with God. I implore him to give you His grace, and to lead you with His hand in all your affairs, and in the government of this great and beautiful kingdom which He hath committed to your keeping, with all gentleness and clemency toward your good subjects, in imitation of Himself, who is good and patient in bearing our burthens, and prompt to forgive you and pardon you everything."

From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1572, the conduct of Charles IX. and the Queen-mother produced nothing but a confused mass of orders and counter-orders, affirmations and denials, words and actions, incoherent and contradictory, all caused by the habit of lying, and the desire of escaping from the peril or embarrassment of the moment. On the very first day of the massacre, about mid-day, the provost of tradesmen and the sheriffs, who had not taken part in the "Paris matins," came complaining to the King "of the pillage, sack and murder which were being committed by many belonging to the suite of his Majesty, as well as to those of the princes, princesses, and lords of the Court by noblemen, archers, and soldiers of the guard, as well as by all sorts of gentry and people mixed with them and under their wing." Charles ordered them "to get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the sad murder, pillage, and sedition arising because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the Ad-

miral's friends, who suspected them of being at the bottom of the hurt inflicted upon him." The same day he addressed to the governors of the provinces a letter in which he invested the disturbance with the same character, and gave the same explanation of it. The Guises complained violently of being thus disavowed by the King, who had the face to throw upon them alone the odium of the massacre which he had ordered.

Next day, August 25th, the King wrote to all his agents, at home and abroad, another letter affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy that the admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother and his brothers;" and on the 25th of August he went with his own brothers to hold in state a "bed of justice," and make to the Parliament the same declaration against Coligny and his party. "He could not," he said, "have parried so fearful a blow but by another very violent one; and he wished all the world to know that what had happened at Paris had been done not only with his consent, but by his express command." Whereupon, says DeThou, it was enjoined upon the court "to cause investigation to be made as to the conspiracy of Coligny, and to decree what it should consider proper, conformably with the law and with justice." The next day but one — August 28th — appeared a royal manifesto running: "The king willeth and intendeth that all noblemen and others whatsoever of the religion styled Reformed be empowered to live and abide in all security and liberty, with their wives, children, and families, in their houses, as they have heretofore done, and were empowered to do by the edicts of pacification. And nevertheless, for to obviate the troubles, scandals, suspicion, and distrust which might arise by reason of the services and assemblies that might take place both in the houses of the said noblemen and elsewhere as is permitted by the said edicts of pacification, his Majesty doth lay very express inhibitions and prohibitions upon all the said noblemen and others of the said religion against holding assemblies, on any account whatsoever, until that by the said lord and king, after having provided for the tranquillity of

his kingdom, it be otherwise ordained. And that on pain of confiscation of body and goods, in case of disobedience."

These tardy and lying accusations officially brought against Coligny and his friends — these promises of liberty and security for the Protestants, renewed in the terms of the edicts, and in point of fact annulled at the very moment at which they were being renewed — the massacre continuing here and there in France, at one time with the secret connivance, and at another notwithstanding the publicly given word of the King and the Queen-mother — all this policy, at one and the same time violent and timorous, incoherent and stubborn, produced amongst the Protestants two contrary effects: some grew frightened, others angry. At court, under the direct influence of the King and his surroundings, "submission to the powers that be" prevailed. Many fled; others, without abjuring their religion, abjured their party. The two Reformed princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, attended Mass in the 29th of September, and on the 3d of October wrote to the Pope, deploring their errors and giving hopes of their conversion. Far away from Paris, in the mountains of the Pyrenees and Languedoc, in the towns where the Reformed were numerous and confident — at Sancerre, at Montauban, at Nines, at La Rochelle — the spirit of resistance carried the day. An assembly, meeting at Milhau, drew up a provisional ordinance for the government of the Reformed Church, "until it please God, who has the hearts of kings in his keeping, to change that of King Charles IX., and restore the State of France to good order, or to raise up such neighboring prince as is manifestly marked out, by his virtue and by distinguishing signs, for to be the liberator of this poor and afflicted people." In November, 1572, the fourth religious war broke out. The siege of La Rochelle was its only important event. Charles IX. and his counsellors exerted themselves in vain to avoid it. There was everything to disgust them in this enterprise: so sudden a revival of the religious war after the grand blow they had just struck, the passionate energy manifested by the Protestants in

asylum at La Rochelle, and the help they had been led to hope for from Queen Elizabeth, whom England would never have forgiven for indifference in this cause. . . .

In the spring of 1574, at the age of twenty-three years and eleven months, and after a reign of eleven years and six months, Charles IX. was attacked by an inflammatory malady which brought on violent hemorrhage; he was revisited in his troubled sleep by the same bloody vision about which, after the St. Bartholomew, he had spoken to Ambrose Paré. He no longer retained in his room anybody but two of his servants and his nurse, "of whom he was very fond, although she was a Huguenot," says the contemporary chronicler, Peter de l'Estoile. "When she had lain down upon a chest and was just beginning to doze, hearing the King moaning, weeping, and sighing, she went full gently up to his bed. 'Ah! nurse, nurse,' said the King, 'what bloodshed and what murder! Ah! what evil counsel have I followed! Oh! my God, forgive me for them, and have mercy upon me, if it may please Thee. I know not what hath come to me, so bewildered and agitated do they make me. What will be the end of it all? What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well!' Then said the nurse to him, 'Sire, the murders be on the heads of those who made you do them! Of yourself, Sire, you never could; and since you were not consenting thereto, and are sorry therefor, believe that God will not put them down to your account, and will hide them with the cloak of justice of His Son, to whom alone you must have recourse. But, for God's sake, let your Majesty cease weeping!' And thereupon, having been to fetch him a pocket-handkerchief, because his own was soaked with tears, after that the King had taken it from her hand he signed her to go away and leave him to rest."

On Whitsunday, May 30, 1574, about three in the afternoon, Charles IX. expired, after having signed an ordinance conferring the regency upon his mother, Catherine, "who accepted it" — such was the expression in the letters-patent — "at the request of the Duke of Alençon, the King of Navarre, and other princes and peers of France." According to D'Aubigné, Charles used often

to say of his brother Henry, that "when he had a kingdom on his hands, the administration would find him out, and that he would disappoint those who had hope of him." The last words he said were, "that he was glad not to have left any young child to succeed him, very well knowing that France needs a man, and that, with a child the king and the reign are unhappy."—*History of France; translation of* ROBERT BLACK.

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